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ENGLISH CONSTITUTION SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.*

A BOOK such as this has been long wanting, and the volumes before us supply the want, although they do not quite conform to our ideal of Constitutional History. Mr. Hallam has made this generation familiar with the progress of our political system from Saxon times to the reign of George III.; and in treatises of conspicuous merit he has traced the gradual expansion of our institutions until they attained that specific type which the revolution impressed upon them. He has shown how the seeds of English liberty were sown in the ancient Saxon customs, and, though overlaid in their fair growth by the pressure of the

Norman Conquest, how at length they revived and bore fruit in the England of our Plantagenet monarchs. He has pointed out how the ruin of feudalism, and the great changes of the sixteenth century, deprived our medieval polity of many of its principal securities; and how, until after the civil war, the usurpations of the Crown and the Church destroyed the balance of our constitution. From thence he has unfolded the changes which culminated in 1688, when the establishment of a new dynasty and the settlement of parliamentary government put an end to kingly absolutism in England, assured to her representative institutions, made her constitution an aristocratic commonwealth, and secured to Englishmen many of their liberties. And, incidentally with this great development, Mr. Hallam has

* *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760—1860.* By THOMAS ERSKINE HALLAM, C.B. Two vols. London: 1861—1863.

traced the external growth of the British empire in its various parts; and has noted accurately the forces and influences, political, social, religious, and commercial, which continued to form our national life until the middle of the last century.

In following up Mr. Hallam's work, and tracing our constitutional history from 1760 to the present period, Mr. May has done a valuable service to the student of our modern polity. It is true that when Mr. Hallam leaves us, the limited monarchy and the parliamentary government of England have been fully established; that her cardinal institutions have been fixed; that her national tendencies are clearly marked; and that the changes in our constitution which have taken place within a century, are slight compared with those which preceded them. But if we remember that during this period parliamentary and municipal reform have been witnessed; that a material progress and an intellectual activity unknown in any previous age have created interests and influences among us which our great-grandfathers never dreamed of; that the empire has been not only augmented and numerous provinces added to it, but that its colonial system has been metamorphosed; and that social improvement, free trade, the diffusion of enlightenment and education, the expansion of civil and religious liberty, and the reformation of our municipal law, have been among the fruits of this time—we shall readily acknowledge that a supplement to Mr. Hallam's works was necessary. And looking at these volumes as a whole, we are happy to say that Mr. May has performed his task with much ability. He is an accurate and diligent collector of facts, and he sets them forth in a pleasing manner; his judgments upon them are remarkably sound; and his views on social and political questions are eminently liberal, just, and generous.

Mr. May's volumes open with a review of the *status* of the crown since the accession of George III., and of its influence within the constitution. We wish this review had been prefaced by a sketch of our polity, as a whole, toward the middle of the last century. We wish that Mr. May had brought before us the correlation and mutual dependence of the monarchy under the House of Hanover, deprived of the divinity of kingship, yet not the less

with elements of power—of the oligarchic Parliaments of the days of Walpole, well-nigh severed from the influence of opinion, yet in a certain sense representative and popular—of the Church, formidable in her legal ascendancy, yet surrounded by a vigorous Nonconformity, which, though subject to galling disabilities, was nevertheless to a great extent free—and of a people as yet in semi-feudal dependence, yet, on the whole, not ill governed, and wanting only the spread of education to advance socially and politically. We wish that he had given us a picture of the old colonial government of England while the mercantile system still flourished, and had pointed out how Scotland and Ireland—the one but lately devastated by rebellion, the other in the bonds of sectarian domination—were as yet really disunited from the empire. And a vivid description of the social state of England when George III. was young would have been at this point of special value, inasmuch as it is in this particular that the national progress has been greatest, and the influence of this silent change has told most powerfully on our institutions. Perhaps, however, a sketch such as this—at once vigorous and comprehensive—was beyond the scope of Mr. May; and if so he was right not to attempt it; though it must be confessed that this method of treating our polity in its separate parts, without reference to its action as a whole, makes his work rather a political anatomy than in a high sense a constitutional history.

Mr. May's chapters, however, upon the influence of the Crown during the last century, and his account of the effects of that influence, are very just and valuable in their conclusions. He observes correctly, that while the revolution not only made the Houses of Parliament the supreme legislative power in the State, but also armed the House of Commons with a potent control over the executive, it nevertheless left the Crown in possession of the actual executive government, and as such with immense authority. The sovereign was the visible source of power; he commanded the armaments of the State; he was the nominal author of peace and war; and every positive exercise of government, from dissolving Parliament to instituting a prosecution, was done in his name and with his supposed sanction. Besides these legal and imposing prerogatives, the sovereign moreover had as natural allies an

ascendant Church, of which he was the head, and an aristocracy of enormous influence predominant in the national councils; and, as the fountain of honor and office, he possessed a fund of wide-spread patronage, the effects of which need no comment. Accordingly the revolution, even in theory, intrusted the Crown with great powers; and if we remember that their exercise was subjected in the last century to but little control from public opinion, and was only checked by Houses of Parliament composed exclusively of an aristocratic class, we shall understand the elements of strength which the monarchy still retained in our polity.

Mr. May, however, observes with truth, that until the reign of George III. these elements of strength had been latent ever since the accession of the House of Hanover. For the two first Georges had been merely Doges; their ministers had been the depositaries of their power; and their vast patronage had been expended in establishing the ascendancy of parliamentary government. Moreover, they never possessed the authority that rests upon the loyalty of the nation, and the interests naturally most congenial to the Crown considered them as aliens or usurpers. It is not surprising that at the accession of George III. no statesman or thinker should have supposed that the Crown would suddenly regain its powers, would make its influence deeply felt, and would become, if not dominant, at least most potent in the constitution. And yet this phenomenon soon appeared, and the history of the reign of George III. is the history of the will of the sovereign impressing deeply the national councils, and largely influencing the destiny of the empire. Before the king had reigned three years the great ministry of Chatham had been broken up, a favorite of the Crown had been thrust in his place, the oligarchy of the Whigs had been overthrown, and a peace distasteful to the mass of the nation had been voted by a courtly Parliament. The American war, as is well known, was prolonged against the wishes of Lord North and the opinions of the majority in Parliament, by the obstinacy of George III. alone; and the Coalition of 1784 was first dismissed and then defeated by reason of the same agency. So, too, the wars of the French Revolution were due, at least to a great extent, to the personal feelings of the sovereign; and the same influence

caused the fall of Pitt's administration in 1801, and retarded for a number of years the peaceful settlement of the Catholic question. Nor did this power of the Crown cease with the rule of the monarch who had revived it; on the contrary, it was transmitted to his successor; and George IV., when regent and king, gave ample proof of its extent and vigor. As Mr. May observes correctly, the administrations of the close of the regency looked rather to the Crown for support than to the aristocracy or people; and the power of the Crown was so great that it outweighed their double influence. Thus George IV. committed Parliament to abet a disgraceful attack upon his wife which all classes of the nation resented; he long shaped our foreign policy; and like his father he was enabled to retard for years the grant of Catholic Emancipation. It was not, in truth, until the present reign that the direct personal interference of the sovereign in guiding the government of the empire has ceased to be felt in the constitution.

Mr. May has stated correctly enough the causes of this revival of power, which were partly accidental and partly permanent. The ascendancy suddenly gained by George III. was due in part to the fervid loyalty which reawakened in favor of his person, and rallied round his throne large masses of the nation who had hitherto spurned the House of Hanover. It was due in part to the secret dislike entertained by the people for the oligarchy which had been dominant since the revolution, and which urged them to look for better things from the personal government of the sovereign. It was also due in part to the fact that the passions of the king and the people were often united upon the occasions when the Crown most distinctly made itself felt; as, for instance, during the American war, the crisis of the French Revolution, and the agitation of the Catholic question. But the main and paramount cause of it is to be found in the state of the national representation, which enabled a sovereign of strong character, of little scruple, and with immense patronage, to possess himself of the springs of government, and to move them very much at his pleasure. If we bear in mind that the Parliaments of that age were filled with the nominees of the aristocracy, and with the dependents of the court; that, while they wielded the power of the State,

they were not really responsible to the nation; that, meeting with closed doors and free from opinion, they were in close proximity to the palace, and especially liable to corruption and influence; and that the sovereign who was at their head was the recognized source of honor and emolument, and had set himself with steady perseverance to win them over to his will—we shall not wonder that George III. was enabled to boast that he was “really a king,” though shackled by the forms of the constitution. It was this peculiar condition of Parliament, conjoined with the patronage of the executive, that made the Crown so dominant at this time; and as Parliament has been since reformed it is hardly probable that the phenomenon will recur; though, as Mr. May very truly remarks, the great and increasing patronage of the Crown might, under a different reign from the present, be not altogether free from danger to the true equipoise of our polity.

It is needless to say that the great influence which George III. acquired and exercised was not for the good of the empire, for this is written on the face of our history. But the question remains, was it constitutional—was it within the recognized limits of our polity? We may safely answer that it was not, though, with Mr. May, we may fairly acquit the king of any positive design to interfere with the constitutional government. George III., not altogether without success, aspired to be really, as he was in name, the executive ruler of the empire; to guide exclusively its foreign policy, and direct, under compliant Parliaments, the tenor of its domestic legislation. It must be evident, on a moment's reflection, that this would gradually lead to the abrogation of every constitutional check on the sovereign, and would render the Legislature merely passive; and, accordingly, the object of George III.—an object which he partly attained—must be condemned as unconstitutional. What the king did not perceive at all—what none of his courtly ministers told him—was, that his power, even within the bounds which the revolution had set to it, was not an absolute or irresponsible power, but a trust for the benefit of the nation; and therefore, when as head of the executive he claimed a right to direct the government, without accountability to any one, he forgot that this was violating the principle that the

part of the Crown was to rule, indeed, but to rule solely in the general interest. This was the real error of George III.; an error which in a sovereign in our day would be inexcusable and not to be borne, but which in his reign, when opinion was weak, and the voice of Parliament ill-expressed the real wishes and desires of the nation, was in a sovereign comparatively venial.

The practical use of reviewing the history of the influence of the Crown since the accession of George III. is, of course, to determine how far that influence may affect our existing constitution at the present or some future period. We rather gather from Mr. May that he thinks that influence is still on the increase, on account of the augmentation of the patronage which is being yearly added to the Crown; and that possibly a sovereign might arise who could use the power intrusted to him to corrupt the Legislature and endanger our polity. Now without denying that the Crown has obtained a large direct accession of strength, in consequence of the increase of its patronage, and that indirectly its power is enormous on account of the qualities of the reigning sovereign, there are reasons why in the present day a monarch of England would find it most difficult to predominate again in the national councils, or to sway the destinies of the empire to the detriment of the national interests. For though the Crown in all ordinary times will retain the whole prestige of government, and assuredly will be exceedingly powerful in a constitution still essentially aristocratic, and in Parliaments of the existing type, still public opinion in our generation is of such irresistible strength in England, and rests on foundations so firmly settled, that it would probably baffle any sinister attempt to govern against the wishes of the nation. The days are past when a George III. could aim at ruling exactly as he pleased, and could partially accomplish his end; for in the present time the ultimate power that determines the course of the national action is the will of its more enlightened classes, as yet happily undebased by democracy; and this will, expressed in its organs, is so potent and beyond influence, that we trust it would always prove a barrier against any undue efforts to aggrandize the power of the monarchy or to make it paramount in the constitution. At least this we may

say with confidence: so long as opinion is what it is now, no sovereign will be able to cross it directly, and to acquire any thing like unconstitutional preponderance; and we may hope that this mighty force will be always able to counterbalance any fresh accessions of strength to the monarchy, considered as the head of the executive.

Passing over some valuable chapters on the subjects of the family arrangements and revenues of the Crown—with respect to which we cordially agree with Mr. May's strictures on the royal marriage act—we may next glance at the constitutional history of the estate of the realm that is second in rank—the House of Lords—since 1760. Mr. May has described concisely and well the great expansion which has taken place in this august assembly since the accession of George III., both in the addition of the Irish representation and in the creation of modern peerages. The fact is, that the House of Lords, which at no period of English history resembled an exclusive hereditary chamber, has, owing to the change of the last hundred years, become like the old Roman senate, in which the members of patrician families were combined with a new aristocracy composed of the most illustrious citizens. And though the House of Lords has lost a great deal of its authority in controlling the votes of the House of Commons, and in this way is no doubt unable to exercise power as openly as of old, it has gained greatly in the opinion of the nation, and perhaps is indirectly as powerful as it has been in any previous period. This strength it owes to the wisdom with which it has on the whole performed its functions since the memorable crisis of 1832, to the illustrious traditions which give it dignity, to the fact that it is a real aristocracy, to the improvement in the habits and tastes of the noblemen of the present day compared with those of their great-grandfathers, and to the vast territorial possessions, supported by innumerable interests, which belong to the collective peerage. A senate in the best and highest sense, and possessing nothing of the character of feudalism except its dignity and chivalrous honor, the House of Lords is now really popular, and is rightly esteemed by the mass of the nation as an order of distinguished citizens who give support to the Crown and the law, and act as a

useful Court of Review in supervising the work of Legislature.

But the true position of the House of Lords, illustrious and distinguished as it is, is that emphatically of a check only—of a balancing force against popular excesses, and against crude and hasty legislation. Although no doubt an estate of the realm, and as such capable of initiating legislation or of resisting any bill, the House of Lords, both constitutionally and with regard to its own interests also, should never attempt to dictate to the nation, or set itself against its judgment, provided it be expressed clearly. And the reason is, that the House of Lords is at once the weakest estate of the realm and also the least directly responsible: it is not as strong as the Crown or the Commons, yet it is not capable of immediate control; and from this it happens that if the House of Lords interfere with the wishes of the people, it is alike exposed to a dangerous pressure and difficult to make amenable to opinion. When a juncture like this has arisen the House has been placed in a critical position which all friends of our polity must deprecate; it has seemed an incumbering obstacle to government; and the only way to avoid this is to shun a collision with the other estates, and to do no more than temper their action. Should the House of Lords pertinaciously insist on setting itself against the national will, the only expedient known to the constitution is that of a creation of peers, a violent and anomalous remedy which, unlike a change of ministers or a dissolution, leaves permanent traces of mischief behind it. We agree, however, with Mr. May, that such a remedy is unavoidable should the House of Lords unwisely oppose—as it threatened to do in 1832—any measure necessary to the interests of the nation.

“So far as the House of Lords is concerned, a creation of peers by the Crown on extraordinary occasions is the only equivalent which the constitution has provided for the change and renovation of the House of Commons by a dissolution. In no other way can the opinions of the House of Lords be brought into harmony with those of the people. In ordinary times the House of Lords has been gradually converted to the political opinions of the dominant party in the State by successive creations; but when a crisis arises in which the party of whose sentiments it is the exponent is opposed to the majority of the House of Commons and the country, it must

either yield to the pressure of public opinion, or expose itself to the hazard of a more sudden conversion. Statesmen of all parties would condemn such a measure, except in cases of grave and perilous necessity; but should the emergency be such as to demand it, it can not be pronounced unconstitutional."

Mr. May's account of the House of Commons since 1760, of its constitutional position in the State, of its organic change in 1832, and of the silent but mighty revolution which it has passed through within this century, will repay a careful perusal. When George III. ascended the throne that House had been for two generations the acknowledged principal agent in government; it was the main source and origin of legislation; through its control upon the public purse, and over the armaments of the State, it could always check the action of the executive; and in the weapons of impeachment and censure it held a security for the responsibility of ministers. But while its authority had been assured, its character had been much altered; and it had degenerated from its true type as the representative of the national interests. It had fallen under the influence of oligarchies of all kinds, aristocratic and municipal; it was also, as the event showed, peculiarly liable to the power of the Crown; and while it had become all-powerful, it had very little sympathy with the people, and was under little responsibility to them. Instead, to use the language of Burke, "of being a check for the popular interests, it had become a check on the people;" instead of proving a national representation, it had become the mighty and scarce responsible instrument of interests more or less oligarchic, well-nigh free from the opinion of an age in which opinion was as yet feeble.

That such an assembly should sanction corruption, that it should be penetrated with corrupt influences, and that it should have been weak to resist an executive skillfully and recklessly guided, can surprise no one who remembers its constitution. The elections were a scene of profligate bribery; and the number of electors was so small, that it is said that in Scotland a thousand votes, and in England six thousand only, returned a clear and positive majority. In the nomination and rotten boroughs there was not the semblance of popular election; and even in many of the largest boroughs the influence of the great corporations was all-powerful

to return a candidate. The nobility, too, predominated in the counties; and in almost all the great seaports the Crown had immense influence through the dockyard and the customs' officers. And while this was the basis of the representation, the representatives were themselves exposed to influences from the court and the aristocracy which, being unchecked, were irresistible. In an assembly sitting with closed doors there were many capable of taking bribes; and for others there were crowds of places and pensions, now considerably diminished. These votes could be bought by contracts and sinecures; nor was there any counterbalancing force in the sense of responsibility to the nation to outweigh these powerful incentives: on the contrary, the judgment of the court or the minister was commonly the only standard of opinion. Can we wonder, therefore, that such an assembly, at once packed, corrupt, and irresponsible, should have been usually the instrument of government, and, after escaping from the Whig magnates, should have fallen under the control of George III. and become the general agent of his policy.

Nevertheless, though the House of Commons of this age was far too much the satellite of the executive, and over and over again perverted its power to objects hostile to the general welfare, it was not a passive engine of government, nor altogether wanting to its purpose. For, in the first place, it retained the power and traditions of a popular assembly; and these have always proved most potent to check the illegitimate action of a government. In the next place, it always drew toward it some men of the highest ability and integrity, who were above every sinister influence, and who continued in an opposition that largely directed the national policy. And lastly, penetrated as it was by corruption, and filled with unpopular elements, it counted several popular constituencies; and indirectly it was made responsible—whenever a general election took place—to the judgment of the entire nation. And how powerful that opinion could be, was, even in the reign of George III., exemplified in some memorable instances: as the fate of the Coalition in 1784, and the crusade against the French Revolution. In fact, the House of Commons of this age, though no image of the national interests, and often guilty of violating its trust, had the vital germs

of a constitutional assembly, and never sunk to a register of government.

The relations of a House of Commons such as this with the Crown, the peerage, and the rest of the nation, were such as might have been expected from it. Its action was usually in support of power, however harshly and unscrupulously used, though this action was often crossed and impeded by the protests of a well-organized opposition. The legislative measures of which it was the author were for the most part in the interest of the Crown, or of narrow oligarchic classes; though here, too, we can trace occasionally the presence of an antagonist policy. As regards, however, the real people, its attitude was almost always indifferent, or marked with a hostile jealousy which betrayed how its true character had been altered. But few popular measures can be ascribed to the House of Commons of the reign of George III., and it must be charged with many that were unpopular, and, moreover, arbitrary and tyrannical. The long and scandalous persecution of Wilkes, the affair of the Middlesex election, the jealousy felt at the publication of the reports, the monstrous claims of breach of privilege, the steady opposition to reform of Parliament, the dislike shown to the emancipation of the negro, the frequent protests against religious liberty, the extension of the penal code, and the coercive acts of Pitt and Castlereagh—all these things, which occurred in this reign, stamp the character of the House of Commons of our grandfathers.

The history of the last fifty years records how a House of Commons such as this has been restored to its true type, and made a real representative of the nation. The Reform Act was the positive law which changed the constitution of the House, and based it upon the middle classes—still powerfully influenced from above and below—not on the narrow foundation of an oligarchy. But the Reform Act was only one of the means which have metamorphosed the House of Commons and have placed it in its natural position. Another, and by far the most potent, has been the vast and rapid expansion of popular ideas, education, and progress, which has been witnessed within this country, and which has brought the power of the constituencies to bear most regularly upon their representatives. Mr. May thus notices this great revolution:

"A permanent change in the condition of the people was gradually increasing their influence in public affairs. Education was being rapidly extended, and all classes were growing more enlightened. . . . The revolutionary spirit of France, itself again the result of deeper causes, had spread with epidemic subtlety in the civilized world. Ancient monarchies had been overthrown and kings disrowned as in a drama. The traditional reverence of the people for authority had been shaken; their idols had been cast down. In every country—whatever its form of government—democracy was gaining strength in society, in the press, and in the sentiments of the people. In England, harmonizing with free institutions, it gave strength to the popular cause, and ultimately secured the triumph of liberty."

A subordinate but a powerful means has been the publication of the debates and all the proceedings of the House of Commons, which makes it directly subject to opinion.

"The entire people are now present, as it were, and assist in the deliberations of Parliament. An orator addresses not only the assembly of which he is a member, but through them the civilized world. Publicity has become one of the most important instruments of parliamentary government. The people are taken into counsel by Parliament, and concur in approving or condemning the laws which are there proposed; and thus the doctrine of Hooker is verified to the very letter: 'Laws they are not which public appreciation hath not made so.' While publicity secures the ready acceptance of good laws by the people, the passing of bad laws of which the people disapprove is beyond the power of any minister. Long before a measure can be adopted by the Legislature it has been approved or condemned by the public voice; and living and acting in public, Parliament under a free representation has become as sensitive to public opinion as a barometer to atmospheric pressure."

These three great facts—parliamentary reform, the vast expansion of popular ideas, and the publicity given to the proceedings of Parliament—have made the House of Commons of this day a real image of national interests. Of its legislation we shall speak hereafter; but we quote Mr. May's correct description of its general attitude toward the people:

"The settlement of 1832 has secured the great object of representation—good government. Wise and beneficent measures have been passed; enlightened public opinion has been satisfied. The representation is theoretic-

cally incomplete, but Parliament has been brought into harmony with the interests and sympathies of the people. It has nearly approached Mr. Burke's standard, according to whom 'the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consist in its being the express image of the feelings of a nation.'

The consequences of this remarkable change have been to strengthen the House of Commons by resting it on a broader basis, to make its sway both milder and greater, and yet not to weaken the executive, because the executive is now drawn by a gentle but irresistible pressure to act in harmony with the will of the nation. In fact, the House of Commons now rules; but it rules on the whole with moderation and reason; and while all persons in the State obey it, it claims a willing and kindly obedience. This doubtless approaches the true ideal; and yet it must be ever borne in mind, as Mr. May shows with truth, that the House of Commons can only retain its present popular and commanding *status* by keeping in its true relation, as the representative of national interests. Accordingly, as education and progress still further penetrate among the masses, they should gradually receive the franchise; and though at present parliamentary reform is not sought by any class in the nation, our statesmen should recollect that it must come, and should take care that the popular estate shall always be in harmony with its purpose. Nor should we forget that the present House of Commons is not altogether free from corruption: the taint of bribery clings to some constituencies; and while the representatives are pure, there is much impurity among the electors. This is an evil to be carefully watched; and another, perhaps, is the difficulty of obtaining a supply in the actual House of Commons of young men fit to be trained in politics. Let us hope, however, with Mr. May, that this one excellence of the unreformed Parliament, which is apparently wanting to us now, will be found again in the reformed House of Commons.

From England we pass to a brief review of the constitutional history of Scotland and Ireland. Of the former country there is little to be said; the reform of the Scotch constituencies by the great change of 1832, and the extension of trial by jury in Scotland, being the points most worthy of special notice. But the

revolution in the system of government which has taken place since 1760 in Ireland deserves peculiar attention from the student, and we can highly commend the chapter of Mr. May upon the subject. The constitution of Ireland before the Union was that of a corrupt and selfish oligarchy, dependent on England for protection, and treated by England as dependent, yet divided from a subject nation by the double barrier of race and religion. Every institution of the country was framed to sustain the subjection of the oligarchy to the empire, and at the same time to assure their ascendancy over their Roman Catholic and Celtic fellow-countrymen. The Irish Parliament was merely the satellite of the powerful assembly that sat at Westminster; it could not originate a single measure; it lasted during the reign of the sovereign; and it was openly bought and sold by the Castle. The Irish judicature was subject to the King's Bench and the other superior courts in England; and the government of Ireland was in fact carried on by a clique of officials in London and Dublin, among whom the Irish archbishops were prominent. More over, as has repeatedly happened, commercial dependence was added to political; the trade of Ireland was sacrificed to the selfishness and narrow jealousies of the mercantile system, and Ireland was prevented from exchanging her produce with our colonial empire, and, to a considerable extent, with Great Britain. Meanwhile the mass of the nation groaned beneath the yoke of Protestant ascendancy, expressed in the dominant Episcopalian Church and in a State that excluded them from her pale; and though the Protestant dissenters of the North were in a very much better condition, they, too, were exposed to some of the grievances of a penal code which, aimed at Catholicism, affected them with oblique severity.

Mr. May narrates concisely and well how this monstrous system of misgovernment received first a severe blow at the crisis of the American war, and gave place to the delusive constitution which was known by the name of Irish Independence. The revolution of 1782 for a moment gave a factitious importance to the oligarchic Protestants of Ireland, and probably accomplished this much good, that it made them turn to the Roman Catholic nation for support against a common enemy; but it proved in the end completely abortive.

The Irish Parliament, when nominally free, was really little less dependent than before; instead of being openly purchased it was bought secretly and at a higher price; and that was all the substantial difference. No great reforms or remedial measures are associated with its ignoble existence; it remained to the last what it always had been, the assembly of a dominant caste; and the only improvement it received in 1782 was the growth of a brilliant opposition within it who became useful to the British Senate. So, too, the judicial and commercial independence which Ireland acquired in 1782 was of no real advantage to the country; the judges appointed by the minister of the day were only too ready to do what he pleased in a nation where opinion was impotent; and commerce could find no place among a people reduced to extreme penury. As for the real nation—the Roman Catholic Celts—the revolution of 1782 did nothing whatever for their cause except animate the spirit of Grattan; they remained as before under the double yoke of the Established Church and the Protestant squirearchy; and though they obtained the franchise in 1793, it was only to become the tools of their masters. Nor was the change of much avail to get rid of the disabilities of the Irish Dissenters.

In 1800, as every one knows, the Union was the occasion of bringing this unhappy country into the bosom of the empire. For many years the first great remedy for curing the manifold evils of Ireland—the getting rid of Protestant ascendancy and placing her sects on a more equal footing—was retarded by the bigotry of George III.; but at last the grant of Catholic emancipation laid the basis of a real improvement. Since then the Irish representation has been reformed; the corporate strongholds of Protestant ascendancy have been replaced by new corporations; the disqualifications of all dissenters from the establishment have been either removed or reduced; the greatest possible anxiety has been shown by government to redress the wrongs of the past; and measures of the most liberal kind have aimed at Ireland's economic emancipation. And if the historian must still admit that several traces of the past survive; that the mischief caused by the long domination of race and sect has not disappeared; and if, moreover, no thinker can doubt that the question of the Church Establishment in

Ireland must sooner or later call for legislation—we may proudly point to the last sixty years as a period during which the advance of Ireland in every element of prosperity has been most remarkable and gratifying. We quote Mr. May's correct summary:

"In the midst of all discouragements, in spite of clamors and misrepresentation, in defiance of hostile factions, the executive and the Legislature have nobly striven to effect the political and social regeneration of Ireland. The great English parties have vied with each other in carrying out this policy. Remedial legislation for Ireland, and the administration of her affairs, have, at some periods, engrossed more attention than the whole British empire. Ancient feuds have yet to be extinguished, and religious divisions healed; but nothing has been wanting that the wisdom and beneficence of the State could devise for insuring freedom, equal justice, and the privileges of the constitution, to every class of the Irish people. Good laws have been well administered; franchises have been recognized as rights, not admitted as pretences. Equality has been not a legal thing but an unquestioned fact."

From Scotland and Ireland we pass naturally to glance at the constitutional history of the colonies and dependencies of the empire. This history since the accession of George III. has been checkered with many vicissitudes, and it has been marked by a complete revolution in the relations of the colonies with the mother-country. Mr. May's sketch is brief but able, and on the whole we agree with his conclusions. He observes correctly that by the colonies we mean three distinct organizations: those of colonies in the strict sense, of military garrisons such as Gibraltar, and of real conquests such as India. All these classes in former times were ruled very much on the same model; that is, by governors from the mother-country, with the image of a constitutional government, where the elements of such a system existed; and, in the case of colonies for trade, with a strict commercial dependence on England. For instance, Jamaica and North-America were ruled from England by a viceroy and a provisional assembly of the same type; and the commerce of both was bound in the fetters of the old selfish mercantile system. Even the trade of India was subject to a monopoly; and though here in the military colonies the government more resembled a despotism, there was here and there some shade of constitutionalism. The lapse of

time, the growth of free trade, and above all the great progress made in the real colonies of the empire, have altogether altered this uniformity; and now those countries that are colonies proper, such as Australia, Canada, and New-Zealand, are nations dependent in name only, emancipated in fact from the mother-country, with broad diversities of institutions, and bound to England by the ties alone of a common race and a common allegiance. As for the military garrisons, from the nature of the case they have been little changed in government, though their relative value may have altered greatly; and India, after many vicissitudes, has lapsed into a subject empire, directly governed by the Crown and Parliament, but with her trade completely emancipated.

This being the state of our colonial empire, Mr. May glances at the important question—now deeply stirring the public mind—how far it is our interest that it should continue. As regards colonies in the proper sense, he evidently thinks that the time must come when their nominal allegiance will be abjured, and when they will become independent, but bound to us by the endearing recollection of their common nationality with England. We can hardly doubt that this will be the case, and can only hope that when the severance takes place it will be with mutual assent and good-will, and without such elements of bitterness and strife as have long vexed our relations with America. As regards the purely military dependencies, their value may become reduced, and in some instances may sink to nothing; and in these cases they should be given up; but we do not gather from Mr. May that in his opinion that time has arrived, and this certainly is our judgment. As regards India we quote the remarks of Mr. May upon a subject of perhaps unequalled interest to those who love to dwell on the moral destiny of England as a colonizing empire. That India can ever become self-governing appears to us an absolute impossibility; that our rule over it should be abandoned we think would be a dereliction of our duty as a Christian and a civilizing nation, as well as a serious loss to our influence; and that it may be well governed by the system now upon its trial must be the hope of all thoughtful Englishmen.

Mr. May is obviously sanguine on the subject.

"The transfer of India to the Crown was followed by a vigorous administration of its vast dominions. Its army was amalgamated with that of England; the constitution of the council of India was placed upon a wider basis; the courts of judicature were remodeled, the civil service enlarged, and the exhausted revenues of the country regenerated. To an empire of subjugated states and Asiatic races self-government was plainly impossible. But it has already profited by European civilization and statesmanship; and while necessarily denied freedom, its rulers are guided by the principles upon which free states are governed, and its interests are protected by a free English Parliament, a vigilant press, and an enlightened and humane people."

Such have been the changes in our great institutions and in the several parts of our empire for the period since 1760. What have been the broad and general results in the progress of moral and social improvement, and in the march of human civilization? It is here that the industry of Mr. May is not sustained by philosophic power; and he fails to give us a vivid review of the action of the empire as a whole since George III. became its governor. Looking at these changes from a general point of view, we may say that they tend to substitute the influence of public opinion and moral force for that of mere law in the conduct of the State, to break down a variety of distinctions which separated different classes in the people, and to give freedom to individual action among the component parts of the empire. The monarchy, the Houses of Parliament, the Church, and the numerous depositaries of power and authority, are less fenced round by positive right than they were a hundred years ago, and their influence more directly rests upon the general will of the nation. So, too, the exclusive privileges of station, which, feeble as they were in England in 1760, compared with what they were in other countries, were nevertheless of great force, have yielded to a considerable extent; the lines which divided the ranks of the people have become gradually weaker and weaker, and the whole commonwealth has been fused together in a much grander and closer unity. And, at the same time, each division of the empire possesses greater freedom of devel-

opment and of united action than before; the colonies enjoy a complete emancipation from the fetters of the mercantile system; and free trade—the great triumph of the age—inevitably tends to assure all the countries dependent upon the British Crown the largest liberty of self-expansion. Nor would it be difficult to show that this freedom has extended from the mass to the individual; in every department of social life, in every profession and sphere of action, its presence can not for an instant be doubted.

And while these have been the tendencies of the age, have they weakened the force of our great institutions? have they interfered with their proper uses? have they changed essentially the character of the constitution? or have they impaired the national qualities which justly are the boast of Englishmen, or marred the progress of their happiness and civilization? To these questions no honest observer can hesitate as to what should be his answer. The power of the Legislature was never greater, and the authority of government never more respected than each has proved in the present age; and “the divinity which hedges round a king” was never more a popular faith than it is in the reign of good Queen Victoria. So, too, the Church has gained strength since she lost her old sectarian domination; and while her Nonconformist rivals have advanced in at least an equal degree, the influence of all, we believe, has increased in extending and popularizing our common Christianity. As to the constitution, it remains what it was—the government of the three estates, sustained by innumerable minor institutions; it shows no symptom of organic change; it is strong enough to defy despotism, or democracy on the other side; and, compared with what it was before 1832, it has acquired an enormous accession of power in the resettlement of the national representation. With respect to our national character we may say, to use the words of Lord Macaulay, that, in the course of a hundred years, “it has softened in proportion to its ripeness;” it has lost nothing of its energy and stability, but it has gained a great deal of refinement and gentleness; and in all classes of society, without exception, it exhibits the marks of this improvement. And as regards the progress of civilization, we have but to compare the literature of the age of

George III. with that of Victoria to judge at once of its happy advance; an advance, moreover, evidenced by tests of economic and social science as to which there can be no doubt or question.

While these have been the general results which our history discloses within the century, we may next glance at some special consequences which have been witnessed within this period. In the first place the improvement of society has been unmistakably promoted by wise, zealous, and active legislation. The liberty of the subject has been extended by the abolition of arrest for debt in many cases in which it existed, and by the facilities for finding bail; and the reform of our prisons in every department has relieved civil confinement from cruelty. The liberty of opinion has been enlarged by the many relaxations of the law of libel, and by the gigantic power of the press, which is now one of our greatest institutions. The criminal law has been shorn of its barbarities; the spectacle is no longer seen of hundreds of culprits hanged at each assizes; and though it may perhaps be contended that our criminal law is now too mild, there is no evidence that crime has increased compared with what it was in the last generation. At the same time our municipal law, which in the days of George III. was practically inaccessible to the poor in consequence of its enormous expense, has been amply and admirably reformed, and now at last aspires to the ideal of cheap and expeditious justice. Legislation, moreover, has been most active in ministering directly to the welfare of the people; the fall of protection and the development of free trade have perhaps doubled the value of wages; our fiscal laws have all tended to relieve industry and the poorer classes; our method of taxation is a specimen of unselfishness on the part of the opulent classes which, perhaps, is unexampled in history; and sanitary measures of a searching kind have attracted the generous anxiety of the State to improve the material condition of the masses. Thus not only in our great institutions, but down through every class of the nation, a great social and material improvement has been wrought by direct legislation.

With respect to the religious progress of the empire we shall quote the following from Mr. May, in testimony of Nonconformist activity:

"The later history of Dissent, of its rapid growth and development, its marvelous activity and resources, is to be read in its statistics. The Church, in extending her ministrations, had been aided by the State, and by the liberality of her wealthy flocks. Dissent received no succor or encouragement from the State, and its disciples were generally drawn from the less opulent classes of society. Yet what has it done for the religious instruction of the people? In 1801 the Wesleyans had 825 chapels or places of worship; in 1851 they had the extraordinary number of 11,007, with sittings for 2,194,298 persons! The original connection alone numbered 1034 ministers, and upward of 18,000 lay or local preachers.

In 1801 the Independents had 914 chapels; in 1851 they had 3244, with sittings for 1,067,760 members. In 1801 the Baptists had 652 places of worship; in 1851 they had 2789, with sittings for 752,346. And numerous other religious denominations swelled the ranks of Protestant Dissent."

In our view, therefore, we agree with Mr. May that the history of the last century is the history of advancement and progress. Our national life is freer and happier; and the organic structures which sustain its being are more vigorous and stronger than ever.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

A DANISH TALE, BY H. STEFFENS.

THE north-western part of the isle of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Movable sand-hills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to arise again at some distance. When traveling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whirled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and every thing was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered

it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary movable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard manly steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white

cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage. Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and fearful—nay, even ghost-like. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain: but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself, and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely, sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church door they bound up his eyes; he heard a well-known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candle-sticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized.

The sullen silence of the great multitude filled now his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Sideways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dug grave. The stone, that before had served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one stirred.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle-size, broad-shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips spitefully closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold-lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who kneeled at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed with terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bridal couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask:

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora,

who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, shrill, yelling sound, which resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth every where from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then:

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?"

She answered by a perceptible "yes." The half-eyeless bride awoke, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast waved up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like the anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in involuntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again, tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, with all its dreadful particulars, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brightly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased; a violent altercation followed; he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the

church and hastened with a humming noise to the sea-shore.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson with his companions went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under all sail leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood startled them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, full of curiosity. The parson showed the fresh grave to them; the tombstone was removed, and a new, richly-adorned coffin was discovered. The lid was taken off, and the parson saw his dreadful foreboding confirmed. The murdered bride was in the coffin; a bullet had pierced her breast. The features of deep sorrow had disappeared from her countenance, heavenly peace glorified her face, and she looked like an angel. The old man threw himself upon the coffin, and wept over the fate of the murdered girl, while his companions were startled with astonishment and horror.

The clergyman sent a circumstantial written account of the event to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand, and prevailed upon his friends, until further notice, not to divulge what they had learned. A man of high authority in Copenhagen arrived soon afterwards in the village; he inquired for all particulars, caused the grave to be shown to himself, expressed satisfaction with the preserved secrecy, and ordered, under a severe penalty, that no one should speak of the matter.

After the decease of the parson, a detailed written account of the event was found inclosed in the parish register. Some think that the event had some mysterious connection with the sudden and violent alterations in the Russian succession, after the death of Peter I. and the Empress Catherine. To explain the deep

mystery of this horrible deed will, however, under all circumstances, be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

How far there may have been a historical foundation for the foregoing strange tale, we do not know. Many wild legends abound in the northern lands of Scandi-

navia, though few of them have been reproduced with the artistic effect of the Danish author Steffens. This tale has been immensely popular, not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, and Schiller has given it to his countrymen in stanzas of *terzine* verse.

From the London Quarterly.

LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

[Concluded from page 13.]

THERE are many facts of past and present times that speak of more vigorous action than that admitted by Lyell's averages. Though geologists have the advantage of their opponents in their study and selection of facts, we must point out a few on the other side of the question. With regard to the greater violence of water action in past times, Humboldt tells us of the traces of such action on the banks of the Orinoco one hundred and sixty and one hundred and ninety feet above the present level of the river; and he adds: "Their existence proves, what indeed we learn from all the river beds of Europe, that those streams which still excite our admiration by their magnitude, are but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age." And Atkinson in his work on Siberia points out how far above the European average is the flood action of the Asiatic rivers. He says that all the rivers round the Irtisch have cut out wide and deep channels in the great plains, ten, twelve, and even fifteen versts wide, and that in this great channel the actual river course lies. It is the same in the valley of the Ob; but when the Ob is in flood in June, from the melting of the snows, the whole valley, twelve versts broad, is covered with water. A

paper in the Proceedings of the British Association bears the same testimony to the Indian rivers. And, as we are now taught that the excess of rain in Western Europe has an intimate connection with the course of cyclones which have their origin in the tropical parts of the Atlantic, we must refer the water action of ancient Europe to atmospheric influences, of which we can not determine the force. For aught we know, the Somme might have had its annual tremendous floods, eroding here, depositing there, on a scale far beyond that of the present.

So of the growth of peat. M. Boucher de Perthes demands tens of thousands of years for the formation of a bed thirty feet thick; but Lyell himself tells us that

"the overthrow of a forest by a storm, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gave rise to a peat moss near Lochbroom in Ross-shire, where, in less than half a century after the fall of the trees, the inhabitants dug peat."—*Principles of Geology*, book iii., chap. 13.

Again, as to the rate of delta deposition, let us notice the known age of the delta of the Kander. This little stream first emptied itself into the lake of Thun in 1713, and in one hundred and twenty years it had formed a delta a mile along the shore, and a quarter of a mile into the lake. Of the lake of Geneva, also, Lyell states his opinion that the delta of the Rhone has deposited during the last eight centuries "a great series of strata, proba-

* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Illustrated by woodcuts. London: Murray. 1863.

bly from six hundred to nine hundred feet thick, and nearly two miles in length." These are much more rapid rates than those calculated by MM. Morlot, Troyon, etc., from the delta of the Tinière, and the deposits in the lake of Neufchatel. But geologists will reply that it is absurd to make one river or lake a rule for another, when the rate of deposition may be very different. Just so: but it is this which makes averages so imperfect and untrustworthy when struck between distant places or, let us add, distant times. The modern lake of Neufchatel is not the lake of Geneva; but neither is it the ancient lake of Neufchatel. Every thing that influences lake deposition might have been different: the area of drainage, the filling up or emptying of higher basins, the greater extremes of summer and winter temperature in wasting the mountains and flooding the valleys—all these might have aided to make the ancient rate of delta deposition very different from that of modern times.

Again, as to erosion, Lyell himself gives us an instance of the prodigious rate at which this has proceeded in the yellow loam of the valley of the Mississippi; in which a ravine, seven miles long and in some parts sixty feet deep, has been excavated since 1812, partly owing to the clearing of forests, and partly to the effects of an earthquake. But perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of the river Simeto, which, in the course of about two centuries, has cut through a current of hard blue lava at the foot of Etna, and worn itself "a passage from fifty to several hundred feet wide, and in some parts from forty to fifty feet deep." We mentally compare the hard blue lava of Etna with the soft chalk of Picardy, and ask ourselves why it should have required tens of thousands of years to cut down the valley of the Somme. Two other observers, Scrope in his *Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*, and Piazzi Smith in his *Teneriffe*, supply us with evidence of the extreme rapidity with which, under certain circumstances, water will cut into soft rocks, or break up hard ones.

Lastly, as to local elevations or convulsions of any kind: We must remember that elevation is a fact exceedingly difficult to test except on the coast, or in marked instances inland. Sweden is known to be slowly rising, and Green-

land to be sinking; two facts which are largely quoted by the advocates of gradual changes. For ample illustration of more sudden movements, we can not do better than refer our readers to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the second book of Lyell's own *Principles of Geology*. He gives some additional facts in the present volume, as that, for instance, of a sudden rise of land in New-Zealand in 1855, varying from one to nine feet on a line of twenty-three miles. Also, the extraordinary convulsions that have taken place in the Danish island of Møen, where some of the cretaceous and drift strata have been thrown into the wildest confusion, whilst neighboring beds have remained horizontal and undisturbed.

Such facts as these do not militate against the conclusion that large tracts of the earth's surface have been exposed to gentle and uniform movements acting through long intervals of time. It was unphilosophical to suppose that, because we had proofs of occasional convulsions, every thing must be explained by catastrophes and cataclysms: but it is equally unphilosophical to maintain that, because we have evidence of gentle and gradual movements, nothing but gentle and gradual movements must be taken into account. It is also most unphilosophical to assume that the effects of slow acting causes must themselves always be slow. For tens of thousands of years subterranean forces may be gently straining the submarine crust of the earth; but, when once the strain produces a fissure, sudden and violent convulsions may be the result. For tens of thousands of years the equinoctial current may have been eating through that belt of land, which (as some men of science suppose) the Antilles once formed across the Gulf of Mexico; but when once it was broken through, a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, with all its modifying effect on the climate of Europe, may have very rapidly ensued.

Not only do we know that the rate of change may have been greater, but we know that in some respects it must have been greater, in former times. All life is conservative; but human and civilized life stands in preëminent opposition to the destroying agencies of nature. Man terraces and cultivates the mountain side, cuts water-courses, embanks rivers: and apart from

him all erosion and deposition become more irregular and extensive. The mountain streams supply more materials, the river courses are more often choked and overflowed; this alone would forbid us to make the present rate of erosion and deposition a measure for the past.

Even on the geologists' own showing, past ages supply us with inferential evidence of quickened action in some elements of change—in that of elevation for instance. If, as they say, the largest part of England and the north of Europe was submerged during the glacial period, and covered with loose gravels and clay, what must have been the inevitable effect as it gradually rose from the sea? The surf of the Atlantic and German oceans even now eats into every earthy cliff that comes within range of the tide. It is impossible that any part of that soft surface could have escaped denudation if the rate of elevation had only been two feet and a half in a century; and whatever had been the rate, the erosion must have been enormous; far beyond any thing we witness at present.

Suppose that all these considerations were supported by historical evidence; suppose that some ancient record told us of various strange elements in action, of an atmosphere under different conditions, of a general quickening of physical forces, in short, of a state of things in which the present balance of stability and change had not been fully established; should we not say that there were many facts which agreed well with the ancient record? Here we pass from geological to theological ground. What are we to understand by the first chapter of Genesis? Hugh Miller did a great wrong both to science and theology when he propounded his notion that it was a vague vision of six great geological eras. It was a pity to propose a compromise between the two, which was only a compromise so far as it was neither sound geology nor sound divinity. For there are no six great geological periods; it is nonsense to say that there are. Had the first chapter of Genesis spoken of ten days, it would have been quite as easy to find them. Also, there is no sort of resemblance between the Azoic period and the work of the first day; none between the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone periods, and the work of the second day; none whatever between the Permian and Triassic periods, and the

work of the fourth day. On the other hand, this theory has served to withdraw our attention from the fact of a direct interference of the Almighty One six or seven thousand years ago, and to thrust him back into the dimness and vastness of ages where the person of the Creator is hidden by the action of the laws of creation. It would have been better for theologians, and not more difficult for geologists, to abide by the simple meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, and to believe that, a few thousand years ago, the Creator looked on a world struggling with darkness and chaos, and spoke the words which quickened all the powers of nature to work out ultimate order and beauty. On the first day some occult powerful principle (which in our translation we call "light") was separated from that which had kept it in abeyance, and was called into active agency. On the second day atmospheric influences were regulated; on the third, elevation and subsidence did their work, and the newly-raised land was saved from impending waste and destruction by being clothed at once with vegetation. On the fourth day cosmical influences were brought to bear on the new order of things; and on the fifth and sixth, life was spread over the earth by the introduction of a vast number of new species. Are we then to conclude that all the more modern changes of the earth's surface were accomplished in six days? Most certainly not. We simply suppose that physical agencies were called into more vigorous action to prepare the world for its new forms of life. But when once called into action, we have no reason to think they would suddenly collapse and subside. On the contrary it seems more in accordance with all our experience to conclude that the awakened forces would go on for some time at a quickened rate, and only gradually expend themselves. This seems more probable in connection with the great catastrophe which took place two thousand years after the commencement of the present order of things. "Never again shall a flood destroy the earth," said the Lord and Master of it, as if from that time he set aside the machinery which had wrought out his purpose. But it is by no means impossible that the atmospheric and subterranean forces which were called into more vigorous action in the six days, were kept at their work, so to speak, and held in preparation for that

great diluvial catastrophe which Omniscience beheld impending over the sins of mankind. It is curious to see how very unwilling geologists are to allude to the deluge. Formerly, all water-action was ascribed to it; now, no water-action is ascribed to it; it has been robbed of its universal renown, and pushed in disgrace into a corner of Asia Minor as a mere local flood. Without entering into the question of its extent, we must observe that the subsidence of land and the torrents of rain which could overwhelm so large a tract in Asia would imply a complete upset of atmospheric equilibrium, and would subject other parts of the globe to great droughts and floods, and to increased erosion and deposition as the results of such a disturbance.

Until, therefore, Sir Charles Lyell can prove that the rate of change has been the same in past as in present times—a point that never can be proved—we shall claim the right to say it might have been otherwise. As geologists we find many facts to support such a possibility; and as theologians we have the record of the six days' work and of the deluge, connected by an unknown interval of two thousand years, to sanction our belief.

These remarks are still more applicable to the changes which have passed over organic life. Lyell looks on all the extinct animals, and, from the time it now takes to destroy a species, argues that an immense time must have elapsed in the process of extinction. But this is not fair. Animate and inanimate nature have long established an equilibrium between conservative and destructive forces; but it was not always so. Geology itself reveals past periods of vast destruction, the causes of which we can not even conjecture. There is nothing going on at present in the domains of the elephant and the reindeer which could accumulate the masses of elephants' bones and tusks that are found in the frozen cliffs of Siberia; or the hundreds of antlers of reindeer that were taken out of only *one* of the Gower caves. These relics attest the power of past destroying agencies, and the vast aggregate of life destroyed. We have noticed before that a change in the Gulf Stream might produce a rapid alteration in the climate of Europe; and it is to such alterations, rather than to mere lapse of time, that we should refer the extinction of the larger herbivora. We can scarcely estimate the

rapid destruction which would ensue if perennial vegetation gave place to the leafless trees and barren soil of a northern winter.

We have spoken of life as having been largely developed six or seven thousand years ago by the introduction of a vast number of new species. This introduces the third part of Sir Charles Lyell's argument. He says no more about proofs of the antiquity of the human race, but proceeds to show that many plants and animals, and multitudes of shells, which are cotemporaries of man, have been in existence for ages. Nevertheless, he confesses that no trace of mankind has ever been found in the deposits of that era of cold, and wreck, and waste, of submerged lands and icy seas which we call the glacial period—an era to which he ventures to give an age of one hundred and eighty thousand years! Yet, after having admitted this, he endeavors to suggest inferentially that the human race may be connected with the glacial period. Taken by themselves, those seven chapters in which he opens to us nature's record of that dreary winter of ages are extremely interesting; but as affording any evidence of the antiquity of the human race they are delusive, not to say dishonest. Chapter after chapter is headed "chronological relation" of the human period and the glacial period, as if to suggest an ascertained connection between the two; yet when we read the chapters, and sift the facts, we find that the suggestion is all that Lyell can produce. He sums up his account of the preglacial fauna and flora of the "forest bed" in the Norfolk cliffs by telling us that we

"need not despair of one day meeting with the signs of man's existence in the forest bed," . . . though "for the present we must be content to wait and consider that we have made no investigations which entitle us to wonder that the bones or stone weapons of that era have failed to come to light."—Page 228.

Then he tells us in the next chapter that we must

"now inquire whether the peopling of Europe by the human race, and by the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct, was brought about during the concluding phase of the glacial epoch."—Page 229.

Here is a very insidious suggestion: man and the mammoth are assumed to have been always coëval, because they were so in later times, that we may slide into the conclusion, that when in far older deposits (such as the forest bed) we meet with the mammoth, we may infer the existence of man. Then we have a sketch of the glacial period in Sweden, which is connected with the human period by a singular course of logic. Sir Charles Lyell "can not doubt" that certain ice-erratics lying on marl, with recent shells, one hundred feet above the Gulf of Bothnia, were brought into their present position during the recent period, because they are at only a moderate height above the sea in a country which is now in process of elevation, and because oscillations of level are proved to have taken place forty-five miles off, by a human hut having been found buried in strata sixty feet deep. Think of that! We can not quite understand how the elevation of these erratics is any gauge of the time when they were originally dropped on the sea-bed; and the oscillations of the buried hut forty-five miles off is, to say the least, slightly inconclusive. It is, however, all that Lyell has to offer in proof of the connection between the glacial and human periods in Scandinavia.

Then we have a sketch of

"the state of Scotland after its emergence from the glacial sea, when we can not fail to be approaching the time when man coëxisted with the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct."—Page 248.

What proof is brought forward to support the idea that we are now approaching the human period? Simply the remark, that

"the occurrence of the mammoth and reindeer in the Scotch bowlder-clay, as both these quadrupeds are known to have been cotemporary with man, favors the idea which I have already expressed, that the close of the glacial period in the Grampians may have coincided in time with the existence of man in those parts of Europe where the climate was less severe, as, for example, in the basins of the Thames, Somme, and Seine, in which the bones of many extinct mammalia are associated with flint implements of the antique type."—Page 252.

Then follows a very interesting description and theory of the parallel roads

of Glen Roy, which is concluded by the observation:

"They may perhaps have been nearly as late as that portion of the post-pliocene period in which man coëxisted in Europe with the mammoth."—Page 264.

Then follows a long account of the changes which have passed over the British isles, and of their probable union with each other, and with the continent—changes that must have influenced the migrations of animals, and which therefore point to this ancient epoch as the time when the mammoth and his cotemporary man must have immigrated to England. Finally, there is a long description of the various stages of the Swiss glacial period, at the end of which there is a brief mention of some terraces of stratified alluvium which lie above the lake of Geneva, and,

"by their position, can be shown to be posterior in date to the upper bowlder-clay, and therefore belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers. In the deposits of this period the remains of the mammoth have been discovered, as at Morges, for example, on the lake of Geneva."—Page 321.

The delta of the Tinière, mentioned before as containing monuments of the iron, bronze, and stone ages, was in process of formation when one of these terraces of stratified alluvium was forming. Let us note the slippery nature of this kind of evidence. These terraces are admitted to be more modern than the bowlder-clay, therefore they are said to belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers; that is to say, they were formed *after* the glaciers began to retreat, though how long after there is nothing to tell us. In fact, there is no connection in time between one event and the other, though such a connection is suggested, when these deposits are referred to "the period of retreat." Observe, it was *after* the glaciers retreated that remains of the mammoth were deposited in one place, and those of man in another; yet, in the very next page, Lyell slides into the suggestion, that "the final retreat of the Swiss and Italian glaciers may have taken place when (*when?*) man and the extinct mammalia were colonizing the north-west of Europe." And then he concludes by saying:

"It must be confessed, that in the present state of our knowledge these attempts to compare the chronological relations of the periods of upheaval and subsidence of areas so widely separated as are the mountains of Scandinavia, the British Isles, and the Alps, or the times of the advance and retreat of glaciers in those several regions, and the greater or less intensity of cold, must be looked upon as very conjectural."—Page 323.

His argument is worse than conjectural, it is unfair. Throughout these seven chapters the entire connection of the era of the mammoth and the era of man is most improperly taken for granted; and though, perhaps, the end of one did but touch the beginning of the other, they are assumed to be identical throughout. Even were they identical, it would be equally unfair in a man of science to give his unscientific readers the impression of a real connection in time between their era and the glacial era, by speaking of one period as *approaching* another, simply because the one is known to precede, and the other to follow. Lyell, too, of all men, who does not scruple to talk of millions of years in the lapse that may have taken place between successive deposits! However ingeniously we may conjecture, however plausibly we may suggest, we know that, according to present facts, there is between man and the glacial era an unbridged gulf of separation.

Yet one thing is most certain: many existing species of plants and animals are exceedingly old, many existing species of shells are old beyond all computation. We can trace recent shells past the glacial period, up through Pliocene and Miocene to Eocene deposits, and find four per cent. of them even there. Let no honest blunderer suggest that all these formations might be included in a period of seven thousand years; he might as well try to concentrate noon-tide sunbeams into the wick of a tallow candle. They are incalculably older than this, yet they contain certain species of recent shells mixed with many others which have long passed away. We must therefore acknowledge that there is no exact line of demarcation between existing and extinct species: but is it necessary to the orthodox interpretation of Scripture to suppose that there must be such a line? Say that the earth was growing depopulated in its period of disturbance and cold, while lower types of life still flourished in the

seas—was the Creator to wait until every species had died out, or was he to turn destroyer and wantonly annihilate them? Yet what other course remained but to introduce the new forms amidst the lingering old ones? But we are reminded that the Bible expressly says that all things were created in six days. Let us not try to evade this difficulty by saying, as some people do, "the Bible was given to teach us spiritual not scientific truth;" for, if the Bible was meant to teach us the highest sort of truth, we can not suppose it was meant to teach us error of any kind. Yet it must happen sometimes that a brief notice, which gives a true general impression, makes no allusion to exceptional details. We conclude that the Almighty meant to reveal to us that not very, very long ago he rearranged and settled the world, and covered it with new life, preparatory to the introduction of man. If there were in existence lingering forms of older life—a few on the land, many more in the sea—we can scarcely suppose that such a fact would have been revealed to Moses. He received a history of the new order of things, whilst the remnants of a past order of things had no place in the record. In such a case the apparent incorrectness is not that of a false assertion, but that of a general statement which takes no cognizance of exceptions. We must remember that the number of still existing land animals and plants which have come down to us from earlier times is comparatively small, while the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, lion, hyena, stag, etc.—the lingering remnant of an ancient fauna which actually came in contact with man—seem to have died out rapidly, as though their existence were not in harmony with the new order of things.

There may be a real and broad difference where there is no precise line of demarcation. We ought to be told what proportion of our one thousand six hundred and fifty species of living mammalia has ever been found fossil; but this information is not supplied by Lyell, nor by Jukes, nor Ansted, nor Phillips, nor Hugh Miller. Lyell admits that "the Miocene and older Pliocene deposits often contain the remains of mammalia, reptiles, and fish, exclusively of extinct species;" and Agassiz tells us that (with one exception) he has never found any recent forms among fossil fish. These are broad differ

ences. If we admit that among the mollusca a large percentage of existing forms have come down from earlier times, there is strong evidence to be found in other departments of organic nature in support of the opinion that a large introduction of new species has been a very recent event in the world's history.

Nor is there in the province of inorganic nature a line of demarkation between a time of disorder and restored order; and for this simple reason, that disorder is nothing but the elements of order thrown out of balance. When we study lake, estuary, or deep-sea deposits, that is to say, still-water deposits, it must be impossible to decide whether they have been swept down from high lands in one thousand years of great havoc and waste, or in ten thousand years of ordinary erosion. But there is one line of calculation which we have never seen investigated, namely, the relative rate of action between the conservative powers of life and the destroying agencies of nature. For example, if nine tenths of northern Europe rose slowly out of a glacial sea, is the rate of vegetable migration rapid enough to secure the muddy surface from the waste of atmospheric influences? If such a tract rose in the tropics, is vegetation rapid enough to cover and claim it before it is baked into an arid and hopeless desert? If the coral islands of the Pacific were submerged to a depth that destroyed their living barriers, and then raised again, is the migration of coral insects so far possible and so speedy that they would reinvest the ancient reefs before the thundering surf swept the defenseless islands into the depths of the ocean? At this present hour we see animal and vegetable life—still more, intelligent life—holding possession of the world against attacking and destroying agencies; and by rightly estimating the struggle with which even now they keep their supremacy, we might possibly learn how far they were capable of originally seizing it. Even if the two powers were accurately balanced, destroying agencies would always have this advantage, that inorganic nature only changes, while organic life dies. Vegetation may clothe a wasted world with beauty, yet in the lapse of ages waste may recover its domain again; but let the havoc once go so far as wholly to destroy life, and no hundreds of thousands of years can bring it back. It seems, then, as if in the nature of things life struggling against

extinction must have an appeal to the Lord of life; and the very struggle that goes on even now, of storm, and flood, and frost, and sea, with the powers of life that are holding the mastery, is a strong suggestion that that mastery was not gained without some external aid.

If we reject the scriptural account of the origin of the present order of things, we have to face new difficulties in the search for some other origin. The physical changes that have evidently taken place in the history of the world tend to destroy life; and the question will arise—how is the waste to be supplied? In other words, how do new species begin? Either the Creator must interfere to fill up the vacancies, or we must suppose that there is in organic life some occult power to adapt itself to changes, and so to multiply its forms as to escape all danger of ultimate extinction. This is the theory of the transmutation of species which in its latest development has been advocated by Mr. Darwin. There is no question that it explains many facts which can not otherwise be explained if we set aside the direct interference of the Creator. We come to this, (not necessarily, for as yet most scientific men reject it,) but we come to it easily and naturally when once we admit that we have no record of any other origin of existing forms. The latter part of Lyell's book completely indorses Darwin's theory, both in its strong and weak points; so much so, that it may be considered a mere repetition of his arguments less clearly and fully stated; with the exception of some further facts illustrative of the difficulty of distinguishing species, and an ingenious analogy (like most other analogies more plausible than logical) between the origin and variety of language and the origin and variety of species. Into this wide subject we shall not enter, except to notice the concluding chapter, in which Lyell hardily presses on to the conclusion of Darwin's premises, and allows and insinuates, if he does not actually say, that man is the last product of the process of transmutation—the descendant by natural selection of the anthropoid Primates, now represented by the orang-outang, gorilla, and chimpanzee.

"The opponents of the theory of transmutation sometimes argue, that if there had been a passage by variation from the lower Primates to man, the geologist ought ere this to

have detected same fossil remains of the intermediate links of the chain. . . . At some future day, when many hundred species of extinct quadrupeds may have been brought to light, the naturalist may speculate with advantage on this subject; at present we must be content to wait patiently, and not allow our judgment respecting transmutation to be influenced by the want of evidence, which it would be contrary to analogy to look for in post-pliocene deposits in any districts which as yet we have carefully examined."—Pp. 498, 499.

Here let us pause. Lyell says truly that the Almighty is as much the designer and maker of man, if he framed the atom and put within it powers to work out this wonderful result, as if he framed man directly out of the dust. But if the first chapter of Genesis and all confirmatory allusions to it were blotted out, the religious mind would still shrink from a system which, while it makes God an original designer, makes him nothing more. It is hard to believe, it is almost beyond belief, that the being who had reigned supremely passive through millions of ages, whilst the created atom of inorganic matter was transmuted into cellular tissues, and so onward and onward till finally the monkey was transmuted into man—that he who had stood thus aloof, should suddenly and unaccountably descend to be to his highest animal a protector and friend. Nay, nay, the Bible story of the origin of things rests its validity on its harmony with the whole of Scripture. From the last chapter of Revelation back to the first chapter of Genesis, the lesson of that sacred book is man's continual dependence, earth's continual subjection, on him and to him who is equally Creator, Sustainer, and Lord of all.

And if we turn from the Bible, and

look around the domain of observation and experience, we see enough to make us guess (though we can never know) that amidst the balanced powers of the universe, it is a fundamental law that the higher shall achieve success over the lower only by dependence on something higher than itself. In the struggle of life against the destroying agencies of nature, we conjecture it to be so; in the struggle of man with his animal propensities, we feel it to be so; in the struggle of all good and evil powers, we believe it to be so. Why should we shrink from the idea of the Almighty's sustaining power? Applied to him, interference is perhaps a wrong word. It gives the idea of a man's putting up his finger and forcibly altering the hands of a clock, when the right idea would rather be that of a spontaneous action of the great pendulum. We are very far from the solution of nature's problems; but, as we go deeper and deeper, we find distant facts pointing backward to common principles, and separate principles giving hints of a common origin, until many, once supposed to be widely distinct, are recognized as varieties or correlatives of each other. All this suggests further simplification, in accordance with that philosophy which regards the sustaining will of the Almighty as the one motive power of the universe. When, therefore, we speak of the intervention of the Creator in the work of the six days, we dare not say, because we can not understand, in what harmonious union of the great mainspring and the material machinery that vast work might have been accomplished. But we can conceive, at least, that it may have involved no violence to the preëxisting laws of nature. An omnipotent being only needs omniscience to insure the orderly fulfillment of his own will.

BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN WELL.—It is the duty of all parents to instruct and educate their children—example is better than precept. It is a poor thing to bid a child act thus, or thus, while our own daily lives are in direct contradiction to the lessons we seek to enforce. The mind of childhood, which is peculiarly inquisitive, naturally asks: "If virtue, if godliness, be the best and happiest course, as my parents tell me it is, why do they not them-

selves practice what they teach?" It is impossible for the conduct of parents to be too correct, too guarded, on all occasions, and particularly before their children; but it should not end here; it must be good and holy throughout, for young minds are quick to detect deceit, and young hands ever apt to rend the veil from off the face of hypocrisy. Good example is the greatest and the best means for the primary education of the infant mind.

From the Leisure Hour.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE history of the translator of the Bible into Castilian is worth redeeming from the archives of forgotten persecutions. He was Francisco Enzinas, born in the ancient city of Burgos, in the year 1515. Two brothers had been born before him, and reared to manhood in the colleges of their native town. A strange old place was Burgos; even then renowned for antiquity; defended by a strong castle looming over the river Arlanzon, which swept past the crescent-shaped city of dark and winding streets. Its cathedral was of vast extent, and contained the tomb of that national hero, the Cid. Churches met one at every corner and in every plaza. The young Enzinas were brought up in the densest ecclesiastical atmosphere.

Thence they were removed by their worldly-wise father, who thought to complete their education, and render them more eligible for high posts in the Spanish church, by sending them to a foreign university. Twenty-four universities adorned Spain, and one of these, that of Salamanca, boasted twenty-seven colleges; but the old citizen wished his sons to see other lands besides their own, and sent them to take their degrees at Louvain, in Flanders. True it is, that all the Low Countries owed the same lord paramount as the Peninsula, in the person of the Emperor Charles V.; but nothing could be more diverse than the habits, manners, and political constitution of both nations. Though fellow-subjects, the Fleming and the Spaniard had about as much in common as the Englishman and the Ionian Islander.

Louvain was a flourishing university in that age. John IV., Duke of Brabant, had founded it in 1426, endowing it with large privileges. A bull from Pope Sixtus IV. had conferred on it the right of presentation to all livings in the Netherlands, which right it enjoyed down to the earthquake of the French Revolution. The town in which the university stood was

the capital of Austrian Brabant, and was enriched also with much trade and many manufactures. All is dead now; the old fortifications lie smothered in pretty gardens.

The brothers Enzinas—Jayme, Juan, and Francisco—found at Louvain a freedom of thought among their fellow-students which surprised them at first. They heard the faith in which they had been educated, and which it had never occurred to them to doubt, canvassed and sifted on every side. They met a celebrated scholar, named Cassander, a time-server like Erasmus, whose endeavor was to bridge over the vast gulf separating the Reformation and the Church of Rome. His influence helped them to a certain point of enlightenment, and then would have retarded their progress; but it was too late. Soon there were no more zealous Lutherans in the university than the three young Spaniards.

Jayme Enzinas was intended for the sacerdotal profession by his father. He went to Paris, and entered the renowned university of that capital. But even his thirst for secular knowledge fared poorly here. The absurd verbal controversies and subtleties of the school-men could not satisfy him. And he saw the sect with which he was linked in heart suffering untold cruelties at the order of a dissipated court. The ferocity underlying the light nature of the Frenchman, which two centuries later found such fearful expression in the atrocities of the Revolution, was evinced during the gay reign of Francis I. by some of the most savage martyrdoms on record. Jayme's hour for the like endurance was not yet come; but he set about earning the distinction as quickly as might be. He returned to Louvain, and devoted himself to the composition of a catechism of the reformed faith in his native tongue.

He went to Antwerp, celebrated for printing-presses, to superintend its publication. We hear of the catechism that it was very simple, to suit the humblest

capacity; and small in size, that it might be easily hidden; a thing to be desired at a period when most books were of ungainly dimensions. But no museum or library, so far as we know, contains a copy of this silent messenger from the heart of the Spanish martyr to his fellow-countrymen; earthly fame the little treatise had none: nevertheless it has not lost its reward.

Jayme's father, thinking perhaps to rivet his adhesion to the Church, which he had heard was wavering, ordered him to visit Rome. The young man went, with many misgivings and much unwillingness; his sojourn was extended to several years, for the old citizen of Burgos would not give him leave to depart; and he was one who could not hide his light under a bushel: he must speak the truth that was in him. His dearest friend, Juan Diaz, was converted by his conversation and example; many a day and night did they jointly spend over the forbidden Scriptures, in the original Hebrew and Greek. Jayme's brothers frequently wrote, begging him to move to safer quarters in Germany; he was preparing to do so at last, despairing of the parental permission, when he was arrested and thrown into prison. A Spaniard had denounced him to the Roman Inquisition as a heretic. And so, a day was appointed for his examination, and most of the cardinals and bishops in Rome attended, to hear what a man so learned had to say. He boldly confessed his principles, "and defended them with such spirit," writes Dr. McCrie, "that his judges, irritated at his boldness, condemned him instantly to the flames. The sentence was loudly called for by such of his countrymen as were present." Afterwards they tried to get him to recant, and promised him life and liberty if he would appear publicly as a penitent, robed with the *sanbenito*; but he refused. Holding firm faith and a good conscience, he was burned at the stake, on a certain day in the year of our Lord 1546.

A word as to the fate of his dear companion, Juan Diaz,* who also suffered martyrdom, but in a manner strange to even the annals of intolerance. His own brother, Alfonso, learning his Lutheranism, was infuriated so as to devise his murder.

He came to the unsuspecting Juan, at Neuburg, concealing his wrath under protestations of warm affection, while a hired assassin waited without; and one night, when Juan retired to rest, Alfonso guarded the door until the foul deed was accomplished by his hireling murderer, whom he had brought from Rome for the purpose. One blow of an axe had wiped from the family the dire disgrace of an apostate member; and for this manifestation of zeal Alfonso Diaz was abundantly commended at his ecclesiastical headquarters.

Meanwhile Francisco Enzinas was at Louvain, still studying. His father's cherished design for him was the life of a soldier; but the young man's leanings to literature were too strong. He writes to his friend the Polish nobleman, Alasco, who had sent him a gift of a richly-mounted sword: "All the world will, I know, be in arms against me on account of the resolution which I have formed to devote myself to the pursuits of learning. But I can not suffer myself, from respect to the favor of men, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, or to treat unbecomingly those gifts which God, in his free mercy, has been pleased to confer upon me, unworthy as I am."

Alasco was not likely to censure his choice: he had himself left country and friends for the gospel's sake. Immediately after this period of intimacy with Enzinas, he came to London, and was pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church there, during the brief reign of Edward VI. It was something for an uncle of the king of Poland to become a simple, exiled pastor because of the truth; he has been styled the Polish Reformer; but in the province of East-Friesland his efforts were crowned with more abundant success.

He was intimate with the principal leaders of the Reformation; therefore to him Enzinas applied for introductions to Melancthon and Luther. The young Spaniard's thought was to locate himself at Wittenberg for a while, in the university, which was the heart of the new religious movement. But action, not speculative ease, is the Christian's calling. He soon went away from Wittenberg and the cordial friends he had found there, to Mayence, where he could best complete his great design of translating the New Testament into the Castilian language.

When finished, he sent a copy of his

* For a more detailed account of Juan Diaz, and the tragedy of which he was the victim, see *The Leisure Hour*, No. 456.

performance to his old friends at Louvain; many of whom, being Spaniards, could judge of the accuracy of the work. Their opinion was; that it would be an honor and a benefit to their native country. It was accordingly printed at Antwerp, in 1543, with this title: "The New Testament: that is, the New Covenant of our only Redeemer and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Greek into Castilian." An unexceptionable title-page, might one think; but not so thought the monks, to whom the volume must be submitted before publication. A certain learned divine detected heresy in "the New Covenant," and the obnoxious phrase was expunged. Still worse heresy lurked in the adjective "our *only* Redeemer;" and the word—a truly weighty one—was struck out. But this was not the end of sacerdotal censure. Charles V. being presented with a copy, and permission being craved for its circulation, handed it over his shoulder to his confessor, Pedro de Soto, that he might examine whether it contained any thing contrary to the faith. Francisco Enzinas waited many days, and at last went to the imperial confessor to hear the fate of his book, by whom he was arrested and cast into prison as a renegade. The charges against him, beside that heaviest one of translating the Scriptures, were, that he visited Melancthon, and had translated a treatise by Luther. Fifteen months he lingered in prison, while a fierce persecution raged outside; the dungeon was his ark of safety, though he knew it not. And one morning he found the doors unlocked; through some astonishing interposition of Providence, the instrumentality of which he never discovered, he was able to walk out of his prison, and escape unnoticed through the town of Brussels. Well might Melancthon write to a friend soon afterwards: "Our Spanish friend Francisco has returned to Wittenberg, being set free by a divine interposition, without the help of any man, so far as he knows, at least."

But now was Enzinas a thorough exile, without home or family on earth: for when he was in prison his father and uncles had paid him a visit, and brought him reproaches instead of sympathy. He was a disgrace to his relatives, a dishonor to his country. How must he have felt that Heaven was indeed his fatherland, and all Christian people his closest kin, through the Elder Brother, Christ!

He was deterred from proceeding to Italy by the tidings of his brother's martyrdom. But there was a certain island in the west to which the weary reformer looked as a haven of repose, then governed by the marvelous boy-king, Edward VI. Melancthon gave Enzinas recommendatory letters to the learned young monarch, and to his primate Cranmer, the result of which was the appointment of Francisco to a chair at Oxford. Forewarning of the Marian persecution drove him back to the continent, where he resided at various universities, and occupied himself with Spanish translations. Though a perpetual exile from his dear native land, his exertions to spread the truth thither ceased only with his life. At Bâle his death illness came on, 1570.

His translation of the Testament had created quite a sensation in Spain. The people read it with an avidity which terrified the inquisitors, and put them upon the severest measures of repression. It was one of the sparks of heavenly light which was zealously trampled out by the iron hoof of a persecution more perfect than the world has elsewhere known, but not until it had shone upon the path of eternal life for many and many a soul long since in the heavens.

The third Enzinas brother, Juan, was less active in the Reformation cause than the two we have mentioned, though he also was a thorough Protestant, and an exile for conscience sake. His name has survived, more in connection with science than theology; he wrote learned books on medicine and astronomy, which doubtless would now provoke a smile from the veriest tyro in our colleges; he displayed much mechanical skill about such scientific instruments as the age knew of. Melancthon mentions an orrery of his construction, made before that special name had been invented. He filled a professor's chair at the University of Marburg worthily, and was known in the learned world chiefly by the Greek rendering of his name—Dryander, according to the fashion of cotemporary men of letters.

Thus Spain drove forth her worthiest sons. These Enzinas brothers are but samples of the men who might have ennobled and regenerated their native land, under God, had they but gotten the chance. Spain preferred the miserable triumph of intolerance, and she enjoyed it to the full. A unity of darkness settled thick upon

the land, for the sun of empire went down while it was yet noon. But the nations who received the Bible which she rejected, and still nationally rejects, have risen into grander place and mightier opulence cen-

tury by century; have reaped the richest fruits of all her discoveries and conquests; have seized the scepter of the world, which she laid aside for the breviary and the scourge.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A GERMAN SOLDIER.*

"RECOLLECTIONS of an old Hussar officer from 1802 to 1815." Such is the subtitle of the work we have now under consideration, and it requires no further comment. The hero, descended from a noble Pomeranian family, was born in a small country town, in the year 1796, when his father was captain in Blucher's hussars. So soon as he came into the world his father wrapped him in his cloak, and proudly displayed him to his squadron on the exercising ground. His christening was equally remarkable: the whole regiment attended church, and the oldest sergeant carried the infant on his father's best shabraque; and his youthful education was more than Spartan. Up to the age of six he never wore shoes or cap, and he was constantly riding about with an Hungarian sergeant, who had an enormous long white moustache, by which the child held on. In 1792 his father took the field against the French, and little Fritz never saw him again, as he was killed in a skirmish in the following year. Little Fritz and his sister were intrusted to the care of their grandfather, who had retired to the ancestral chateau in Pomerania. He was a curiosity in his way; once on a time he must have been eminently handsome, but was now disfigured by wounds. His left eye was covered by a black patch, a broad bluish-red scar ran across his forehead, nose, and mouth, down to the chin, and formed so deep a furrow that a finger might almost be laid in it. A shot-wound in the hip made him limp, but for all that he was powerful and active, though he was seventy-five years

of age. Among his peculiarities he carried a small silver bugle, on which he gave all his orders through cavalry signals; and when he went to bed, it was his rule to play the first verse of a hymn in lieu of praying. He was charitable to an excess, and his chateau was a house of call for all vagabonds and beggars, who were never turned empty away. His great panacea for rogues was a dose of stick, as the following example will prove:

"A notorious band of thieves once collected in the yard, under various disguises, in order to break into the house during the night. I do not know what lucky accident revealed this scheme. Grandpapa was delighted that his rustic quietude was about to be broken in upon by a little military adventure, and lay in ambush with his most trustworthy men to catch the robbers in the act, instead of shutting them up in the bakehouse, as he could have done. At my earnest request, I, a lad of ten years of age at the time, was allowed to join the party. The well-armed robbers offered an obstinate resistance, in which shots were fired, but were overcome and bound. The next morning grandpapa had all the fellows brought out into the yard, had them laid on a bench, one after the other, and fifty lashes dealt to each in the presence of all the villagers. When the chastisement was ended, the fellows were stripped of their weapons, and then each received a good breakfast and a florin, as *viaticum*, grandpapa remarking: 'I thrashed you for trying to rob me; so now be off, and do not let me see your faces again, or you will have a double dose.' The fellows bolted at once."

Fritz remained on this estate, becoming a good shot and rider, and picking up a small stock of learning at the village school, until his sixteenth year, when grandpapa applied to his old friend, Lieutenant-General Blucher, to take the lad

* *Ein Deutsches Reiterleben.* Von Julius von Wicke. Three vols. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

into his regiment as Junker. He consented, and in the year 1802 Fritz prepared to set out. Before leaving the chateau, grandpapa gave a grand banquet in his honor, at which the following striking ceremony took place. In the presence of all the guests grandpapa gave young Fritz a tremendous box on the ear, saying: "That is the last blow, lad, you must allow to pass unpunished in life. Henceforth, if any one insults you, or even makes an ugly face at you, challenge him with sabers, and fight him so long as a drop of blood is left in your veins." Grandpapa's valedictory remarks were also eminently practical. As the youth rode away from the door, he said: "Boy, behave yourself properly, live jollily, remembering that you are of good family, but do not run into debt more than you can pay. Do not get drunk too often; and, before all, observe strictly the regimental regulations and subordination. And with that I commend you to God, boy."

On the road Fritz picked a squabble with a student, and fleshed his saber, and at length reached the garrison town. This is the description of what awaited him:

"Service in those days was harsh and strict, and nothing was known of that luxury and effeminacy which unfortunately are so widespread in our army at present. We Junkers were very sharply looked after, had to work hard, and nothing was overlooked. In summer at half-past four, in winter at half-past five, the bugler blew the reveille, and we had to leap in a hurry from our hard beds; a draught of water and a crust of ammunition-bread formed our breakfast, and off we ran to the stables, for any one who arrived but a minute too late was confined for twenty-four hours to the guard-room. The stable go lasted two good hours, and we were not allowed to leave the building for a moment. For the first four months, in spite of my rank as Junker, I was compelled to do all the duties of a private hussar. I cleaned stirrups and leathers with a zeal which often brought the perspiration out of me, and rubbed down my little Ukraine stallion so carefully, that even my fault-finding captain could not detect a grain of dust upon it. The most unpleasant work was cleaning my saddle, and I remember getting three days' guard-room because one of my buckles was not properly furnished."

After eight months of this work, Fritz was promoted corporal, and had a man to clean his horse and traps. And in the autumn of 1804 Blucher arrived at Münster, where the regiment was quartered.

The following is the description the author gives of old Father Forwards in those days:

"His great good-temper, modest simplicity and naturalness, as well as the hearty mother-wit he always displayed, rendered General von Blucher ere long the favorite of the middle and lower classes, in spite of the great dislike they entertained for the Prussians. I saw him helping a peasant for more than half an hour in reloading his wood-cart which had been upset. He also managed the cold, reserved nobility admirably. He pretended not to notice this coldness, was jolly, unsuspicious, and polite to the gentlemen, whom he frequently invited to dinner, and managed to gain them over by brimming beakers of Rhenish. On such occasions the old hussar general was most open-hearted, but at the same time cunning to such an extent as is rarely found combined with better qualities. When he liked he could, under the mask of the greatest coolness, carry on the finest diplomatic intrigues, which a Talleyrand might have envied him. He had, too—especially over a glass of wine—the gift of speech, and often proposed witty, quickly improvised toasts, hardly to be expected from an hussar general. When he pleased he could be most amiable to high born ladies, and display a winning, chivalrous gallantry. Still he did not feel altogether comfortable in respectable society: actresses, and females of the same stamp, who could stand tobacco smoke, punch bowls, and equivocal jokes, were the most agreeable company for the general."

Soon after Fritz received his cornet's commission he had a duel on horseback, in a frontier village, with a French dragoon, and Blucher, to save his life, which the Frenchman's comrades swore to take, sent him off to Warsaw, to undertake the transport of a string of Polish horses. The next year he obtained his lieutenantancy, and almost simultaneously the hussars received orders to march against the French. Prior to marching, Blucher, who seemed ten years younger, inspected the regiment, and said, in his deep bass voice: "Well, hussars, it is a pleasure to see you so, and when it really comes to cutting into those accursed *parlez vous*, you will do your confounded duty properly, I am sure." In conclusion, he said to a favorite old sergeant that, so soon as they entered Paris, they would crack a bottle of champagne together. Curiously enough, this promise was fulfilled in 1814. The Prussian army, however, was in a bad state to take the field; the baggage-train was enormous, but the commissariat and train were most

defective. Old Blucher tried in vain to stop this; he thought nothing of taking the horses out of a field-officer's fourgon and attaching them to the heavy guns; but his example was not generally followed. The battle of Auerstädt soon proved how superior the French were to the Prussians. Space will not permit us to give any detailed account of it; we will, however, find room for one passage, descriptive of the scene after the battle:

"The early gathering gloom of an October day rendered it difficult for me to find my battalion again, amid the general confusion and dispersion of corps. An unbounded disorder reigned in our army, and scenes occurred such as I should not have considered possible four and twenty hours before. The confusion was worst among the infantry, which contained many lately-enlisted foreigners, and the officers did not know their men thoroughly. Most of the Poles, who served in South Prussian regiments, ran off to join the French, by whom they were received with shouts. Even some Prussian officers of Polish origin dishonored themselves by deserting. Crowds of soldiers threw away their arms and cartouche-boxes, tore the military insignia from their hats, plundered the baggage-train and military chest with coarse laughter and yells, and went off shouting 'It was all over with Prussia now, and they were released from their oath of allegiance.' The entreaties, warnings, and orders of the officers remained utterly ineffectual with these fellows, many of whom were intoxicated, and on this night many officers were most brutally ill-treated, even killed by their own men."

On rejoining the hussars our lieutenant found himself under the command in chief of General Count Kalkreuth, personally a brave and honorable man, but who was now so discouraged that he had no thought but of capitulation to the French. This Prince Augustus of Prussia and Blucher most strenuously opposed. The former was so furious that he shouted, so as to be heard by all the troops: "Cowards, even if they are generals, may surrender, but brave soldiers will cut their way through with me." Fortunately the negotiations were carried on in the person of Blucher, and the following was the result:

"Count Kalkreuth rode with Blucher, who appointed me his orderly, to meet Marshal Soult, and it was agreed that hostilities should not begin on either side until the conference was ended. Marshal Soult behaved most coarsely and arrogantly, displayed very brutal manners, which indicated a neglected educa-

tion, and soon so intimidated poor old Kalkreuth, that he once again saw the only chance of escape in a cowardly capitulation. During the whole interview our Blucher stood, purposely returning with equal insolence the insolence of the French generals. He took but little part in the conversation, which was carried on in French, a language he did not understand, but every now and then he vented a heavy German oath. At length Count Kalkreuth dared to make a proposition of surrender to him, and had the weakness to allege as his principal reason, the safety of Prince Augustus, and of the Guards attached to our corps. With a glance of the most furious contempt, Blucher looked at the count, and then said aloud: 'His royal highness the Prince Augustus has far too great a soldier's heart to consent to such a cowardly capitulation. The Guards of his majesty are fine fellows, but are worth no more here than any other soldier, and the deuce take me if I accept such a capitulation for my person.' Count Kalkreuth turned away abashed, and continued his negotiations with Marshal Soult. As Blucher frequently heard the word capitulation used, he at last lost patience, walked up to Soult, and said in German, which was understood by some of the French officers: 'I trust that these gentlemen will not ask any thing wrong of me, an old soldier who has reached the age of sixty with honor. As an honest soldier, I will let myself be cut to pieces at any moment, if it can not be otherwise, but I will never capitulate in a cowardly way.' And saying this he struck his saber-hilt till it rattled again."

But Kalkreuth was not the only general who desponded at this fearful period of Prussian history; fort upon fort was surrendered, and Prince von Hohenlohe's entire corps laid down its arms. Blucher alone kept the field with a division which was daily reduced by desertion. He resolved to march into Mecklenburg, in order to draw large bodies of French troops in pursuit, and thus foil Napoleon's operations behind the Oder. In this way, too, the disbanded Prussian army would have time to reassemble. In fact, three powerful French divisions, commanded by Murat, Soult, and Bernadotte, pursued Blucher, who, after a brave defense, was run to earth at Lübeck, where he was compelled to capitulate. At the foot of the treaty Blucher wrote, "I only capitulate because I have no bread or ammunition left;" and when the French were not inclined to suffer this, he threatened to withdraw the capitulation and fight till his last man fell. During the attack on the city our lieutenant was severely wounded, but a tanner took compassion

on him, and concealed him in his house from the French. When he was sufficiently recovered to move, he obtained a passport as a cattle-dealer, and started for East Prussia, where he intended to join the army again. On the journey he stopped for a week at Berlin, and was disgusted at the cringing way in which the French were treated, and the arrogance they displayed. He found it very hard work to get through the French lines, and on one freezing January night was obliged to hide with his guide under a bridge for six hours, which cost him the lobe of his ear. He was attached to the staff of General l'Estocq, and had an opportunity of witnessing the battle of Eylau, in which the Russians fought with unexampled bravery. On riding back to quarters after the battle, he was witness of a very painful scene. He came across a wounded Prussian officer, in whom he recognized a friend of his childhood. The latter, who felt he was about to die, implored that an end should be put to his sufferings, and after a long hesitation, our hussar ordered one of his escort—a Pole—to blow the poor sufferer's brains out, which the trooper did with the utmost coolness. About this time our author saw a good deal of the Russians, and the following anecdote relating to them will prove amusing:

"The execrable commissariat was the reason why the Russian troops behaved very badly in their quarters, and the presence of the enemy was often thought preferable to theirs. The poor soldiers would not starve, and hence stole provisions, and, as is usually the case, many other things stuck to their fingers on such occasions. The Cossacks especially displayed a real artistic feeling in stealing, and even the severest punishments, which they regularly received on the detection of their crime, were of no avail. In corporal punishment these Cossacks often showed an indifference to pain which was really astounding. I can remember the case of an old Cossack, whose white beard hung down to his waist: he had stolen a table-spoon at a house, but was detected and denounced. The colonel of the detachment ordered him to receive seventy-five blows with the Cossack *khantju*. The punishment appeared to me severe, and I was about to beg the delinquent off, when I saw him take a pull at his spirit-flask, quickly dismount, lay himself across the trunk of a tree, and call up the executioners. The two fellows struck till all cracked again, and I thought that the poor devil would be thoroughly tanned, but he did not move a feature or make the slight-

est complaint. When the quota had been administered he jumped up, rubbed his back a little, then walked humbly up to the colonel, tried to kiss his hand, and asked, in a flattering tone: 'But, little father, I suppose I may now keep the shining thing, as I have received my right number of lashes?' It was only when the colonel replied in the negative that the Cossack really looked sad; but he soon recovered his spirits and trotted away, laughing and talking with his comrades as if nothing had occurred."

After the battle of Friedland the Russians effected an armistice with the French, an example the Prussians were compelled to follow. The treaty of Tilsit was the final blow, and the once haughty Prussian army was reduced by it to a normal strength of forty thousand men. Our hussar asked for and obtained his discharge, although Blücher wished to retain him, and he proceeded to visit some relatives in the Ukraine, in the hope of obtaining a commission in the Russian army. Foiled in this, he returned to Königsberg at the close of 1808, and early in the following year joined the brave and unhappy Von Schill in his uprising against the French usurper. He gives us very interesting anecdotes about his leader, and darkly hints that he was induced to undertake his rash expedition under the impression that his king sanctioned it. Luckily for our author, he was thrown from his horse, and a farmer gave him a hiding-place. While lying here he read in an Austrian paper that the brave Duke William of Brunswick-Oels was collecting a corps in Bohemia to fight the French, and he resolved to make the best of his way to head-quarters. On his road the hussar had to swim the Elbe to escape the Westphalian gendarmes, but he managed to join the duke after enduring great privations. The corps was to consist of two battalions of light infantry, a regiment of hussars, and a horse battery. With these troops the duke intended to enter North Germany, and draw the nation to his side, while the Austrians held Napoleon in check on the Danube. But the plan failed through the jealousy which even in those days of danger existed between Austria and Prussia, and after the battle of Wagram the Duke of Brunswick found himself in a very awkward position; still he resolved to enter Saxony, and fight his way through to Westphalia. It was a mad exploit to try, at the head of some six

thousand men, to defy Napoleon and all his German allies, and the duke's position was rendered worse when the Austrians signed an armistice with Napoleon, and he was left with only eighteen hundred men. The duke was urged to share in the armistice, but declined, and he actually fought his way through North Germany till he reached Oldenburg, and put his troops aboard vessels which conveyed them to Heligoland, under the fire of Danish batteries. Some of the vessels were stranded, and the soldiers aboard were, by Napoleon's special order, sent to the Brest galleys. From Heligoland the troops were conveyed to the Isle of Wight and attached to the Anglo-German Legion. Here our author was placed on half-pay, for it was found on reorganizing the Black Hussars that there were many supernumerary officers, and he was one of the latest who had joined. To support himself he was compelled to draw money from home, which reached him in a very roundabout way. Bills were bought at Wismar on Gothenburg, which were again exchanged for others on London, as a considerable trade went on at that time between England and Sweden. After knocking about for some time at Guernsey, our hussar, tired of doing nothing, proceeded to London, and made application to the Duke of Brunswick to get him placed on active service.

"The duke himself would have willingly commanded a corps in the Peninsula, and thus have taken an active part in the war. He set all his influences in London at work to obtain this, but did not succeed. His most decided opponent was Wellington himself. The latter had always declined to have a German general under his orders, and the Duke of Brunswick above all, and through his omnipotent influence he always contrived to carry his point. I must honestly confess that Wellington was quite right. The duke, in spite of all his excellent military qualities, was ever a very difficult subordinate to manage: he could not get on with old Blücher, and he would, in all probability, have had a deadly quarrel with Wellington within a week. These two temperaments differed greatly, and it would have been as easy to unite fire and water as them. Nor would the duke have agreed with the other English generals, and had he been intrusted with a division in Wellington's army, it would have led to every sort of annoyance, and soon have placed him in an untenable position. Still the English ministry committed a great mistake in not employing the duke on active service. He

ought to have been appointed to the command of his own Black Band and the German Legion, and ordered to operate with some ten thousand men on a distinct field."

Our hussar, however, obtained a passage to Spain to try what he could do, and he had numerous letters of introduction. He went aboard ship at Portsmouth, and dilates upon the horrible scenes he witnessed at that port, and the fights which constantly took place between the soldiers and the Jack Tars. He landed in the Peninsula on June 1, 1810, and joined the mess of the artillery of the Anglo-German Legion during the fortnight he spent in Lisbon. This legion was first organized in 1804 from the fragments of the Hanoverian army, when it was dissolved in consequence of the Convention of Lauenburg. The officers were all Hanoverians, and the troops in course of time represented nearly every German state, as they were recruited from prisoners taken from the French. The composition of the legion has been very variously described. At the time of its greatest strength it consisted of two dragoon and three hussar regiments, eight battalions line infantry, two battalions light infantry, four batteries of field and two of horse artillery, with a small engineer corps.

These troops, however, were never combined, but served in the most different scenes. A portion of the legion was employed in 1805 for a landing in Germany, another in 1807 took part in the expedition to Copenhagen, and some corps operated in Sweden for a while. In 1808 four infantry battalions, three batteries, the Third Hussars, and the light brigade were sent to the Peninsula. A portion of these were under Moore, and, after the retreat from Corunna, several of the transports were wrecked, and hundreds of German soldiers found their death in the sea. The Second Hussars and the light brigade were also employed in the senseless expedition to Walcheren, where they distinguished themselves, but suffered a terrible loss through sickness. Four infantry battalions and a battery were sent in 1809 to Sicily, where they remained for several years, and greatly distinguished themselves. The legion was also engaged in the campaign in the south of France, and fought most bravely at Waterloo. When our author landed in the Peninsula, the legion was represented by an hussar regiment, four battalions

line infantry, and three field batteries, all which troops were attached to Wellington's army.

The hussar joined head-quarters at Celerico, and his first care was to present a letter of introduction which he had to Wellington, from H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, who took every opportunity of aiding Germans in England by word and deed :

"To present this letter I required an audience, and this was no easy matter for a young subaltern like myself, for the noble lord shut himself up, observed a more than princely etiquette, and was not accessible unless some pressing matter connected with the service occurred. He associated chiefly with his staff, composed of a great number of young men belonging to the most aristocratic English families. His personal appearance produced a peculiar effect upon me; had I not known that the man whose presence I now entered was commander-in-chief of the British land forces, who had served with distinction in the East-Indies, and had already gained a name in the Peninsula, the idea would never have occurred to me that he was a soldier, so little military was there in his appearance. The nobleman, accustomed to command, could be at once recognized in him, and I might have taken him for a minister, a diplomatist, or a rich landed gentleman; but never for a soldier. His dress, too, was rather that of a civilian, and consisted of white trousers, waistcoat, and neckcloth, stiffly starched shirt, and a light-blue frock coat. On the beardless, finely-chiseled face, there was an unmistakable expression of unbending strength of will, great calmness and certainty, but at the same time of powerful self-esteem, and, indeed, Lord Wellington always seemed to me the true representative of the English aristocracy."

The hussar was courteously greeted by Wellington, who expressed his regret that he could only offer him a commission in the Portuguese army. This being respectfully declined, he attached him as volunteer to Crawford's staff, allowing him to draw rations but no pay. After a short interview came an invitation to dinner for the same day, and our lieutenant found himself dismissed :

"His lordship's table, at which his numerous adjutants and several field officers represented the guests, counted about twenty persons. The service and plate displayed noble wealth. The servants waited in full livery, and most of the fare seemed to have come from England; in short, it was difficult to credit that I was at the table of a general who was opposed to a powerful army in the heart

of a most desolated country. The etiquette at table was so strict, that it could not well be stricter at a prince's table. Most of the officers conversed together in a low voice, and all kept their eyes fixed on his lordship, who was very chary of words, to be in readiness to answer his questions. Business obliged Wellington to leave the table at a very early hour, but at his request the guests remained; and when the cloth was removed, and the decanters began circulating, all displayed that noisy merriment, which Englishmen, in spite of their formality and stiffness, are wont to indulge in when wine has warmed their blood."

The story of the Peninsular War has been so often told that we need not dwell on it here; it is sufficient to say that our author was severely wounded, and was carried from the field in an ambulance cart. As it jolted along Wellington rode past, and stopped to express a few words of thanks for his past gallant conduct, and our author was highly delighted at such sympathy from the generally cold and reserved commander-in-chief. After the bullet had been extracted he was sent by easy stages to Lisbon, and, on final recovery, joined his regiment of Black Brunswickers, who were garrisoned in Ireland. As he found, however, that there was no prospect of the regiment being employed on active service, he resolved to make the best of his way to Russia. He went first to Gothenburg, and thence to St. Petersburg; but as the head-quarters and the emperor were at Wilna, he proceeded without further delay to that city, where he was soon attached to the staff of General Barclay de Tolly. He found a very unpleasant feeling existing in the army between the German and Russian generals, and as a specimen of the latter, we will quote his pen-and-ink photograph of General Araktjeyeff, commander-in-chief of the artillery :

"I have known very few men for whom I felt such internal disgust at the first glance, as for this count. All those bad qualities which are only to be found in the Slavonic character, were combined in him, but he did not possess a single good quality of the race. He was cringingly flattering to all high-standing persons of influence, and, to make up for it, harsh, brutal, and cruel to his inferiors. I was once eye-witness how he treated a Russian veteran, covered with orders, who did not notice his approach, and neglected to salute him. He struck him over the head with a large stick so violently that the poor man sank to the ground senseless, and lay in a pool

of blood. Without deigning a further glance at the victim of his brutality, he quietly continued his walk. At the same time this man was so wretchedly timid that his cowardice became proverbial with the army. He could not endure firing, and when an action began he would ride away at full speed; and yet he was commandant of the artillery! It was always a riddle to me, that so gentle a monarch as the Emperor Alexander should tolerate such a ruffian in his vicinity, and even allow him considerable influence. But there was no lack of such contradictions in the Russian army of that day, and any foreigner who wished to serve in it was compelled to put up with much that was unpleasant and even hurtful to his feelings."

Our author states that at the period when hostilities began with France, Barclay had not more than one hundred and ten thousand men under his orders, while the second western army, under Bagration, did not amount to beyond thirty-five thousand, and the army of reserve was about the same strength. Thus, then, the Russians had not more than two hundred thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were Cossacks, to oppose to Napoleon's army of at least four hundred thousand.

On the approach of the French the Russians evacuated Wilna, and orders were given that the stores of provisions should be burnt, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. But the Jews bought most of the stores from the commissariat, and bags of sawdust were burnt for flour. The Polish Jews, who cheated both sides equally, made enormous fortunes during the campaign. On the march to Drissa the army suffered severely by the desertion of the Poles, who had been forced under arms, and the loss, during the first month, our author estimates at no less than six thousand men. Ere long the Emperor Alexander became so sick of the squabbling among the generals, that he ran away from the army, leaving the command to Barclay. At first it was proposed to make a stand in the lines of Drissa, but the commander-in-chief thought it wiser to effect a junction with the second army, and this was carried out just before Smolenzk. The united armies had a strength of one hundred and fifteen thousand line troops, and about six thousand Cossacks and irregulars. Against these Napoleon had at least one hundred and eighty thousand, and Barclay had no resource but to continue his retreat. This aroused such dis-

satisfaction among the Russians, that Alexander was forced to yield to the public voice, and deposed Barclay from the command in chief, which was given to Prince Kutusoff, a man of sixty-nine years of age. The battle of the Borodino soon ensued, in which our author had for the first time the unhappiness of fighting against his own countrymen. The Russians, he states, displayed extraordinary tenacity in the combat, and he saw wounded men rush empty-handed on the foe, to tear their weapons from them and kill them. Even those who lay on the ground wrestled in the last death-pangs, and sought to murder each other with their fists. The terrible battle lasted twelve hours, and the Russian loss, in killed and wounded, was forty thousand, while that of the French was from twenty to thirty thousand. This will serve to show the bitterness displayed on both sides. In spite of Prince Kutusoff's unfounded bulletin of victory, the battle of Borodino will ever remain an honor to the Russian army. Barclay de Tolly displayed the most extraordinary bravery, and had four horses shot under him; but this much maligned man was forced to resign his command, and was maltreated by the populace at Kaluga, while Kutusoff, who had done nothing, had honors heaped upon him, and received a present of one hundred thousand silver roubles from his blinded monarch. Our author, who was again severely wounded, was conveyed in a cart to Moscow:

"Here I found the population in the greatest excitement, and the long streets and wide squares of the enormous city were filled with a restlessly heaving mass. The most varying reports were spread, but no one could distinguish truth from falsehood. It was officially announced that our army had gained a brilliant victory at the Borodino, but the thousands of wounded and stragglers, who gradually arrived, as well as the news that the army was retreating, contradicted the victory. . . . The sight offered me outside the gates of Moscow I shall never forget. As if a national migration were taking place, hundreds of thousands of persons were leaving the doomed city, heavily laden with their traps. Horses and conveyances were not to be procured for money, and even well-dressed men pushed trucks before them, and walked along with heavy bundles like Jew peddlers. Scenes of despair, of misery, of the deepest horror, occurred every where, and yells, groans, and execrations of the foe, whose thirst for conquest entailed the ruin of Moscow, filled the

air. At the same time there was any quantity of quarrelling, for nearly every minute the road was blocked, and the enormous procession could only move at a snail's pace. Orderlies and adjutants, who had important dispatches to deliver, dashed through, and with the recklessness of noble Russians lavished blows of their whips, which entailed fresh cursing and oburgations; in short, it was such a scene as I could not have supposed possible."

Our author is of opinion that the burning of Moscow did not have such influence on the progress of the war as has generally been supposed. Even had the city been spared, Napoleon could not have remained there for the winter with his army, as provisions would have run short. The Cossacks, of whom twelve thousand arrived from the banks of the Don at this time, would have cut off his transports. The real destruction of the French army, according to our author, was the purposeless delay of four weeks at Moscow, instead of at once retreating or advancing into Little Russia. After the retreat of the French, Moscow offered a terrible appearance, and the returning citizens were furious at the attempt Napoleon made to blow up their sacred Kremlin, in which he, fortunately, only partially succeeded. With the wanton desecration of the churches by the French, the war assumed a fearfully barbarous character on the side of the outraged nation, and their savageness surpassed even any thing the hussar had witnessed in Spain:

"The most furious were the women, although, as a rule, the fair sex in Russia are generally gentle, good-tempered, and submissive. I saw a well-dressed and rather good-looking female tear the heart out of the body of a still quivering grenadier, and display it to the mob with a yell of triumph. I could mention a number of similar instances. Thus, we frequently found the bodies of Frenchmen hung up by the feet from trees, so that the poor wretches must have died in agony; others were laid between boards and sawn in two, or fastened to horses and dragged to death across country. And yet, I repeat, the old Russian race is generally good-tempered and kind, and the utmost frenzy alone could induce such barbarity."

While the French lay down and died by the roadside on the retreat, the Russians were also very badly off; owing to the cheating of the commissariat the troops were shamefully rationed, and the army on the march to Wilna melted away in the most extraordinary manner. The

French were utterly demoralized, and our author states that one day he, with but six Cossacks, took fifty *voltigeurs* prisoners. Although these men were armed, they did not dare offer any resistance. Of the many horrible scenes connected with the retreat the most horrible is, perhaps, the following:

"On December 5, under such intense cold that I could not sit my horse, but was forced to run by its side, I noticed a deserted peasant sledge in a wide plain of snow. The Cossacks I had with me curiously raised the canvas covering, and I went up to it. The sight I witnessed was fearful. A dead officer, both of whose feet had been shot off, was lying by the side of the corpses of two little girls, who must have been frozen or starved to death, for they held some strips of raw horse-flesh in their rigid hands, which the frost had rendered hard as stone. Crouching in one corner was a lady, wrapped up in costly velvets and dirty horse-cloths, almost a skeleton through hunger and cold, but yet displaying regular features, and large black eyes, from which all animation, however, had disappeared. In a faint voice she implored food for a babe, which she held tightly pressed to her bosom with both hands, in order to warm it. When she showed it to us, in order the more to excite our compassion, this babe was also a corpse. The despair of excessive sorrow at this moment seized on the unhappy mother, she uttered a heart-rending cry, and then, with a strength and rapidity hardly to be expected from so utterly exhausted a woman, she tore a pistol from the belt of a Cossack and blew her brains out. As I learned afterwards from papers found in the sledge, it was the family of a French colonel of artillery, which had thus miserably perished. Only too many such cases occurred."

At Wilna our hussar had the pleasure of giving a hearty thrashing to a rich Jew, who kicked an old French officer, who was unable to retaliate, because he had lost both hands. The fellow had the impudence to complain to General Miloradovitch, but when the latter heard the facts he told his Cossacks to give the Jew another thrashing. At Wilna the losses of the Russian army during the winter of 1812 were reckoned. Kutusoff had left the camp of Yarulino with exactly one hundred and ten thousand men, and after a seven weeks' march he had scarce fifty thousand left. And it must be borne in mind that he did not fight a single engagement during the period. Cold and the peculation of the commissariat had done the work. On hearing of York's capitulation at Taurroggen, our author re-

solved to leave the Russian service, and as a reward for past exertions the government gave him the order of St. George, fourth class, which was greatly esteemed, as it could only be obtained through bravery in the field. On reaching Königsberg, however, the hussar discovered that York's step was regarded as premature, and it was not known whether he might not be tried by court-martial for it, and in all probability shot. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the "Old Bear," as he was popularly termed, should give our author a very unceremonious reception, until he reminded him how they had fought together side by side in Mecklenburg. The result of the interview was that York requested the hussar to undertake the training of the Landwehr cavalry of East Prussia. It was a sad disappointment to remain in country quarters and see his comrades go off to the wars, but the Fatherland required his services at home, and he could do nothing but obey. Indeed, sacrifices were the rule at this season in Eastern Prussia:

"The landlords and farmers gave us all the horses for nothing, or, if they were very poor, at small prices, and yoked oxen to their plows. I remember a far from wealthy farmer who gave us a young horse, but would not at any price part with a mare he had, because she annually dropped a valuable foal. I had gone away about an hour from him when he came after me, and said in his honest East-Prussian dialect: 'I have thought it over, captain; a man must now give all he has for our king, and so you can take the gray mare, and pay me enough to buy me an old horse to drag my cart, for I have not a crown piece in the house.'"

A few months later the writer heard from his old commandant, Blücher, that he had a vacancy to offer him in his corps, and he could not resist this temptation. On reaching head-quarters, Marshal Forward, as he was now universally called, did not appear to him to have altered in the least; he was jolly as ever, though he had serious causes of vexation. The Russian generals Sacken and Langeron felt their pride insulted at being under a Prussian commander, and refused to obey. Here Blücher's mother-wit came into play, and he rendered himself such a favorite with the Cossacks that they declared he was born on the banks of the Don, and was removed to Prussia by some accident. The appointment Blücher had to offer our

author was that of orderly officer to General Sacken, and he trusted to his discretion to remove some of the existing differences. It is amusing to read his account of the abuse Blücher lavished on the Russian generals, especially on Langeron, whom he detested the more because he was of French extraction. The battle of the Katzbach, however, reconciled Blücher and Sacken, and they learned to estimate each other's sterling qualities. During the battle of Wartenburg—York's most brilliant victory, our author was sent with dispatches to Blücher:

"He was evidently in a good temper, and had a jest for each company as it marched past. Thus I heard him shout to some poor Landwehr troops, who had taken off their worn-out boots and were wading through the mud barefooted: 'Well, boys, you are clever fellows; you would sooner go barefoot than have your boots full of mud.' A Landwehrman replied ill-temperedly: 'Yes, excellency, it is wretched work with the boots, they will not hold together.' 'Ah, you stupid devil, why are the Frenchmen standing over there, except for you to take their boots off them? It's famous walking on Paris soles, and the fellows will soon have to hurry back to France at such a rate that it will be a pity for good shoes. So, children, look sharp and get new boots from the Frenchmen,' old Blücher replied, with a loud laugh, to which the Landwehr responded with a shout of delight."

Our author describes in glowing language the battle of the nations which sealed the fate of Napoleon. Both Russians and Prussians fought with distinguished bravery, and without the slightest jealousy. One episode, the Russian attack on the village of Pfaffendorf, is worthy quotation:

"As the village of Gohlis was now sufficiently protected by two Prussian battalions, at three P.M. Sacken ordered his troops to advance once again on Pfaffendorf. After a long struggle, a few battalions at last succeeded in reaching the center of the straggling village, but the French worked their batteries in the Rosenthal so well that our men were compelled to fall back again. During the bombardment a large house was fired, in which lay several hundred French, Prussian, and Russian wounded. It was terrible to see these poor wretches attempt to save themselves, but mostly unable to do so owing to their weakness or their wounds, and suffer the martyrdom of burning alive. Many Russian soldiers, it is true, defied the flames and enemy's bullets, and dashed into the burning building to save their comrades, but did not always succeed, and many of the rescu-

ers found death in their generous effort. Some of the wounded tottered up to us, only dressed in a shirt, all black with smoke, and with the bandages burnt off their wounds. One young Polish officer, whose nose, chin, and one eye had been carried away by a cannon-shot, but who yet clung to life with extraordinary tenacity, I carried for a time on the front of my saddle-bow, for the purpose of conveying him to our ambulance. As I received fresh orders while proceeding there, I handed over my *protégé* to a slightly wounded Russian. The pair had got but a few yards from me, when a cannon-ball so destroyed them that their bodies actually flew in the air in patches. This burning French lazaretto at Pfaffendorf was the most fearful sight I witnessed during the whole of my military career."

The scenes inside Leipzig were equally exciting: thus, a large house was occupied by Poles, who incessantly fired on the advancing Russians. In vain did our hussar call to them to surrender; the major swore that they would never yield to a Russian, and, in fact, they were shot down to the last man. After the Elster bridge was blown up, the French officers were taken prisoners *en masse*, and so many delivered up their swords to our author, that he was compelled to break their blades on a gun-wheel. The enthusiasm of the Prussians was intense. An old captain of Landwehr said, in the author's hearing: "Two of my sons fell before, and I have just received news that my third lad was shot at Möckern, but it is not too high a price to pay for such a victory as this. Why did God grant me sons, unless they could die for our king and our Prussian fatherland?" The allies slowly followed the French up, and at the beginning of the next January crossed the Rhine. At Brienne a desperate night engagement took place, in which Von Sacken was obliged to draw his sword, and his adjutant was killed by his side. It is plain that the army of Silesia suffered terribly during the campaign of 1814, and on more than one occasion was within an ace of being destroyed. Things got to the worst when old Blücher was taken ill:

"The field-marshal, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, was ordered to protect them with a green shade, and as such a thing could not be procured at once, he put on an old lady's bonnet with a deep poke. Any one who had seen this man of seventy-three years of age, lying in his carriage, wrapped in a fur cloak, and with this bonnet pulled over his eyes, would never have supposed that this decrepit and laughable apparition was

Blücher, the general of hussars, the celebrated Marshal Forward of the army of Silesia."

The troops suffered terribly through want of food; they had plenty of champagne to drink but no meat to eat, and they were growing despondent through the manner in which Napoleon seemed to multiply himself and deal them blow after blow. At length, however, light dawned; Colonel von Grolmann talked seriously with Alexander, and induced him to decree that Generals von Winzengerode and Von Bülow should join the army of Silesia, and advance on Paris. The spirits of the troops were also aroused by a smart night attack York made on Marmont's corps:

"About seven in the evening of a starlit night, the Prussian attacking columns started in perfect silence. Not a word was spoken, not a pipe lighted, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy, and we marched on like an army of ghosts. Watchfulness on outpost duty has never been one of the praiseworthy military qualities of the French, and thus our van was enabled to get within five hundred yards of the enemy's bivouac-fires without being noticed. Suddenly, at a signal from General York, the troops burst into a loud hurrah, the drummers beat their instruments as if about to break them, the bugles brayed, the fugal-horns piped: in short, there was a tremendous row. And then all dashed at full speed upon the startled French, who had not at all expected this nocturnal attack. All who did not manage to escape were cut down, stabbed, or trampled by our horses, and we incessantly pursued the foe, who at last got into such a state of disorder that regiments attacked one another. Our loss was but slight, but we captured about fifty of the enemy's guns."

The capture of Paris, our author declares, was not such an easy task as it has been described. Detached fights took place all round the city, and considerable bravery was displayed by the French. Langeron, after an obstinate attack, carried the Montmartre, and was about to shell Paris, had not Alexander threatened to cashier him if he did so. If Blücher had had his way, the city would have been bombarded for four and twenty hours, and then taken by storm. As for the Russian troops, they were furious, for their argument was, "Moscow the Holy was burnt, and Paris must be burnt in return." The army of Silesia was insulted by not being allowed to join the triumphal procession, because the troops

were too ragged. Blucher refused to go, alleging his illness, while York declared bluntly that he had no full-dress uniform, and, besides, could not leave his troops. It was certainly an ungracious return for all the exertions the army of Silesia had made. General dissatisfaction was felt that the troops were not quartered on the Parisians in the same way as Napoleon had treated Vienna, Berlin, and other German capitals, and the indulgence shown France was so great that, on March 31, York's troops were obliged to satisfy their hunger with ammunition bread. The Prussian commanders, however, speedily rectified this by writing their own requisitions for provisions, and having them executed by the adjoining villages.

Von Sacken being appointed military governor of Paris, our author naturally accompanied him as adjutant. He left him in May on furlough, and revisited his Penates, until the return of Napoleon to France called him back to the army. General satisfaction was felt at Blucher being appointed commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, which consisted of one hundred thousand well-trained troops. Our hussar fought at Ligny, one of the most gallant actions the Prussians ever contended, and though they were defeated, they were not at all dishonored.

On the 17th of June the Prussian troops crossed the Dile in very good spirits, to which Blucher in no slight measure contributed. Although he had been shaken by his fall on the previous day, he had rubbed his limbs with brandy, done the same for his inner man, and now rode, though in great pain, by the side of the troops, scattering jokes in all directions, which ran along the ranks like wild-fire. At night the Prussians bivouacked in the pouring rain, not far from Wavre, and made themselves tolerably comfortable with abundant provisions and spirits. They were well aware that they

would have to fight again ere long, for Blucher had promised to support Wellington, and the old marshal was not the man to break his word. This idea greatly cheered the troops, who were burning to repay the yesterday's defeat.

About Waterloo our hussar has not much to tell us, for at the moment he got within the enemy's line of fire, a bullet struck him in the right shoulder-blade, and completely smashed it. His military career was thus stopped forever. According to his editor, Captain Fritz (we regret that we do not learn his family name) died only two years back, universally respected, and true to the last to the motto, "With God, for King and Fatherland." In his time he probably saw more service than any of his contemporaries, and it is to be regretted that he did not get beyond a captaincy. This may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that his actual service with the Prussian army was not long. Great thanks are certainly due to Julius von Wickedede for publishing this biography, which must be of good effect in Prussia, and aid in removing that slightly ignoble panic which was felt in Germany during the past year. Equally pleased are we to notice the healthy tone the old soldier employs when speaking of the first Napoleon; although animated by a hatred of the French, which we of to-day can not understand, but which was perfectly justified by the humiliation the Germans suffered at the hands of their foes, our hussar never condescends to vulgar calumny of a great man. Throughout his biography we notice, on the contrary, a respectful admiration for the greatest captain of his age. Even in the overthrow of the empire, the French must have found a melancholy consolation in the thought that a European coalition was required in order to check the progress of the conqueror.

From the North British Review.

PRETENSIONS OF SPIRITUALISM—LIFE OF D. D. HOME.*

THE world has lasted about six thousand years, and its annals abound with stories of the supernatural, varying in their character with the people among whom they originated, and the individuals who believed them. False religions have been propagated, falling dynasties sustained, and sordid interests promoted by their agency. Miracles and lying wonders have, therefore, prevailed in every age and under every clime—the food of the credulous, the tools of imposture, and the moral ruin of their victims. The light of religious truth, however, has given birth to a purer faith, and the stern decisions of science have inaugurated a sounder philosophy. Education and knowledge have given vigor and health to the public mind, and the spirit-mongers have been driven into the purlieus of “shattered nerves and depraved sensations.”

The historians of the occult sciences, and the expounders of natural magic, have collected the materials furnished by the wizards, the magicians, the necromancers, the astrologers, and the alchemists of past ages; and though the budget is large in size, and motley in character, yet the “Incidents in the Life of Daniel Dunglas Home” present to us every species of offense against those acknowledged and impregnable laws by which the Almighty governs the moral and the physical world.

To attempt the analysis of such incidents—to refute them or to ridicule them—would be to acknowledge the weakness of human reason, and the insecurity of our common faith. The interests of truth, however, and the purity and sanctity of those cherished ties which connect the living with the dead, will be best promoted by displaying the characters and the deeds of the necromancers in their

own black and bloated pages. In our desire to learn something about the founders of an upstart dynasty, or the apostles of a startling faith, we can hardly err if we follow their history of themselves, and judge of them by the principles and motives which they avow.

With this object in view, we have waded ankle-deep through the quagmire of Mr. Home's autobiography, threatening at every step to return to a cleaner path and a purer air, yet urged on by a sense of duty to expose to public reprobation the profane and fanatical narratives which we are called upon to believe and admire. If we have succeeded in extracting from the rubbish of the book an intelligible notice of the manifestations, prophecies, and miracles which it records, we shall have done more to establish their godless and anti-Christian character than if we had dragged them to the bar of reason and the judgment-seat of truth. In one feeling we trust our readers will share with us. Pitying the forlorn being who pretends to be the God-sent instructor and benefactor of his species, we have a still deeper sympathy with those simple individuals who have staked their character as his disciples, and testified to the truth of his revelations.

Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the arch-spiritualist of the age, claims, we grieve to say, that he is a Scotsman, born in Scotland, and descended from Scottish parents. We are therefore doubly anxious to know something of the lineage and upbringing of such a compatriot; and in a Scottish journal we are specially charged with the obligation to test the character of his miracles, and to expose the calumnies which he has published against every inquirer who has challenged the propriety or the truth of his spiritual manifestations.

Mr. Home tells us that he was born near Edinburgh in March, 1833, but he does not mention the name of the parish. Having required on his marriage to have “a certificate of birth,” he received one

* *Incidents in my Life.* By D. D. HOME. 8vo., pp. 287. London, 1863.

Les Habitans de l'Autre Monde, Révélation d'Outre-Tombe. Publiées par CAMILLE FLAMMARION. 12mo. Première Series, pp. 108; Deuxième Series, pp. 108. Paris, 1862, 1863.

with his name written *Hume* instead of *Home*; and "knowing this to be incorrect, he was obliged to make a journey to Scotland to have it rectified"—a rectification which could have been obtained by a quicker and less expensive process.

When an infant, his cradle was frequently rocked as if he had been attended by a guardian spirit. At the age of four, when at Portobello, near Edinburgh, he saw in a vision the death of a little cousin at Linlithgow, and he named the persons attending the child, and mentioned the absence of her father at sea—facts unknown at Portobello!

In 1842, when nine years of age, he was taken to America by his aunt and her husband. We do not learn who his father was,* and why his mother parted with her delicate and spirit-guarded child; but we are told that his mother's great-uncle was Colin Urquhart, and her uncle Mr. Mackenzie, and that she herself and both these relatives were seers, and gifted with the second sight. Where and how he was educated during the nine years he spent in Scotland does not appear. We find, however, that he was a member of "the Kirk of Scotland;" and we learn from himself, that, to the horror of his aunt, he became a Wesleyan. He subsequently became a Congregationalist, and finally, as we shall see, a Roman Catholic.

The earliest vision which he distinctly remembers was at Troy, in the State of New-York. A boy, Edwin, and himself had agreed that the first of them that died should "appear to the other the *third* day afterwards." About a month later, when sitting up in bed, his room was filled with a brilliant light; and Edwin, then three hundred miles distant, stood at the foot of the bed in a robe of light, and with wavy ringlets, and after lifting his right arm to the heavens, and making three circles in the air, gradually melted away. Upon recovering his speech and muscular power, and ringing his bell, he exclaimed:

* We have heard it stated, as on the authority of Mr. Home himself, that his father was a brother of the Earl of Home. His connection, real or assumed, with that noble family may be presumed from his name, *Daniel Dunglas Home*, Dunglas being the title of the eldest son of the Earl of Home. In Scotland we are always anxious to know the parentage and education of our distinguished countrymen; and if Mr. Home's character as a prophet and a worker of miracles shall be established, the parish registers of Mid-Lothian will be searched with a peculiar interest.

"I have seen Edwin; he died three days ago, at this very hour"—a fact confirmed by a letter a few days afterwards.

In the year 1850 Mr. Home's mother predicted that she would die in "four months from this time," and "without a relative near to close her eyes." On the forenoon of the last day of her allotted term a telegram intimated to her son that she was seriously ill.

"That same evening about twilight, being alone in my room, I heard a voice near the head of my bed, which I did not recognize, saying to me solemnly, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' I turned my head, and between the window and my bed I saw what appeared to be the bust of my mother. I saw her lips move, and again I heard the same words, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' A third time she repeated this, and disappeared. I was extremely agitated, and rung the bell hastily to summon my aunt; and when she came I said: '*Aunty, mother died to-day at twelve o'clock, because I have seen her, and she told me.*' . . . My father found, on going to see her, that she had died at twelve o'clock, and without the presence of a relative to close her eyes."

A few months after this event Mr. Home's commerce with the invisible world took a new form. On going to bed *three loud raps struck the head of the bed*, as if made by a hammer, and next morning, when at breakfast with his aunt, "*their ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table.*" "So you've brought the devil to my house," cried the aunt; and, seizing a chair, she threw it at the supposed offender. Dreading the recurrence of these satanic sounds, the pious woman summoned to her help the three parsons in the village, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Wesleyan, to exorcise the noisy spirits. While the Baptist minister was praying for "the cessation of these visitations," "at every mention of the holy names of God and Jesus there came gentle taps on his chair; while at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown us and our fellow-creatures, there were loud rappings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers." "This," Mr. Home says, "was the turning point of his life," and he "resolved to place himself at God's disposal." In "carrying out this resolution," he says, "he has suffered deeply." "His honor has been called in question; his pride wounded; his worldly prospects blighted; and he was turned out of his house and home at

the age of eighteen, though still a child in body from the delicacy of his health, without a friend, and with three younger children depending on him for their support."

In spite of the prayers of the ministers, the rappings continued as before, and a new phenomenon increased "the horrors of his aunt." The chairs and tables, and other pieces of furniture, moved about the room without any visible agency, and without even the contact of hands.

"Upon one occasion, as the table was being thus moved about of itself, *my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said: 'There, that will soon drive the devils away;'* but, to her astonishment, the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this, she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor!" Bible and all!

In the house of another aunt the manifestations took a new and a higher form. Here "Mr. H. first began to ask questions" of the spirits, and "receive intelligent replies." Appealing thus to the spirit of his mother, she replies:

"Daniel, fear not, my child. God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good; be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping."

The religious convictions of the aunt who adopted our medium were so opposed to these unearthly conversations that he was commanded to leave her house; and being thrown upon the world whose infidels he was to convert, whose sick he was to heal, and whose mourners he was to comfort, his spiritual manifestations assumed different forms, and required new processes for their display. Hitherto the spirits spoke, and tables and chairs moved, spontaneously; but they became vocally dumb and mechanically feeble. They spoke only by raps following the contact of the letters of the alphabet; they required a clock to register their responses; and they moved only by the imposition of hands, and at the bidding of their guests.

"Thus thrown before the world by the mysterious working of Providence," the manifestations which Mr. Home evoked "became public all over the New-England

States;" and "he shrank from the prominent position thus given to him," and "embarked on the tempestuous sea of a public life."

Thus placed "*Before the World*," which is the title of his second chapter, he begins by making himself useful to it. A spirit calling himself Uncle Tilden comes to Mr. Home when *in a trance*, and tells him where to find certain title deeds of land long lost and anxiously sought for. The deeds were of course found in the predicted place, and in a box of the predicted form.

On another occasion, his guardian spirit sent him on horseback to tell a gentleman, unknown to him, "that his mother was ill, and that he was sent to say what would relieve her." On entering the house, he went in a trance, spirit-guided, to her bedroom; he dissipated by a few passes her acute pain, prescribed simple herbs for immediate, and other herbs for continued use, and thus produced "the magical effect of giving her such health as she had not enjoyed for eighteen years."

Visiting Mr. Home both in a trance and a waking state, the spirit of the father of a boy called Ezra, told Mr. Home that Ezra was to die in three weeks, and begs that he may visit him. The spirit wish was obeyed. Little Ezra named the person who was to carry him to his grave; and being at this time visited by a deacon of the church, the good man expressed his dislike of such incredible manifestations. In recording this incident, Mr. Home assails the deacon, as he has done all those who question his visions, as "*telling untruths and misrepresentations*." The poor restless boy frequently appeared to Mr. Home, imploring him to write messages to his mother and sister, and sometimes "*took possession*" of the medium's hand, "*and used it in writing his own autograph!*"

In 1852, at Lebanon and Springfield, new phases of magic were displayed. Tables, *poising themselves on two side-legs, danced and kept time correctly to several tunes sung by the company!* A medium called Mr. Henry Gordon held an amicable seance with Mr. Home; but as in optics two lights sometimes produce darkness, so the two mediums neutralized each other, and the spiritual house was divided against itself. At Springfield, three gentlemen *mounted a rocking and restless table, and perambulated the room*

in sounds of thunder and great guns. This feat was outdone by another, in which five men, weighing in the lump 855 pounds, bestrode a table, (without castors,) which moved a distance of from four to eight inches. This sagacious table became light or heavy according to order; and the truth of this was experimentally tested by "weighing the end of the table with a balance."

These mechanical miracles were varied with others of an optical kind. Dark rooms shine with brilliant light; "a tremulous phosphorescence gleams over the walls; odic emanations radiate from human bodies, or shoot meteor-like through the apartment." The lady of the house *mentally* requires the lights to cease—"and every form is lost in the deepest gloom."

In another seance at Springfield we have a revelation of scriptural truth. Mr. Home had previously assured us that the spiritual forces at his command "are calculated to revolutionize the current ignorance *both of philosophy and theology*, as men have made them;" but we have now a special doctrine established by spiritual authority. During a general conversation, Mr. Home fell into a sudden trance, exclaiming: "Hanna Brittan is here." Her brother being in the room, mentally inquired how he could be assured of her presence.

"Mr. Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner. He uttered bitter lamentations, exclaiming: 'Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep down, far down!—I see the fiery flood! Hold! Stay! Save them from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There's no light! How wild! gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I?'"

Hanna Brittan "had become *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishments so graphically depicted in the scene above described;" and the spirit of Hanna, so distracted on earth, has since informed Mr. Home, "*that the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, existed only in the traditions of men!*" and in her own distracted brain."

Before leaving Springfield Mr. Home healed many of the sick, feeling in him-

self their symptoms, and "telling the seat and causes of the disease."

At New-York, in May, 1853, Mr. Home figures in numerous "public and private circles." The spirit of a lady shipwrecked in the steamer Atlantic in 1849 is called up. "A violent storm" ensues. The wind roars and whistles—the waters rush—the waves break—the joints of the ship creak, and the laboring vessel rolls from side to side. Having "identified her presence by these demonstrations, the spirit delivered a homily, occupying nearly three pages, in which she moralizes and expounds the principles of spirit-rapping, "expressing the spirit idea of a hell," which, of course, is not that of holy writ.

The suspension of the law of falling bodies was most curiously exhibited at New-York, in June, 1852. A perfectly smooth mahogany table, covered "with loose papers, a lead pencil, two candles, and a glass of water," was "violently moved;" and when elevated to an angle of thirty degrees, and held there, pencil, candles, water, glass, and papers, all refused to fall, "remaining as if glued on the polished surface." At the request of the company, the table suspended itself in the air; and two gentlemen seated upon it back to back, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, were rocked backward and forward, and finally thrown on the ground, when the table "got tired of rocking them."

In the following August, at the house of Mr. Cheney, at Manchester, U. S., "Mr. Home was first lifted in the air—a manifestation which frequently occurred to him, both in England and France." On this occasion he was lifted a foot from the floor, palpitating from head to foot with emotions of joy and fear.

"*Again and again he was taken from the floor; and in the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hand and head came in gentle contact.*"

After describing this miracle, Mr. Home tells us that when thus elevated he feels an electrical fullness about his feet; that he is generally lifted perpendicularly, his arms becoming rigid, and drawn above his head; that when he reaches the ceiling, he is sometimes brought into the horizontal position; that he has been frequently kept suspended four or five minutes; that he has left pencil-marks on the

ceiling of some houses in London; and that this "elevation or levitation" has happened only once "in the light of day."

In the third chapter of this marvelous work, entitled, "*Farther Manifestations in America*," we have an account of new visions, new feats performed by dead matter, and amusing pranks played by the outlaws of the invisible world. At the Theological Institute of Newburg, where he was boarded, Mr. Home's spirit-body was separated from the body of flesh. "*He saw the whole of his nervous system, as it were composed of thousands of electrical scintillations;*" and he also saw "*the body which he knew to be his lying motionless on the bed.*" Thus emerged from his clay, his guardian angel wafted him upward on a purple-tinted cloud, till he saw the earth far, far below them. Descending to earth, the two spirits hovered over a cottage, through whose walls, made transparent for the nonce, they saw all that the cottagers were doing and meant to do. When the body of nerve and muscle was revived by its better-half, Mr. Home, thus created again, felt his limbs so dead, that it was only after half an hour's friction that he could stand upright. "*I give these facts,*" he says, "*as they occurred. Nothing could ever convince me that this was an illusion or delusion.*"

At Springfield, in February, 1854, a bell weighing one pound and one ounce put itself in the hands of the party; and while a hymn was singing, "the bell was raised from the floor, and rung in perfect time with the measure of the tune sung;" and "it drummed out another time against the under side of the table," like "a skillful performer with drumsticks."

At Boston, Mr. Home's spirit-power "seemed to increase in a manner which surprised himself not less than other witnesses."

"On several occasions spirits were seen distinctly by all present in the room; and more than once they kissed persons present so as to be both felt and heard."

In September, 1854, a Mr. Andrew, who had expressed a wish to witness some extraordinary manifestation, had his wish gratified by Mr. Home. When in bed, "the walls, floor, and bedstead shook with the strokes which came like a shower. *The bed began to move across the floor.* Spirits stepped upon his feet and

ankles over the bed-clothes. Hands somewhat cold, but *as much like flesh and blood* as any he ever felt, came on his head and forehead," answering by the pats the questions put to them.

Passing over the fact that one spirit-child called up by Mr. Home prevented her father from cutting his throat, and that another took her mother's handkerchief, "and knotted and twisted it into the form of a doll-baby," we come to the miraculous works of a guitar of an unusual size and weight. It was *played upon evidently by real substantial fingers, dragged out and carried away to a door, where it played music surpassingly beautiful, sweeter and more harmonious than was ever heard.* From exquisite sweetness it rose to "a full orb of strong, tempestuous melody, filling the house with its sounds." By desire, "it struck on all the chords at once," and it played "at a distance of nearly *eleven* feet from the circle or the medium." When the spirits had carried the guitar all around the circle, "it was poised in the air, top upwards, and nearly over the head of one of the party." It then "*reached forward, and playfully tapped him three times upon the shoulder.*" "*The indistinct outline of a human hand could be seen grasping the instrument just below its center.*" It now played in the air; and the hand that held it was a female one, terminating at the wrist, thin, pale, and attenuated. A pencil and paper being put upon the table, this hand took the pencil, and wrote "*the name, in her own proper handwriting, of a relative and intimate lady friend of one in the circle, who passed away some years since.*" The writing has of course been preserved as an evidence of the reality of the fact.

From America, the birth-place and haunt of spirit-rappers, Mr. Home passes into England, where he arrives in April, 1855. Even in the United States, as he confesses, "a few looked on him with pity as a poor, deluded being, only devil-sent to lure souls to destruction; while others were not chary in treating him as a base impostor." His very aunt, who had adopted him and maintained him as her own child, felt it a duty to turn him out of her house; and a deacon of a church, as he tells us, had boldly denounced his pretensions; but he has not recorded any instances in which either men of science or ministers of the Gospel applauded or condoned his manifestations.

In England, where superstition has never found a quiet home, it was not likely that spiritual manifestations would be favorably received either among the ignorant or the wise. Professor Faraday had established, by direct experiment, the true cause of table-turning, and the enlightened section of the public had acquiesced in the decision of science. It was not likely, therefore, that the kindred art of spirit-raising would escape the scrutiny and baffle the sagacity of an English jury.

When Mr. Home reached London, he took up his residence at Cox's hotel in Jermyn-street. In order to have the sanction of a great name, and one well known to science, Mr. Cox invited Lord Brougham to a seance with Mr. Home, to witness his miraculous powers. Lord Brougham, it appears, invited Sir David Brewster to accompany him; and on this occasion certain experiments and manifestations were exhibited, which we shall presently describe. In returning from this seance, Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster talked over what they had seen, and agreed in opinion that the performance was not that of spirits. They had expressed, it would seem, to Mr. Home their gratification with his experiments, and acknowledged that they could not account for them; and these civil words—the confession of ignorance, and not of faith—from persons who came only to gratify their curiosity, were made the foundation of a rumor that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had acknowledged their belief in spirit-rapping.

Shortly after this seance, Sir David Brewster was invited to another, held at Ealing, in the house of the late Mr. Rymer. Mrs. Trollope, the accomplished novelist, and her distinguished son, Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, with several other persons, were present at this seance; and we willingly give Mr. Home the full benefit of Mr. Trollope's certificate, that "after many opportunities of witnessing and investigating the phenomena caused by or happening to Mr. Home, he was wholly convinced that, be what may their origin, and cause, and nature, *they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, juggling, illusion, or trickery on his part.*" That is, Mr. Trollope believes that *they were supernatural phenomena!*

Although Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster viewed the phenomena which they saw with a different eye from that of

Mr. Trollope, and judged of them with a different result, they had no desire to give any public expression of their opinion. Mr. Home and his bottleholders, however, had circulated in London the slander that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were believers in spirit-rapping, and an American newspaper gave it a wider range. When these facts were made known in the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham addressed a private letter to the editor, *repudiating the idea of his being a believer, in the sense ascribed to him, in spiritual manifestations.* Sir David Brewster published an ampler repudiation, concluding with the following paragraph:

"Were Mr. Home to assume the character of the Wizard of the West, I would enjoy his exhibition as much as that of other conjurors; but when he pretends to possess the power of introducing among the feet of his audience the spirits of the dead, of bringing them into physical communication with their dearest relatives, and of revealing the secrets of the grave, he insults religion and common-sense, and tampers with the most sacred feelings of his victims."

The sentiments expressed in this letter called forth the ire of Mr. Cox, and a Mr. Coleman, who accused Sir David Brewster of giving an untrue account of what he saw, and put into his mouth expressions which no educated man could use. Thus put upon his defense, he made the following exposure of the spiritual manifestations in a letter addressed to Mr. Coleman:

"Sir: You have been pleased to address a letter to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the object of which is to report a certain conversation which took place in the lobby of the Athenæum Club, when Mr. Rymer, accompanied by you, invited me to a *seance* with Mr. Home, at his country house at Ealing. Without noticing farther the incorrectness of the statement that you called upon me, accompanied by Mr. Rymer, and without questioning your right to report a private conversation carried on with another person, I unhesitatingly state that the conversation is most erroneously reported. My conversation was not with you, but with Mr. Rymer; and had he, or even yourself, given the substance of it, I should not have minutely criticised it. I never used the words which you have put into my mouth, and which you have placed under inverted commas to make them pass as the very words I used. They are not the words of an educated man. I do not know even what the

word *delusion* means in its present place; and still less can I understand what is meant by 'upsetting the philosophy of my whole life,' having never occupied myself either with spirits or their philosophy. But, excepting these defects in your report, I am willing to accept of the substance of it, and that too in nearly your own words, 'that to account for the mechanical effects produced by Mr. Home, the last explanation I would adopt would be that of spirits skulking beneath the table.'

"Before proceeding to point out the extreme incorrectness of your other statements, I may once for all admit that both Lord Brougham and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. Home's performances, and could not account for them. Neither of us pretend to be expounders of conundrums, whether verbal or mechanical; but if we had been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of Mr. Cox's table, we should have been spared the mortification of this confession. I come now to the facts of the case.

"1. It is not true, as stated by you, that a large dinner-table was moved about at Mr. Cox's in the most extraordinary manner.

"2. It is not true, as you state, that a large accordion 'was conveyed by an invisible, or any other, agency into my hand.' I took it up myself, and it would not utter a sound.

"3. It is not true that the accordion was conveyed into Lord Brougham's hand. It was placed in it.

"4. It is not true that the accordion *played an air throughout*, in Lord Brougham's hands. It merely squeaked.

"5. It is not true, as stated in an article referred to by Mr. Home, that Lord Brougham's 'watch was taken out of his pocket, and found in the hands of some other person in the room.' No such experiment was tried.

"6. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Cox, that I said that 'Mr. Home's experiments 'upset the philosophy of fifty years.' These are the words of Mr. Coleman, used, as he alleges, by himself, and very untruly put into my mouth by Mr. Cox.

"Although I have not appealed to Lord Brougham's memory in reference to these statements, I have no doubt that his lordship would confirm, were it necessary, all that I have said.

"In reply to Mr. Cox, I may take this opportunity to answer his request, by telling him what I have seen, and what I think of it. At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person—an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rapings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain; but, rather than believe that spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps

were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external *malleolus*;' and, rather than believe that spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it.

"Some time after this experiment Mr. Home left the room and returned; probably to equip himself for the feats which were to be performed by the spirits beneath a large round table covered with copious drapery, *beneath which nobody was allowed to look*.

"The spirits are powerless above board. Beside the experiments with the accordion, already mentioned, a small hand-bell, to be rung by the spirits, was placed on the ground, near my feet. I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus. The bell did not ring; but, when taken to a place near Mr. Home's feet, it speedily came across, and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing.

"It did the same thing, bunglingly, to Lord Brougham, by knocking itself against his lordship's knuckles, and, after a jingle, it fell. How these effects were produced neither Lord Brougham nor I could say, but I conjecture that they may be produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home.

"The seance was more curious at Ealing, where I was a more watchful and a more successful observer. I will not repeat the revelations made to Mrs. Trollope, who was there, lest I should wound the feelings of one so accomplished and sensitive. I remember them with unmingled pain. The spirits were here very active, prolific in raps of various intonations, making long tables heavy or light at command; tickling knees, male and female, but always on the side next the medium; tying knots in handkerchiefs drawn down from the table, and afterwards tossed upon it; and prompting Mr. Home, when he had thrown himself into a trance, to a miserable paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer. During these experiments I made some observations worthy of notice. On one occasion the spirit gave a strong affirmative answer to a question by *three raps*, unusually loud. They proceeded from a part of the table exactly within the reach of Mr. Home's foot; and I distinctly saw three movements in his loins, perfectly simultaneous with the three raps. In these experiments all hands are supposed to be upon the table. One of the earliest experiments was with an accordion, held below the table, in Mr. Home's right hand. It played, very imperfectly, two tunes asked for by the company. During the succeeding experiment Mr. Home continued to hold the accordion, as we thought; but he might have placed it on the ground, and had his right hand free for any sub-tabular purpose. A handkerchief had been previously

taken down to be knotted, and the fact had been forgotten amid the interest of other experiments; a knot could not be tied by feet, nor, we think, by the one hand of Mr. Home, below the table. The handkerchief however, was, to our great surprise, after half an hour's absence, tossed upon the table with five knots, dexterously executed. How were those knots tied, unless by spirits? During the half-hour's absence of the handkerchief Mr. Home three or four times gave a start, and looked wildly at the company, saying, 'Dear me, how the spirits are troubling me!' and at the same time putting down his left hand as if to push away his tormentors, or soothe the limb round which they had been clustering. He had, therefore, both his hands beneath the table for a sufficient time to tie the five marvelous knots.

"I offer these facts for the spiritual instruction of yourself and Mr. Cox, and for the information of the public. Mr. Faraday had the merit of driving the spirits from *above the table* to a more suitable place *below it*. I hope I have done something to extricate them from a locality which has hitherto been the lair of a more jovial race.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"D. BREWSTER.

"St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, Oct. 9, 1855."

As this was the first and the most damaging exposure of Mr. Home's pretensions made by a scientific individual, it excited his wrath to such a degree that, after he had submitted to it for eight years, he comes forth with his reply in 1863; and, in an Appendix of *twenty-six pages*, charges Sir David Brewster with truthless and calumnious statements, and assails him with a series of the most reckless and unblushing falsehoods. The exposure which called forth these spiritual anathemas has left such a sore upon the temper of our God-sent medium, as he claims to be, that he never ceases to place the name of his critic, and sometimes that of Professor Faraday, among the unfortunates who have challenged the authenticity of his miracles.

Though with less acrimony of reproof, Lord Brougham has been subjected to the same calumnious charges.

"In order," says Mr. Home, "that Lord Brougham might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent; and I have some reason to complain that his lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend, since his silence was by many misconstrued to my disadvantage."

It will hardly be credited by those who regard Mr. Home simply as a fanatic,

that, while he was writing this paragraph, he knew of a letter, quoted by himself in his Appendix, and privately addressed to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, in which, as we have already stated, "Lord Brougham repudiates the idea of his being a believer in spiritual manifestations;" and his lordship has distinctly stated to his friends that he altogether agrees with Sir David Brewster in his statements of what passed at the seance in Jermyn-street.

The manifestations witnessed at Cox's hotel and at Ealing were those of an apprentice conjuror; and we are curious to consider what Lord Brougham and his companion would have thought of the higher manifestations of Mr. Home's riper genius. How severely would their skepticism have been rebuked had they seen, in a dark apartment, the God-sent medium floating in the air, and leaving his hand-writing on the ceiling; or a lady suspended with her piano in ether, and still discoursing with it sweet music; or several gentlemen galloping round the room upon a quadruped table; or Mr. Home "carrying round the room, as if it were a straw, a log of wood which two stronger men could hardly move;" or phosphorescent human hands cut off by the wrist from their putrid carcases in the grave!

It is difficult to understand how the possessor of "God-given powers" should feel so sensitively the exposure of his manifestations, unless upon the supposition that he knows himself to be an impostor. The man who recognizes in the depths of his soul a divine *afflatus*, and listens to the palpitations of an honest heart, would pity the skepticism which questions his heavenly commission, and scorn the attempt to discredit his beneficent revelations. "Have mercy upon unbelievers," he should have prayed, "for they know not what they do." Like his great friend Cagliostro, whom he summoned from the grave, he "*should not have cared for the untruths of earth.*"

Nor is it less difficult to comprehend the distress which our medium has suffered from the supposition that his performances at Ealing and Jermyn-street might have been the result of muscular or mechanical agency, unless upon the supposition that the investigation of his claims was there more successful, and the exposure of them more irritating than any

that had previously occurred. It was nothing new to assert that he rapped with his toes, as he tells us Professor Huxley asserted—it was nothing new to suppose that he was equipped with lazy tongs—that he carried about with him the machinery of his art, even balloons filled with gas in the shape of a man, and “wax hands and arms to show at the proper moment.” He has been accused, in short, *as he himself tells us*, of such a mass of trickery and imposture, and that, too, by so many persons in different countries, that the simple theories of his manifestations in London, in 1855, should not have ruffled a temper which had been so often and so severely tried.

We shall now follow our magician to Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. In October, 1855, after reaching Florence, he had singular manifestations in an old-fashioned villa, occupied by an English lady. An aged monk, of the name of Giunnana, had died in one of the rooms, and having been an assassin in his early life, he had wandered about the house for many years, anxious that masses should be said for the peace of his soul. At the bidding of this spirit, strange lights issued from the chapel windows, unearthly sounds rung through the house; and when Mr. Home arrived, a muffled bell tolled in the chapel—the table moved, “*assuming an angry appearance*”—the spirit declared that he was not a good spirit—a hand appeared in a menacing attitude under the table-cover—“a clammy and horrible hand grasped the fingers of the parties;” and after the spirit had “declared its purpose,” and discontinued its torments, it promised, upon being adjured by the Holy Trinity, never again to return. The rascal, however, broke his promise, and though he had been exorcised, he resumed his usual performances.

After receiving a wound from the poniard of an assassin, the spiritual intimation of which he had neglected, Mr. Home went to Naples, and from Naples to Rome. On the 10th of February the spirits told him that he would lose his power for a year; and thus an outlaw from the spiritual world, “he studied the doctrines of the Romish Church, and finding them *expressive of so many facts in his own experience!*” he became a Roman Catholic. The Pope received him with kindness, and after hearing “much regarding his

past life,” his holiness, pointing to a crucifix on a table, wisely said: “My child, *it is on that that we place our faith.*” Though denied by Mr. Home, it is stated on unquestionable authority, that at this interview he promised to the Pope to discontinue his manifestations. The reproof of his holiness was, no doubt, the prelude to the exaction of the promise; and we have yet to hear, what he has not chosen to tell us, of his proceedings before the Inquisition, about which something has transpired.*

His doings at Paris, where he arrived in June, 1856, throw a useful light upon the character of our magician. The Pope, or the Inquisition, or both, brought him under an obligation to *repudiate his magic*. On the Pope’s recommendation he sought the counsel of the Père de Ravignan, one of the most learned and excellent men of the day, who became his confessor. This good man, abhorring the pretensions of his proselyte, assured him that his power of spirit-raising, now suspended, “would not return to him, as he was now a member of the Catholic Church.” His prediction, however, was not verified. “On the night of the 10th of February, as the clock struck twelve, the year of his suspended functions came to a close, and their return was announced to him by local rappings when an invalid in his bed. “Be of good cheer, Daniel, you will soon be well.” Daniel was of good cheer.

“The following day I was sufficiently recovered to take a drive, and on Friday, the 13th, I was presented to their Majesties, at the Tuileries, where manifestations of an extraordinary nature occurred. The following morning I called on the Père de Ravignan to inform him of this. He expressed great dissatisfaction at my being the subject of such visitations, and said that he would not give me absolution, unless I should at once return to my room, shut myself up there and not listen to any rappings, or pay the slightest attention to whatever phenomena might occur in my presence.”

The magician wished to reason with his confessor, but the good father refused to listen to him. “You have no right to reason,” said he; “do as I bid you, otherwise bear the consequences.” Thus de-

* The Inquisition demanded from the medium an account of the way in which he acquired his spiritual powers. An English lady, a Roman Catholic, translated the narrative into Italian.

prived of his spiritual adviser, he found a new confessor, as he tells us, "one of the most eloquent preachers of the day." This gifted individual accepted of the office, *under the pledge of secrecy*; but the secret having transpired through the cleverness of the Countess L—, our medium was deprived of his new confessor.

Some time after these occurrences, the Père de Ravignan died, and his life was written by an eminent father, the Jesuit Father A. de Pontlevoy. At the close of the twenty-fourth chapter of this work, Father de Pontlevoy thus describes the relations which existed between Mr. Home and his confessor, and to this truthful history we beg the special attention of our readers:

"We could not close this chapter," says M. de Pontlevoy, "without making mention of that famous American medium *who had the sad talent of turning other things than the tables*, and invoking the dead to amuse the living. A great deal has been said, even in the papers, of his acquaintance, religiously and intimately, with Father de Ravignan, and they have seemed to wish, under the passport of a creditable name, to introduce and establish in France these fine discoveries of the New World. *Here is the fact in all its simplicity.* It is very true that the young foreigner, after his conversion in Italy, was recommended from Rome to the Father de Ravignan; but at that period, in abjuring Protestantism, he also repudiated (his) magic, and he was received with that interest that a priest owes to every soul ransomed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and more, perhaps, to a soul that has been converted and brought to the bosom of the Church. On his arrival in Paris, all his old practices were again absolutely forbidden. The Father de Ravignan, according to all the principles of the faith, which forbids superstitions, forbade, under the most severe penalties he could inflict, that he should be an actor in, or even a witness of, these dangerous scenes, which are sometimes criminal.

"One day the unhappy medium, tempted by I know not what man or demon, *violated his promise.* He was retaken (*repria*) with a rigor which overwhelmed him. Coming in then by chance, I (Father de Pontlevoy) saw him *rolling on the ground, and drawing himself like a worm to the feet of the priest, who was in saintly anger.* The father, however, touched by his convulsive repentance, lifted him up, forgave him, and sent him away, *after having exacted, in writing this time, a promise under oath.* But soon there was backsliding which made much noise, and the servant of God, breaking off with this slave of the spirits, had him told never again to appear in his presence."

Mr. Home, who has himself translated

and published the preceding extract, denounces it "as an entire falsehood, without even any foundation of truth." He denies "that he ever abjured any *magical* or other processes, for he never knew any thing of such, and therefore could not abjure them;" but he does not deny that he abjured spiritual manifestations, which his accusers referred to under the name of magic.* A thief who had appropriated your chronometer would hardly venture to deny that he had stolen your watch.

Although the testimony of Mr. Home is worthless in opposition to that of two distinguished Roman Catholic clergymen, one of whom was recommended by the Pope himself as confessor to the medium, we were desirous of knowing something of the character of Father de Pontlevoy, whose published account of the scene in Father de Ravignan's presence has been branded as an *entire falsehood*. On the authority of a distinguished abbé, well known in England and throughout Europe, we are able to state that Father de Pontlevoy, the biographer of Father de Ravignan, is an able, excellent, and pious man, incapable of uttering any, and still less *entire falsehoods*; and without any motive to misrepresent the craven conduct of Mr. Home, or to charge him falsely with the breach of oral and written oaths. Father Pontlevoy, personally well known to our informant, occupied the high position of confessor to the late illustrious M. Biot, who mentions him in the second volume of his *Mélanges*.†

This testimony to the character of Father de Pontlevoy has been confirmed by a distinguished member of the Imperial Institute, who assures us "that the accuracy of the statements made in page 298 and the following pages of the Life of Father de Ravignan can not admit of the smallest doubt," and that this "great confessor," as the medium himself calls him, was "keenly opposed to the future conduct of the notorious *Thaumaturge*."

That "his services in France were in

* Since this was written, we have seen the original of the extract from M. de Pontlevoy's *Vie du R. P. de Ravignan*, and we find in it a confirmation of what we have above stated. In order to enable him to contradict the statement that he had repudiated spirit manifestations, Home translates *sa magie* by the word *magic*, in place of *his magic*.

† Une personne très éclairée, dont le regrettable Père de Ravignan m'a légué la bienveillance, M. l'Abbé de Pontlevoy, etc.—*Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires*, vol. II. p. 439.

great request among the savans," is another of those falsehoods to which our medium has given circulation. We are assured that none of the eminent savans in Paris patronized Mr. Home, or believed in his manifestations. On the contrary, he always carefully avoided the scrutiny of the Parisian philosophers, and specially that of M. Babinet, the illustrious member of the Institute, who would have looked about himself as sharply in the presence of the spirits, as his colleague Sir David Brewster did in London. When Prince Napoleon proposed to invite Mr. Home to his palace, and hold a seance with M. Serres, M. Babinet, and M. de Quatrefages—an eminent physiologist, an eminent natural philosopher, and an eminent naturalist, all members of the Academy of Sciences—Mr. Home declined the invitation!*

It is impossible to read the preceding details respecting Mr. Home's reception at Rome and Paris, without the mortifying reflection that the Protestant's faith enters into a warmer and a closer alliance with spiritualism than that of the Catholic; and that the clergy of the Church of Rome have a deeper horror than our Episcopalian friends at the mischievous art "of raising the dead to amuse the living." Without defending the latitudinarian theology now spreading in the Church of England, we scruple not to assert that the bishops have as high a duty to perform in calling to account their spirit-rapping clergy, and their aristocratic helpmates, as in prosecuting Bishop Colenso and the essayists.

With the exception of the unpublished manifestations exhibited at the Tuileries, Mr. Home has referred to a small number of his performances in Paris. A French Countess S— had imagined twelve years ago that her brother, having temporarily the peculiar expression of a fallen angel, was possessed with a demon. This infernal expression frequently occurred when he was calm and happy. When Mr. Home was looking at a beautiful marble bust, his "visage changed," and he was "violently agitated." "Madame," said he, "the man whose bust this is, is possessed with a demon," adding that this

brother would "have a great misfortune," and be "delivered from his enemies." Four months after this, the Count de P—, the brother, lost a considerable part of his fortune by the bankruptcy of M. Thurneysen.

Our medium performed the miracle of healing before he left Paris. The lady mother of a boy who had been deaf for four years *was warned in a dream to seek Mr. Home*. At the seance, when the boy's head was resting on his shoulder, the medium "passed his hands caressingly over the boy's head, upon which he suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, I hear you.' The cure was complete and permanent!"

Mr. Home's sixth chapter, entitled "*In America—The Press-Gang*," is filled with reprints of what he calls the false and idle fabrications, respecting his doings, which issued from the French and English press. His object in publishing them is "to show the reckless invention of those who assume to enlighten the public through the press."

From America he returns to Paris in May, 1857. His power was here very great, and "hundreds of all classes" frequently saw spirit-hands "writing the autograph of the person whose spirit was present."

One day, when dining with the Baroness de M—, a *murdered youth* standing at the entrance to the drawing-room proposed to go with him to see his father. Mr. Home having declined to go, the same voice asked of him the same favor when he was seated at table. After dinner the same youth, with blood on his face, induced Mr. Home to go to the father, who, from the description given him, recognized the figure to be that of his murdered son. The father sought Mr. Home, in order to "have his *own* mediumship increased;" and having obtained this boon, he was greatly comforted and relieved.

At this time "his guardian spirits" advised our author to go to Turkey; but after he had packed his trunk, they changed their mind and sent him to Baden-Baden, where he exhibited before the King of Wurtemberg and the present King of Prussia. From Baden-Baden he went to Biarritz, where the spirits told him that "trouble was in store for him," but that in the end "this would prove to be a gain."

At Biarritz new forms of necromancy

* Since the preceding paragraphs were written the principal facts which they contain have been published by M. L' Abbé Moigno in his able journal, *Les Mondes*, 18 June, 1863, Tom. i. pp. 507. He distinctly states, that *absolute faith* may be placed in the statement of Father de Pontlevoy.

were seen. At the chateau of Count de B—— the spirits wrote "on paper placed before them on the table full in view." Hands appearing distinctly above a table were seen successively to take up a pencil and write. A large hand, in its peculiar autograph, "wrote several communications in their presence, some for his wife, who was at the table, and some to other persons who were not present. In an instant the Countess de B—— exclaimed: "Why are you sitting in the air?" and the medium "was seen raised two or three inches above the chair with his feet not touching the floor."

"I was now impressed," says the wizard, "to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said: 'Now, Young Home, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained his hands."

An aristocratic boot-jack!

In Holland and Italy, which our author visited in succession, nothing very new characterized his manifestations. An event, however, now occurred of great significance in the life of a magician. Accidentally introduced to the Countess de Koucheleff, he was asked to an evening party at her house. When entering the supper-room he was introduced to the countess's sister, a young lady whom he saw for the first time.

"A strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife. When we were seated at table, the young lady turned to me, and laughingly said: 'Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is ended.' I asked her why she said so; and she replied that there was such a superstition in Russia, when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother."

The family of his *fiancée* went in June to Petersburg, where Mr. Home was introduced to the emperor, who does not appear to have made the acquaintance of the spirits. Mr. Home was married on the first of August, 1858; and a short time after this event, when his wife

was asleep, he saw the spirit of his mother come into the room, followed by his wife's father. His wife exclaimed: "Daniel, there is some one in the room with us. It is your mother, and near her stands my father. She is very beautiful, and I am not afraid."

In furtherance of "the great and holy mission intrusted to him," he "did a great deal of good" when in the Crimea with his brother-in-law; and as a proof of this, "he convinced a young officer of the truths of immortality by what he saw in his presence," and this officer gave a supper to his friends to inaugurate his entrance upon a new life.

In January, 1859, when suffering from severe internal inflammation, "beyond the power of his physician," and when sitting with his wife and a friend, the following miracle was performed:

"My hands," says he, "were suddenly seized by spirit influence, and I was made to beat them with extreme violence upon the part which was so extremely sensitive and tender. My wife was frightened, and would have endeavored to hold my hands; but my friend, who had sufficient knowledge of spirit manifestations, prevented her. I felt no pain, though the violence of the blows which I continued giving to myself made the bed and the whole room shake. In five minutes' time the swelling had visibly decreased, and the movements of the hand began to be more gentle. In an hour I was in a quiet sleep, and on awaking the next morning I found the disease had left me, and only a weakness remained."

Next in importance to Mr. Home's marriage, is the birth of a son at Petersburg on the 8th May, 1859. This event was preceded by strange phenomena, and heralded by almost celestial displays. A few hours after his birth "birds warbled for several hours, as if singing over him. A bright star appeared several times directly over his head, where it remained for some moments, and then moved slowly in the direction of the door, where it disappeared." The light was clearer and more distinctly globular than any other that Home had seen; and he believes that the star came "through the mediumship of the child, who had manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift."

The mediumship of father, wife, and child gave birth to new and high spiritual manifestations a week after the christening, and when the parties were living in the vicinity of Petersburg.

"One evening," says our author, "I remember one of my friends was converted from his previous unbelief by seeing a female hand, which was visible to all of us in the room, slowly forming in the air, a few inches above the table, until it assumed all the apparent materiality of a real hand. The hand took up a pencil, which was upon the table, and wrote with it a communication which deeply affected my friend, who recognized it as being from his mother. The general belief is that the spirit hands always appear from beneath the table, and already formed; but this is incorrect, for on many occasions, in the presence of several persons at a time, they are seen to be formed in the full sight of all, in the manner I have just described, and to melt away as it were in the same way. Often, too, they have been seen to form themselves high above our heads, and from thence to descend upon the table, and then disappear."

On the anniversary of his marriage-day, while Mr. Home was embracing his mother-in-law, "he had another of those singular impressions which so often come to him at the moment of external contact." Such impressions, he thinks, are produced by some "physical substance which causes some secret chord of the soul to vibrate, and awaken a memory of the future, or that a flower of the spring-time has been shadowed forth among the chill blasts of autumn as a token of the never-ceasing care of God, our loving Father, for his children, whether in the past, present, or the future, all being alike known to him." During this embrace,

"I distinctly saw, at the first moment of touching my mother-in-law, that after I should leave Ostend we should meet no more on earth. This impressional prediction did, as has ever been the case with those which have come to me in this way, prove correct."

She died at St. Petersburg in the middle of May, 1860, when he was in England.

In November, 1859, when in Paris, and when Mr. Home was absent from his house, rappings were heard upon the ceiling of the room in which was his wife with the child and his nurse. The spirits having been asked who the medium was, replied "that it was the sleeping child;" . . . "but that they would not manifest through him, as the atmosphere which they made use of was necessary for his physical development in the natural world." For this kind reason "they had never from this time

but once had any external evidence of any spirit presence through the child, though he has given up many indications of his being a seer."

When in England, between the end of November, 1859, and the 24th of July, 1860, manifestations in Mr. Home's presence "were seen and investigated by persons of all ranks and classes, from statesmen down to those in humble life;" but in place of giving his own description of these, he has selected from the *Spiritual Magazine* and other journals, portions of the descriptions published by the parties who saw them. These gentlemen were Mr. Pears, Mr. J. G. Crawford, Mr. Wason, and others, male and female. Many of the usual phenomena were exhibited at the seances thus described. Mr. Pears testifies that a table, after undulating movements "as if its top were flexible," rose from eighteen to twenty-four inches clear of the floor—that the spirits of deceased children of Mrs. Cox and himself deliberately rapped—that his grandfather and he had a tough struggle with a bell under the table—and that the presence of the "old, Quaker-like man, though not a Quaker," was assumed by Mr. Home, who, by handshaking, characteristic words, gestures, and allusions, intelligible only to Mr. Pears, acted the grandfather, whom he never saw, so admirably as to astonish the grandson.

At the seance described by Mr. J. G. Crawford, in a room "so dark that they could not see each other," Mr. Home rose in the air, and Mr. C. "*indubitably felt the soles of both his boots some three feet above the level of the floor.*" "Touch me not, or I shall come down," cried the man-balloon; but though not touched, he came down.

"In less than five minutes after this he remarked, 'I am again ascending;' and from the sound of his voice we could not but infer that he was actually rising toward the ceiling of the ante-room. He then appeared to float under the archway, then to rise to the cornice of the room we were sitting in; and we heard him quite distinctly make three cross marks on the ceiling, beside doing some other writing. Then he came softly down, and lay stretched out with his back on the table; in which position we found him when the gas was lighted, and when we distinctly saw the marks on the ceiling which we had heard him make."

In his comment on this grand ascent, Mr. Home tells us that if his feet are

touched, or if he is anxiously gazed at, till he has risen above the heads in the room, he invariably comes down; but when he is fairly above heads, looking or

touching has no effect. It is, he conjectures, from some *break in the magnetism* in the former case, and not in the latter.
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the North British Review.

THE EDUCATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE IMBECILE.*

It is only within the last twenty years that public and systematic attempts have been made in the United Kingdom to educate idiotic and imbecile children, and to provide a home for the incurable. In 1847 that movement was begun in London, which has led to the erection of the "Asylum" at Earlswood, near Redhill, Surrey, and which now contains three hundred and thirty-seven patients, being two hundred and thirty-four males and one hundred and three females. The Asylum at Essex Hall, near Colchester, is an offshoot of this. The name of Andrew Reed will always be associated with this charitable enterprise, as its earliest promoter and firm friend, and who, dying lately, bequeathed one thousand pounds to the funds of the Earlswood school. More recently a society has been working in Scotland to the same end. The small and well-conducted institution at Baldo-

van being manifestly inadequate to the needs of the Scottish imbeciles, after much labor in collecting funds an institution on the model of that at Earlswood has been founded at Larbert, capable of accommodating fifty inmates. The Scottish Lunacy Commissioners have made careful and systematic inquiries of great value into the number of idiots and imbeciles in Scotland; they estimate that there are two thousand two hundred and thirty-six, of whom about two hundred and seventy were ascertained to be under the age of fifteen years, and they are of opinion that one half of these are improvable, and would derive benefit from special training in idiot schools. They think it certain, however, that the number of young idiots must be greater than is here stated; we might therefore conjecturally put the number fit for school training at about two hundred. The plans of the school at Larbert provide for two hundred cases, at an estimated total outlay of ten thousand pounds—a large sum to raise by voluntary subscriptions. But this would be only the first item in the cost; a similar sum would be needed annually to maintain the institution efficiently, and this because of the great expenses incurred in the education of this class of children.

It is not easy to define in words what mental condition is included under the terms idiotic, fatuous, and imbecile. Professor Laycock states that the phrase, "a fatuous person," seems to indicate an individual who is incapable of thought and understanding, either from congenital defect, or from some disease of the brain, as acute mania, inflammation, epilepsy, tubercular disease; or, in short, defective nutri-

* Annual Reports of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland, 1859-1863.

Annual Reports of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, instituted October, 1847.

Earlswood and its inmates. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M., etc., etc. A Lecture. 1863.

Visits to Earlswood in 1859 and 1861. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M.

Traité des Dégénérescences, Physiques Intellectuelles et Morales de l'Espèce Humaine. Par le Docteur B. A. MOREL, etc., etc. Accompagné d'un Atlas de 12 Planches. 1857.

La Folie lucide, étudiée et considérée au Point de Vue de la Famille et de la Société. Par le Docteur TRÉLAT, Médecin à l'Hospice de la Salpêtrière, etc., etc. 1861.

On the Naming and Classification of Mental Diseases and Defects. By T. LAYCOCK, M.D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Lecturer on Mental Diseases in the University of Edinburgh. The Journal of Mental Science, July, 1863.

tion from any permanent cause. The phrase is synonymous with "dement," or even "idiot." Properly, however, an "idiot" is a person who, from birth, or at least very early infancy, has been without understanding, and more or less defective in the sentiments, emotions, and instincts. A true idiot is incapable of instruction and self-control; otherwise he is rather an imbecile. Between complete idiocy and slight imbecility there is, however, every conceivable degree of defect. Idiots have often repulsive defects in the bodily organization generally, as well as in the brain. They slaver, are unable to vocalize or utter human speech intelligibly, or even to speak at all. This arises in some from a defective formation of the tongue and organs of speech, but in others it is a cerebral defect. They have a very imperfect power of volition, so that the muscles of the limbs act irregularly; sometimes, indeed, to such an extent as is seen in the disease termed St. Vitus's dance, while paralytic deformities are not uncommon. Curious automatic actions, or habitual movements, are almost universal. The senses and sensibilities are often defective; the eyes oscillate, are myopic, bleared; the ears malformed, but hearing rarely defective; the skin little sensible to impressions, or morbidly tender; taste and smell frequently deficient or perverted, so that there is gross voracity and filthiness of feeding. The general faculties of the mind, such as attention, memory, ideation, and imagination, are almost wholly wanting in the completely idiotic. When, however, some one faculty is active, the idiot usually manifests considerable capacity in regard to that one, and the systematic exercise of it can thus be made available to educating the faculties generally.

It is obvious from all these considerations, that a school for idiotic and imbecile children must require a series of departments for training which no other school need have; for even the muscles of the limbs in many cases require to be educated, so as to act together in volition, before any other step in education can be taken. And as the sooner the education begins, the more successful will be the training, such a school must include all the appliances of a nursery. At Earlswood, out of three hundred and fourteen inmates in 1861, there were forty-four children in the "nursery;" of these, ten,

from palsy or other causes, were unable to walk, eighteen could not feed themselves, thirty-eight could not dress themselves, and the remaining six, though able to put on their clothes, could not fasten them or wash themselves. An "infirmary," for the special care of the sick, is also an essential part of the domestic arrangements. At Earlswood there is a "sanatorium" for the decrepit of each sex. Out of ninety-seven females, seventy-seven were in the sanatorium; and of these, thirty-five required to have their food minced, but fed themselves with spoons; sixteen could dress themselves and help others; thirty-five could partly dress themselves, and twenty-six were wholly unable to do this. Of one hundred and eighty-eight boys in the "sanatorium" out of a total of two hundred and seventeen male inmates, seventy-four required their food to be minced and used spoons, two required to be fed, and two could not walk; while forty-four could only partially dress themselves, and forty-four could not put on their clothes at all. Then, when in the "schools," each child requires individual attention in order to bring his dormant faculties into activity or repress vicious propensities; and in the "workshops" there must not only be employments suited to each peculiar case, but skilled instructors, with peculiar qualifications for their duties. Other sources of increased cost of management are found in the tendency to destroy and wear out clothing rapidly, in the need for a larger supply of nutritive food than is required by children in health, and even in the comparatively greater expenditure on toys or instruments of education. From all these considerations, it is very doubtful whether private charity will ever overtake the education of the poor educable idiots and imbeciles in Scotland, even although it be supplemented, as at Earlswood, by the profits of educating the children of the higher classes.

If, however, we examine the question as one of political economy, and not of mere philanthropy, it seems very certain that, however costly the proper care and education of our idiots and imbeciles may be, the cost of neglecting them is, and will be, greater. We can not, with Spartan-like severity, put them to death in infancy; the Commissioners in Lunacy will take care that year by year the causes of disease and death which affect them shall be obviated, and thus there will be a grad-

nally increasing number of idiots living to be maintained, and maintained in idleness, if not trained to the kind of labor they are fitted for. Nor would public opinion sanction the neglect and cruel treatment for the future of the idiots of Scotland, which the laborious and valuable researches of the medical commissioners have revealed; for it is only simple truth to say, that the condition of the Scottish idiots is alike disgraceful, whether considered as a question of political economy, philanthropy, or Christian duty.

The reports of the commissioners are not bulky blue-books, but they are not popular reading in this age of sensation literature. A few excerpts may therefore be useful. It is clear that, with few exceptions, there is no training to labor of the idiotic, no restraint on their passions, no reverence or regard for the blighted forms of humanity which they present. It seems, indeed, that even parents fail in their duties, and seek to make a profit out of their idiotic offspring. "I found two helpless idiot brothers, living with their parents," Dr. Mitchell states, "by whom they were most shamefully neglected, and whose sole desire seemed to be to make a profit out of their children's misfortune, expressing a wish to have them removed, and using them as a screw to extort a larger parochial allowance. They spoke in a heartless and unfeeling manner of their boys." Before these wretched children could be removed to better care, one of them was burnt to death in consequence of neglect, although the risk of this calamity had been repeatedly pointed out to their parents. Here is another example of like cruelty and neglect toward an idiotic woman in Lewis: "By no description can I convey an idea of the misery, filth, and degradation in which I found her. Like the dog, she sleeps in the ashes at the fireside, without even the pretence of a bed. I found her half naked, and on her shoulders nothing but a bit of old sacking, shawls. The hair *never* was combed." Now this idiot lived with her relatives, and was not a pauper, for she inherited a share of her father's property, stock, and interest in the farm, to an amount which, if sunk in an annuity, would probably have gone far to provide her comforts. Yet she was allowed by her relatives to live in a condition which no brute animal would endure. Parochial authorities are

not less careless, as is shown by the following example, (which is by no means an exceptional case,) from the Fourth Report of the Commissioners (1862): "E. G., *wt.* 41. A large-featured, gibbous-jawed dwarf, whose hair is so thick, matted, and solid, that the dimension of the head could not be estimated. . . . Sees and hears, but it is not known whether she distinguishes pain, cold, or heat. She does not walk, but creeps. From the deformity and contraction of her legs, falls in attempting to stand or walk, but may crawl to the door. Of dirty habits. Can not wash or dress herself. Found groveling among ashes close to the fire, in which the nates have formed a nest or shallow pit, in which she crouches during the day. Has often fallen into the fire and been burned. Her body bears many cicatrices. She scratches her skin furiously, and has denuded it in various places, and to a great extent. Sometimes sits up during the whole night, roaring, howling, and biting. . . . Bed of breckan in a box near to fire in kitchen, all shockingly filthy. Clothing black and disgusting. The house was ruinous, furnitureless, bare, wet, cold, dark, filthy. Her brother and she live together. He sleeps on loose straw, old and dirty, under a ragged blanket." Perhaps the grossest result of the neglect of the idiotic is their begetting and bearing idiotic children. Male idiots—young robust imbecile lads—are allowed to lead lives of absolute idleness, and learn nothing but vicious habits; erotic women are unwatched and uncared for.

It is only just to say that these dark pictures of the results of the grossest ignorance and neglect are not wholly unredeemed by brighter examples. In Dumbartonshire there are numerous illustrations of idiotic, imbecile, and demented persons proving useful; and several of the parishes have made great efforts, at the recommendation of the Board, to place their fatuous paupers with employers, under conditions to favor and develop their usefulness, with encouraging success. And doubtless it would be as auxiliary to these efforts that the education of idiots and imbeciles in some handicraft would be most advantageous, and thus preclude the expensive alternative of shutting them up in an asylum or poor-house. In Dumfriesshire a pauper idiot has been taught at home to knit and sew, do household

work under direction, and earns regularly one shilling weekly by going messages; yet she can not tell how many fingers she has, nor know the day of the week. In another case of home teaching, the description reads like a little "Earlswood." There were five idiotic children of one family, all taught to be useful by their mother and a brother. "One brother is wholly unproductive, but even he takes an interest in the garden and pigs. The other three break stones and do harvest work under direction, and earn a little steadily. The sister is very useful within doors, assisting her mother in all kinds of household work. The house and garden have been brought to their present state of unexceptionable cleanliness, order, and propriety, by work during after hours; and all the brothers assist, each in his own way, and to the extent of his ability. To all of them it is an object of pride. Even the most idiotic of them insisted on pointing out to me 'THE muckle cabbage,' and seemed delighted with my praise."

Experience is beginning to convince educators that with children of ordinary intellect it is far better to intermingle work with book-teaching; but it has long been shown that it is an entire fallacy to teach or to try to teach the idiotic and imbecile in the dull scholastic way. At Earlswood, in 1863, there were employed two hundred and thirty-six inmates out of a total of three hundred and thirty seven. Of the males, sixteen are carpenters, thirteen shoemakers, seventy-one mat-weavers and helpers in the mat-shops, eleven basket-makers, sixteen tailors, twenty-five workers on the farm and gardens, one plumber, thirteen employed in the house, four in the laundry—total, one hundred and seventy males employed out of two hundred and thirty-four. Of the females, sixty-six are employed out of one hundred and three, namely: twenty in household work and forty-six in needle-work. But varied work is given: thus, although twenty-five males are employed constantly on the farm and gardens, a much larger number take part in periodical out-door occupations, such as hay-making and harvesting. That this labor is not merely useful as a training for the children is proved by one of the items of the receipts from Dec. 31, 1861, to Dec. 31, 1862, namely: "Farm and kitchen-garden produce sold, £1087 12s.," besides supplying the establishment; while the

"expenses" of these are put down at £835 1s. 11d., leaving a balance in favor of the workers of £252 2s. 1d. Under the head "Workshops, Materials, and Wages," the expenses were £191 15s. 9d., and the work sold £134 2s., showing an apparent loss of £57 13s., which, if real, may be held to represent the cost of the handicraft training, but which was probably no loss at all. The Rev. Mr. Sidney states that all the clothes for the elected cases of boys are made by the tailors, and also the uniforms of the attendants. He found eleven at work as tailors, and all in high glee with a figure of "Punch," which had been brought into the shop to have his nose and jacket mended preparatory to a grand performance. One of the assistant cooks in the kitchen (an imbecile boy) had changed his white dress and cap, and was diligently plying his needle at Punch. Another of the cooks was also a shoemaker, and was very proud of his work. Another, who is a tailor, makes a good bricklayer; so that not a few were made generally useful.

But some of them display remarkable aptitude for particular pursuits. For example, in one of the apartments there is what the Rev. Mr. Sidney calls "a splendid model of a man-of-war," thirteen and a half feet long, made by one of the carpenters, adding: "It seems impossible to believe that the constructor of such a beautiful piece of naval architecture in miniature could be an idiot." This idiotic workman's drawings excite like admiration as his carpenter's work; he painted very effectively the proscenium of the miniature theater of the establishment, and made an excellent copy of a Landseer. Nevertheless, he was a true idiot; with special powers above the average, yet defective mentally below the least gifted of ordinary men. Mr. Sidney mentions several instances of a similar kind. One boy, for example, with very feeble general powers, has so good a memory for dates that he is called the "house almanac." He can also draw well, and work in the garden. Another, who assists in the kitchen, is called the "historical cook," from his singular power of recollecting many of the leading facts in both ancient and modern history. Another, musically inclined, can imitate, on a large horn made of brown paper, the tones of a trumpet, and played "*Partant*

pour la Syrie" for Mr. Sidney in an animated manner and in good time. Others are good mimics, and have a spice of wit and humor. One, a speechless girl, has a most humorous expression of countenance, and has a pantomimic sign for nearly every member of the household. Another girl, with thick utterance, has an astonishing memory and power of imitation, so that she can repeat brief addresses that she has heard word for word, with an exact imitation of the gestures and even emphasis of the speaker; yet so imbecile intellectually, that she would try to fit a spherical hollow ball with a pyramid or a cube. Another, a boy, a complete imbecile, will take up a newspaper and pretend to read a portion of it, all the while inventing what he pretends to read; as, for example: "Shocking accident in the city.—A fat lady, with a very large muslin dress, was run over in Bishopgate-street by an omnibus, and her dress was torn all to tatters, and scattered to the wind. An inquest was held at the public-house to which she was carried: verdict, *a shower of pigs' feathers*." All this was pretended to be read, with a serio-comic voice and countenance.

The different departments of handicraft training at Earlswood have their special devotees. Some of the cooks, in cap and white apron, seem to be enthusiastic artists. The carpenter's shop is a special subject of delight. The chests of tools are kept in admirable order, and the work is most satisfactory. The veneering, Mr. Sidney states, is particularly good. All the woodwork for the theater was done by the boys, and as neatly planed and fitted as the work of regular mechanics. But, from that vanity and love of praise which is so overmastering and yet useful a sentiment in the imbecile, a visit to the shop is not altogether safe to the visitor, unless he takes care of himself; for the inmates crowd around him, all very proud of their work—one carrying a heavy door, another a window-frame, another a great heavy box, crying: "Look here, look here! I made this;" and all with no small chance of one of their weighty specimens coming down on his feet. The farm, too, is a never-ceasing delight. One boy, whom Mr. Sidney had formerly known at Essex Hall as a tailor, was recognized by him at Earlswood, and asked if he was still a tailor. He replied, like one who fancies he has made a step upward, very em-

phatically: "No, sir, I am a farmer." He was as proud of working at the land as any villager could be who had left the board and thimble to cultivate some acres of his own. One of these "farmers," in his country coat and broad-brimmed hat, looked the very image of a working agriculturist, and took excellent care of a most beautiful sow and her eleven sucklings; but he could not count to eleven audibly—could only indeed get as far as four. His principle of animal management was, however, not the less sound. "Feed 'em well, feed 'em well; keep 'em clean," was his remark, as he showed Mr. Sidney the cows. Nor are these children without a sense of religion, as Mr. Sidney found on observation and special examination. Indeed, as to all the moral sentiments, many of them seem to be much superior to another class of imbeciles we shall shortly notice, and capable of all the higher emotions. It is through this class of feelings, in truth, that they are most effectually guided and excited to effort and industry.

It is hardly necessary to say, that idiotic or imbecile children are seldom sufficiently trained to be able to take care of themselves in after life, although exceptional instances do occur. Three pupils left Earlswood last year, who are now entirely self-supporting. One of these, who, when admitted, appeared sullen and good for nothing, and could not learn the simplest things, now resides in lodgings at Notting Hill, and earns four shillings a day. But a considerable proportion may be so trained and educated as to be able to earn their own living when placed under proper superintendence, and in circumstances and employments suited to their peculiar powers. How important even this degree of training is, can easily be shown. There were until lately seven aged imbeciles of one family in an asylum near Edinburgh, who have cost a small Scotch parish one hundred and forty pounds per annum for a long series of years. These were all of the educable class, and under appropriate management could have been taught to earn their own living, with a large addition to their happiness. And for those not capable of so much education as this implies, training will eradicate many bad and vicious habits, which render their maintenance costly, their existence a social nuisance, and their lives unhappy. It is clear, however, both

from the laborious researches of the Medical Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland and the experience gained at Earlswood, that a certain proportion of the idiotic and imbecile will always be found wholly incapable of self-help, either because of complete deprivation of reason or else from helpless paralysis of the limbs and deprivation of the senses. For such an *asylum* only is needed, where they may have shelter and protection, and so much restraint of their animal appetites as will prevent them hurting each other or the public, and propagating their kind; and in which the costly staff necessary to conduct the *school* may be dispensed with. But in all cases the capacity for training and self-help should be first tested, and the incapacity proved experimentally; for, in numerous instances, idiots who have appeared to be wholly uneducable, when thus tested have manifested very singular powers. And even as to those capable of some degree of education there should be a classification, so that the paralytic, the deformed in person, the epileptic, and all with corporeal defects requiring special service, may be separated from those of a healthy bodily organization. Among the merely imbecile there are very numerous degrees of defective intellect. Many youths, indeed, who are utterly incapable of acquiring book knowledge at school, and pronounced to be incorrigible duncees by the classical or mathematical masters, are capable of being trained into first-class operatives, artists, engineers, or mechanics: so that all that is needed for them is an industrial school. Certainly, for many children of a higher social rank such schools would be a great boon; and youths who are now, because of their incapacity for professional or "genteel" pursuits, a burden upon their families, and too often a disgrace, because living in both idleness and vice, might be rendered fit for industrial occupations either at home or in the colonies. We may therefore fairly urge the great public utility and profit of this new class of what may be termed schools for industrial education, even when viewed exclusively in their economical aspects.

It is further to be urged, however, that these schools may ultimately have an important influence in checking the spread of vice and crime. We have written only of the imbecile in body and intellect; but these schools, by the experience they

will supply, and the practical knowledge of human nature which they ought to add to the common stock, must be expected to throw a light on the condition of those imbeciles who are chiefly deficient in the moral sense. This class is not, perhaps, very capable mentally, but they have often much beauty and grace of person; and have seldom any corporeal deformity or defect whatever, or any thing which indicates to the ordinary observer an imbecile nature. Yet they are, in truth, moral imbeciles. They have no power of self-government, little power of acquiring knowledge, less love for it, and a large capacity for the utmost self-indulgence, regardless of all those motives of fear or affection which influence even the idiotic. The leading characteristics of this class of imbeciles vary according to their sex, their rank in life, and the education and training they have received. Thousands of them from the lower classes fill the prisons of every part of Europe, and constitute the irreclaimably vicious class of criminals. Thousands more in the middle and higher ranks are pests to their families, a disgrace to their friends, a never-ceasing calamity to their parents, and often end their days either in an asylum, a prison, a workhouse, or an hospital, according as they are the victims of their crimes or their vices. Pleasure is their sole aim; and they sacrifice every thing to the attainment of a temporary gratification. Being devoid of prescience or forethought, they are utterly regardless of consequences to themselves or others; and being usually incapable of true social or domestic affections, they have little regard for the happiness of father or mother, brother or sister, except in so far as they minister to their love of pleasure. If by chance they do possess these social feelings, it is in so little intensity as to exercise no permanent influence over their conduct. With much personal vanity, they have little or no sense of shame, no conscience, no reverence for law or order, or God, or things divine; and which is the most lamentable fact in the experience of these imbeciles, they seem to be naturally incapable of even understanding any of those higher feelings and motives. As met with among the higher classes, they are by no means repulsive in manner, as the poor idiot often is; on the contrary, when young, they charm by their apparent good-nature, vivacity, and plausible

conversation and conduct. Like the cub-wolf or lion, they at first give little indication to the superficial observer of their true nature. But as age develops the coarser elements of the man, and his passions become the fiercer by indulgence, this kind of imbecile is found to be a cunning, selfish, lying, thieving, reckless reprobate, capable of any vice, and self-exiled from all decent society. In Leigh Hunt's *Correspondence*, lately published, and edited by his eldest son, an interesting revelation is given to the public of two "skeletons in the house" of this kind, which embittered his life. At a very early age one of his sons became a great favorite among all his relations and friends, for his sparkling vivacity, his good-nature, and his ready wit; yet at the same "very early age" he was an habitual liar. At "a very tender age," too, we are told, "he contracted a habit of intemperance." Indeed, his brother remarks, "he seemed to be devoid of every faculty of self-restraint; and this want of control exhibited itself in the most alarming forms. On several occasions he attacked his brothers with knives, on one actually stabbing his third brother, who was only saved from a deadly blow by one of his other brothers, who saw the danger, and thrust him down from the knife. It was after this, that in order to extort some indulgence from his mother, whose state of health has already been mentioned, he held the carving-knife over the soft part of the head of an infant brother." The editor apologetically remarks: "These facts would not have been mentioned but for two reasons—to let Leigh Hunt's very slight allusion to this skeleton in the house to have its full force, and also to explain the conclusion to which the family ultimately came—that there was some natural deficiency in the man which rendered him morally irresponsible." A very striking remark was made not long since to a visitor at the Golden Bridge near Dublin—a nunnery, whose inmates have a reformatory for discharged female convicts—that those "who are incorrigible to the admirable treatment of the Irish system seem always to be afflicted with some natural deficiency, and particularly a deficiency in natural affection." Leigh Hunt's second son was also an illustration of this remark. He is described as being "clever, amusing, agreeable, and from first to last

very decidedly good-natured; but he appeared to be wholly without that serious instinctive affection which binds families together. In absence he seems to lose all recollection of his relatives and familiar friends, with the exception of his father." He was a prodigal—"in a great number of cases used his father's means, and sometimes his father's name"—and at the close of his life was maintained by his family. It may be said that the education of these boys was bad; but in the case of the eldest son, we have abundant evidence that Leigh Hunt spared no expense or trouble to eradicate his early tendencies to vicious courses. And if it be supposed that an education more decidedly religious than that which Leigh Hunt was likely to mark out would have saved his son, we have to say that there are before us at this moment the touching letters of a father, who, himself remarkable for his simple, solid piety, and having had the advantages of a religious education, died broken-hearted, because of the incorrigible unkindness, irreligion, and vice of his only son. "My son," he says in a letter to his own aged mother shortly before his death, "gives me great grief and anxiety, which affects my health. He has wasted his time for learning a business, and wasted all his money in vice and folly. He is now wasting my health and substance; what to do with him or for him I know not. May God have mercy upon us and upon him! I am sorry to cast a shadow upon your declining years, but you are near the rest that remains for the people of God. I long to fly away and be at rest, but suffering is before me." Within six months after writing this anguished utterance he died overwhelmed with grief. How many anxious religious parents have had sons who have thus brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, can never be stated in dry statistical figures. Few men, however, past middle age, can look around them and not be able to tell such off their fingers by the dozen. Dr. Trélat's treatise is full of touching domestic histories of the misery and ruin of families caused by these moral imbeciles.

Much attention has been directed of late years to the extent to which this kind of degeneration prevails, and to the causes and cure. M. Morel, the physician to the asylum at St. Yon, near Rouen,

states numerous facts upon both these points. "The increasing number," he observes, "of suicides, of outrages, of crimes against property as well as person, the monstrous precocity of young criminals, the degeneration of the people which, in many districts, renders it impossible for them to supply their quota of conscripts for military service, are unquestioned facts. They prove with significant numerals that the apprehensions of European governments have been justly alarmed." In the first rank of causes he places drunkenness and opium-eating, manufacturing and mining labor of a degrading kind, misery, and such causes as belong to the soil, as marsh emanations, in connection with defective food, clothing, and shelter. These causes do not, however, affect the middle and higher classes. Hence Dr. Laycock distinguishes between "poverty-cretins" and "luxury-cretins," and has also a class of "theroid" or brute-like idiots. These latter are the products of a retrograde development of humanity in the direction of the lower animals, in accordance with great laws of life which as yet are but imperfectly comprehended, and too much involved in hypotheses. Such a brute-like idiot was found by Dr. Mitchell in Lewis. He remarks: "I have never seen a better illustration of the ape-faced idiot than in this case. It is not, however, the face alone which is ape-like. He grins, chatters, and screams like a monkey, never attempting a sound in any way resembling a word. He puts himself into the most ape-like attitudes in his hunts for lice, and often brings his mouth to help his hands. His arms are long, and he has a constant tendency to drop on all fours. He grasps what he brings to his mouth with an affenish hold. He tears his clothes with his teeth, and spits when angry. His thumbs are but additional fingers. He has a leaping walk. He has heavy eyebrows, and short hair on his cheek and face. His teeth are good, and his under-jaw large and round, and greatly projecting. He is muscular, active, and not dwarfish. He sits on the floor in ape-fashion, with his genitals exposed. He has filthy habits of all kinds." (App. to Third Report, p. 249.) This kind of idiot is not very rare, but Pinel has described an idiot which had wool on its body, and the habitual movements of a sheep.

The two opposite extremes of luxury and poverty seem to conduce to the production of a race of beings which follow their own selfish instincts. Extreme misery unquestionably tends, by its constant pressure, to induce habitual selfishness, and this is transmitted hereditarily. But wealth places the means of self-gratification at the disposal of its possessors; so that, although the stimulus to selfishness which misery affords may be wanting, there is every inducement for the pursuit of pleasure as the business of life. That refinement which accompanies wealth and the pleasures it affords, is purchased too dear when it degenerates into a luxurious indolence and a habitual neglect of duty. Such a mental condition, unbalanced by the pursuit of knowledge or the healthy gymnastics of conflict with the world, becomes the hereditary defect of the moral imbecile. And by a singular yet certain law of mental life and transmission, the higher and nobler qualities for which the refined parent is remarkable are not manifested in his children, but rather the contrary. That cerebral condition which is excessive, acting in the father, becomes too often a kind of atrophy or palsy in the offspring. In this way we can account for the descendants of very proud men manifesting low tastes, of which the grandson of the late Lord Byron was an example. A peer of the realm, it is said he chose to be a mechanic, married the daughter of a publican, and died lately in humble circumstances. In like manner, the sons of strictly religious people are apt to be born scapegraces, and of those with keen domestic affections to be models of unloving selfishness. Such a transmutation of character occurs even in this class of refined individuals during life, when they become the subjects of insanity—so that the pure-minded and religious become obscene and blasphemous; the careful and economical, recklessly extravagant; the kind father, or brother, or sister, utterly negligent of domestic duties.

How far provision can be made in schools for these moral imbeciles, whether the condition be acquired as disease or hereditary, so that the defects in their character may be amended, and how far asylums or houses of detention can be established for the incurably vicious, must, sooner or later, become social questions of considerable importance. The asylum

at St. Yon, presided over by Dr. Morel, was formerly a house of detention for vicious youths, members of French aristocratic families; it is well worth consideration whether some such institution could not be established in this country, in which youths like the two sons of Leigh Hunt might be placed—not as criminals, but as incurable imbeciles. When experience has shown that such are as incapable of self-government as the vegetative idiot, or the intellectual but not immoral imbecile, there can be no solid ground, either of expediency or justice, why they should not be placed in the same category. Such supervision

and restraint of them would be much cheaper and better for society, and conduce more to their own true happiness, than the freedom which they abuse, regardless of all law or order, or domestic and family duties. But, as in the case of the idiotic, the character of incurability or incorrigibility should not attach until every available means had been tried; and these means should be directed by scientific as well as enthusiastic educators, and not by men like Thomas Hopley, who, in his zeal to teach an imbecile, beat him to death, or like others of the class who torture their pupils into insanity and dementia.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL, IN 1812.

THE murder of Mr. Perceval, when prime minister of England, in broad day, and in the crowded lobby of the House of Commons, is one of the most remarkable instances of cool, deliberate crime recorded in the annals of history. In some features it bears a close resemblance to that of the Duke of Buckingham, by Felton. In both cases the outrage was committed publicly, the alleged motive was somewhat similar, and the assassin could have escaped had he been so disposed. Light and a crowd have sometimes favored the evasion of a criminal as effectually as solitude and darkness. About fifty years since, Begbie, a bank-runner, was murdered and rifled in the day time, in one of the streets of Edinburgh, and the murderer has never yet been discovered.

Felton and Bellingham, as matters of course, were hung. If their startling atrocities were to be repeated now, the perpetrators would, in all probability, escape experimental acquaintance with the manipulating process of Mr. Calcraft, the finisher of the law, on the ground of *insanity*. We should regret sincerely to see the result tested on Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, or any other high official of the state, down to Mr.

Milner Gibson, inclusive; but we have a strong impression that the result would be as we here surmise. Such is the maudlin, mistaken philanthropy of modern times. It suffices for a murder to have more than the ordinary elements of crime—to be compound rather than simple; to include a series rather than an isolated case—a whole family, or an entire ship's crew, and for the felon to exhibit marked calmness and self-possession, and it is immediately concluded that *he must be mad*, or at least a *monomaniac*, which qualification suffices to insure a commutation of the extreme penalty. In several cases within the last quarter of a century, especially in the memorable ones of the murder of Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's secretary, in London, by M'Naughten, and by Mr. Sneyd, in Dublin, by Mason, this legal decision has saved atrocious criminals who were not a jot more insane than Bellingham; who had quite as much claim to the privileges of rationality which they were suffered to exercise, and ought to have been held equally liable to the responsibilities thereunto attached.

It has been said that when Oxford, in his confinement in Bethlehem Hospital, heard of the subsequent attempts on her

majesty's life by Francis and Bean, he observed with great composure: "If they had hung me, there would have been no more madmen firing at the queen." We are much inclined to agree with this ingenuous convict. Hang a so-called madman, and murders by lunatics will speedily disappear from the criminal records. The class are cowardly, with a special dislike of corporal punishment—whipping at the cart's tail, and suspension by the rope.

M. Guizot, commenting on this incident of Oxford, his trial and sentence, which happened while he was King Louis Philippe's ambassador at the English court, in 1840, considers that such startling episodes are more frequently instigated by a morbid thirst after celebrity on the part of the individual offenders, than the result of organized conspiracy or constitutional wickedness. "Here," he says, "is precisely what these perverted fanatics yearn for: a theater, a public; themselves insignificant and obscure, an opportunity to exhibit and shine in the mid-day sun. Under what system, and in what country, will there ever be enough moral and political judgment to leave them to their level, and not to give them the notoriety they seek?" And then, on the verdict of insanity and confinement during the sovereign's pleasure, he adds: "Such was the legal issue of the trial; and Edward Oxford, punished and placed beyond the power of doing further mischief, without being made of too much consequence, was speedily forgotten."

With all due respect to the judgment of this experienced statesman and philosopher, we demur to this dictum, and can not think it makes a criminal of "too much consequence" to give him the full award of the law he has provoked. The leading object of all punishment is less directed against the insulated offender than intended as an example to deter others, and to purify society by the diminution of crime—an end the more likely to be reached, in capital cases, by the application of capital penalties, than by the exercise of fantastical theories based on very doubtful foundations.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean by this to advocate a revival or perpetuation of the Draconic features which so long disfigured, and in some points still continue to deform and disgrace our penal code; but we enter a

protest against the too easy admission of "an unsound mind" as an extenuating plea for a deliberate murder. Lord Ferrers was as much and more entitled to this saving clause as M'Naughten or Oxford. But had it been applied in his case, there would have been a general howl from all the democrats and demagogues in the nation, that this was a glaring illustration of "a law for the rich and a law for the poor." Besides which, the gaping multitude would have lost the edifying and rare spectacle of a nobleman escorted from Newgate, *via* Holborn, to Tyburn, by the ordinary, the sheriff, and the hangman. In those "good old days," as they are generally and regretfully designated, there was little thought of nice distinctions, metaphysical subtleties, or casuistical reasonings. Men were hung alike for murder, forgery, or burglary—for stealing a sheep or a two-penny loaf; and transported for robbing a hen-roost. The extremes ran all in an opposite course from the popular modern channel, and what ought to have been the parallel lines of justice were so unmathematically warped that Euclid or La Place would have been puzzled to recognize them.

The case of Lord Ferrers is nearly forgotten, except by students of the Annual Register and the Newgate Calendar. His violence of temper and habitual eccentricities occasioned him to be set down as a madman by his cotemporaries, and he is so held in the few historical records which name him. He hated his wife, (we do not cite this as a corroborative evidence of lunacy,) and one of his modes of annoying her was to put squibs and crackers into her bed, which were contrived to explode just as she was dropping asleep. But she extricated herself through a separation by act of Parliament, and obtained further atonement in a more congenial second union, many years after, with Lord Frederic Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll. One day, Lord Ferrers summoned his steward, Mr. Johnson, to his presence, and on his coming, locked the door, and told him to sit down in an arm-chair as he had something particular to communicate. He then drew a pistol from the drawer of his writing-table, took out his watch, and said to his unsuspecting victim: "Say your prayers, for in five minutes you are a dead man." He kept his word, and shot him when the time had expired. For this horrible crime

he was tried by his peers at Westminster Hall, on the 16th of April, 1760, found guilty of willful murder, and hanged at Tyburn, on the 5th of May following. On the day of execution he dressed himself in his wedding suit of white, embroidered with silver. When he reached the gallows the immense waving sea of heads excited his admiration. "How many persons do you suppose may be in that crowd?" he inquired of the ordinary. "At least thirty thousand," was the answer. "What a compliment!" rejoined the earl; "but then they never saw a lord hanged before." In 1822 a Frenchman was executed on the sands at Portobello, near Edinburgh, for piracy on the high seas. As he passed from the Calton Hill jail, down the wide thoroughfare of Leith Walk, the windows, balconies, and street pavements were thronged with gazers. He either imagined or was told that this was in token of public sympathy for a foreigner in misfortune, and, standing up in the cart, bowed his acknowledgments gracefully to the right and left, saying: "Mesdames et Messieurs, je reconnois vos politesses, et je m'en trouve vivement pénétré."

We have read somewhere that Lord Ferrers was hung with a silken rope, such being an exclusive "privilege of the peerage." We are not aware of any statute to this effect, and we believe, on the contrary, that those respectable commoners, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. Jerry Abershaw, and Mr. Jack Shepard, might have indulged in the same luxury, if they had been inclined to pay for it, and if the executioner had pronounced the more costly substitute sufficient for the ends of justice.

The particulars of the death of Mr. Perceval are interesting, and little remembered by the present generation. About a quarter past five, on the 11th of May, 1812, he entered the lobby of the House of Commons alone, where a number of persons were standing, when a man, who had a short time before placed himself in the recess of the doorway, on the inner side, drew out a pistol and shot the minister as he passed, in the lower part of the left breast. The ball is supposed to have entered the heart. He moved onward for a few faltering steps, nearly half way up the lobby, and was in the act of sinking on the ground, when some of the by-standers caught him in their arms. He was im-

mediately carried to the nearest room, that of the Speaker's secretary, by Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Bradshaw, and another gentleman. Mr. Lynn, a surgeon in Parliament-street, was sent for without delay, and on examining the wound at once pronounced it a mortal case, and that death would ensue forthwith. When falling, Mr. Perceval uttered the word "murder," or "murdered," after which he spoke no more, and expired in about ten or twelve minutes. Several members of both Houses of Parliament entered the apartment, while he was dying, and among others, his brother, Lord Arden; all, as might be supposed, in the greatest possible state of agitation. There was little effusion of blood from the wound externally. The body was subsequently removed into the Speaker's house.

Lord Francis Osborne, Lord Ossulston, and others, were crossing the lobby at the moment of the assassination, and were very near Mr. Perceval. The deed was perpetrated so suddenly that the man who fired the pistol was not immediately recognized. It was thought he might have escaped notice, had he concealed his weapon. A person who had passed behind Mr. Perceval seized the pistol, which was a very small one, from the murderer's hand, who surrendered it without resistance, and retired coolly toward a bench on the left. Mr. Goodiff, an officer of the house, secured him, and asked if he was the villain who had shot the minister. He replied: "I am the unhappy man," but appeared quite undisturbed. It was said that he added something about redress of grievances from the government, but if he did it was heard by very few. On searching him, a few pounds in money were found in his pockets, and some printed papers, copies of which he had previously distributed among the members. He was taken to the bar of the House of Commons, and identified as the assassin. Another pistol, similar to that he had fired, was taken from his pocket in the House. All the doors were then closed and locked, and he was conveyed up stairs to one of the apartments called "the prisons," in the upper story, over the committee rooms. Here he underwent a lengthened examination, in presence of Aldermen Coombe and Curtis, Mr. Reade, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Fielding, and other magistrates, with several members

of the House of Commons, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Wynne, Mr. Stephens, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Secretary Ryder, etc.

A bundle of papers, brought from the prisoner's lodgings, was consigned to the care of Lord Castlereagh, to be submitted to the Privy Council. The witnesses were then bound over to give their evidence before the grand jury, and subsequently at the Old Bailey, in the event of a true bill being found against the prisoner "for the willful murder of the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval."

The prisoner was asked whether he had any thing to urge against the act with which he was charged, and cautioned by Sir John Hipplesey not to say any thing that might criminate himself. This procedure is an anomaly in English law, the propriety of which is still an open question, and is disputed by many profound jurists. According to the "Code Napoleon," which is founded on the pandects of Justinian, every effort is made to entrap the accused party into a confession of his guilt. Bellingham replied: "I have admitted the fact; I again admit it. When General Gascoigne seized me, he held me with so much violence that I thought my arm was broken; I said, 'You need not press me so, I submit myself to my fate.' But, with permission, I have something to state in my justification. I have been denied the redress of my grievances by government. I have been ill-treated. They well know who I am, and what I am, through the Secretary of State, and Mr. Becket, with whom I have had frequent communications. They knew of this fact six weeks ago, through the magistrates of Bow-street. I was accused most wrongfully by a governor-general in Russia, in a letter from Archangel to Riga, and have sought redress in vain. I am a most unfortunate man, and feel here"—placing his hand on his breast—"sufficient justification for what I have done."

Lord Castlereagh informed him that he was not then called upon for his defense, but merely to say what he had to offer in contradiction of the charge. Any thing he might feel desirous of stating in extenuation of his crime, he had better reserve for his trial. The prisoner said: "Since it seems best to you that I should not now explain the causes of my conduct, I will leave it until the day of my trial, when my country will have an opportunity of judging whether I am right or wrong."

Upon being again questioned, he repeated, for a third time, "I admit the fact;" which admission was accordingly entered upon the record. The Bow-street officers were called in, and the prisoner having been permitted to dress, was handcuffed by Vickery and Adkins. He applied for his money, which having been left in the possession of Mr. Burgess, who had withdrawn, Mr. Whitbread assured him it should be returned in the morning. He then asked whether he should be allowed an attorney and counsel. Mr. Whitbread signified that Mr. Coombe would take care that every necessary indulgence should be allowed him, consistent with his situation. In no part of the proceedings did he betray extreme agitation, but at the moment when one of the witnesses said: "I supported Mr. Perceval into the Secretary's room, and in a few minutes he died in my arms," the prisoner shed tears and seemed considerably moved. The pistol he had fired was a small pocket one, about six inches long; the barrel rather more than two inches in length, with the cock on the top, and a stop to the trigger; the caliber nearly half an inch in diameter, and the barrel very strong. The pistol taken from his breeches pocket was primed, and loaded with one ball.

It was intended to send him at once to Newgate; but when a hackney coach was brought for that purpose, to the iron gates in Lower Palace Yard, the crowd, at first composed of decent people, had been gradually swollen by a concourse of pickpockets and the lower orders, who mounted the vehicle, and were so troublesome, and even dangerous, that it was not deemed advisable to follow the usual course. Repeated shouts of applause were heard from the ignorant or depraved portion of the mob, as if they were preparing to hail an oppressed but innocent victim. Some of these sympathizers even attempted to open the opposite door of the coach, as if to give the murderer an opportunity of escape. A party of Life Guards, who had been sent for, arrived about this time, and formed a semicircle in the yard, by which the mob were kept more at a distance.

Before the arrival of the dragoons Bellingham was reconducted to the prison-room, where he sharply reprimanded Vickery, the officer, for having inquired of some female, particulars as to his private affairs. He calmly said, he knew

the consequences of the act he had committed, which he did not consider as of a private nature. On Vickery's answering that he had only spoken in general terms to the female, and that she told him she had in her possession a memorandum of twenty pounds due by a Mr. Wilson to him, the prisoner, in the most unconcerned manner, replied that he knew what it was; it was a bill that he expected would be paid the next day at half-past nine o'clock. His conversation was perfectly coherent, except on the crime he had committed. For that, he said, he expected to be brought before a tribunal where justice would be done him; that he felt assured of being liberated, and that his claims would ultimately be allowed.

From the House of Commons he was conveyed, through the Speaker's entrance, to the Secretary of State's office for the Home Department, where he was placed in a room in which he walked almost without intermission while he was there. On the breaking up of the council he was sent to Newgate, his committal being signed by Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., who accompanied him in the coach to the prison, where he was doubly ironed. During his confinement he remained perfectly calm and collected. On the day before his trial he wrote a letter to a friend in Liverpool, consisting of three sheets in quarto, correctly composed, without the slightest indication of unsettled intellect, and with a space purposely left for the wafer, so that the letter might be opened without the writing being defaced. He made particular inquiry of the keeper as to the direction the ball from his pistol had taken. Being asked if there was any person close to him when he fired, or between him and Mr. Perceval at the moment, he replied there was none, or he should have hesitated to fire.

John Bellingham, the murderer, was a native of St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, and forty-two years of age. He was about five feet nine or ten inches in height, with rather a thin visage, an aquiline nose, and altogether a genteel appearance. His usual demeanor was quiet and unobtrusive; his temper and disposition outwardly mild and kind. He lodged in New Millman-street, near the Foundling Hospital. His landlady, a young widow with a family, states that he had zealously

assisted her in the recovery of a child which had been missing; and that he had taken her only two days before he committed the murder to see the British Museum. On the day preceding the fatal crime, Sunday, the 10th of May, with the purpose matured, as it must have been, in his breast, he was present twice at the public service in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital; and on the very morning of the deed, scarcely two hours before he carried it into effect, he contributed to the amusement of the children of the house where he dwelt by conducting them to a public spectacle! He used to complain, his landlady said, that money was due to him he had been wronged of, and without which he must become a ruined man. His father was a land surveyor and miniature painter; his mother the daughter of a respectable country gentleman at St. Neot's; they were married in 1769, in London. John was their second child, born about 1771. His father, after his birth, purchased a house at St. Neot's, and resided in it till about 1775, when he returned to London, and lived in Tichfield-street, Oxford-street. In 1779 he discovered marks of mental derangement, and was placed in St. Luke's Hospital. At the end of a twelvemonth he returned home as incurable, and died soon after. Those who hold to the theory of hereditary madness may consider this an argument in extenuation of the son's crime. Such deductions, probably sound enough in pathological science, are sometimes admissible as corroborative, though not conclusive evidence in criminal law. Bellingham's mother died at Liverpool, weighed down with trouble, in the year 1802. When alluding to her, after his condemnation, he was affected to tears, observed that she was a truly good woman, and that her dying words were that she hoped to meet him in heaven. In answer to an inquiry as to whether he had ever thought seriously of his own spiritual welfare, he replied that in his youth, many years back, he was acquainted, in London, with a pious young man, and for a short time was under good impressions; but when he left London, and mixed with other company, they wore off.

At the age of fourteen he was placed as an apprentice with a Mr. Love, a jeweler, who bore an excellent character, in Whitechapel. Here he showed himself at first extremely perverse and trouble-

some, and finally ran away from his master, and went to sea in the *Hartwell*, Indiaman, thus betraying, in his boyish years, that natural obstinacy of mind which led to his ruin. In his voyage out from England he was shipwrecked off Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, and escaped, with only one more, in an open boat. Unaffected by this providential deliverance, on his return to England he lived an unsettled, and in some respects an unprincipled life, till about the year 1793, when he persuaded his mother, from the remnant of her fortune, which he had chiefly exhausted, to establish him in a shop, as a tradesman, in Oxford-street. Here he not only failed in a very short time, but was believed, though it never was legally proved, to have set fire to his own house. These particulars throw light on the manner in which his character became gradually formed and hardened.

From London he went to Archangel, where he lived with a Russian merchant, as clerk, for three years. Having formed a connection with a Mr. Borbecker, in the timber line, he returned to England to seek a contract for the supply of that article of commerce, and entered into considerable engagements with the merchants of Hull. Ships were, in consequence, sent out to Archangel to bring home cargoes, but Borbecker having, in the meantime, become a bankrupt, the vessels returned home in ballast. Bellingham, who still remained at Hull, was arrested and thrown into prison, by the disappointed traders, for the non-fulfillment of his contract; and during his confinement, or soon afterwards, wrote a pamphlet with the intent of turning them into ridicule. When he regained his liberty, he proceeded again to Archangel, where he entered into various speculations, the failure of which involved him in much more serious difficulties. He then became extremely troublesome to the local government, pestering them with memorial after memorial on matters exclusively connected with his private mercantile affairs; and moreover, conducted himself generally with so much violence, that, at length, he was committed to prison, where he remained a considerable time, claiming in vain, and with reiterated obstinacy, the protection of the British ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, Lord Leveson Gower,

who indeed could render him no assistance. It appears to be quite certain that neither against the Russian nor English government had this miserable visionary the slightest grounds for the claims he so pertinaciously and fatally pursued. His mercantile transactions abroad were, at least, as suspicious as they had been at home.

The term of his imprisonment having expired, Bellingham repaired to England, overflowing with complaints against the Russian authorities. He married, in London, a respectable woman, whom he treated with kindness and personal affection, and settled for a time in Liverpool, when he commenced the business of an insurance broker, while his wife adopted that of a milliner. He continued, at intervals, to present memorials, on the subject of his alleged claims, to the British government, but they were so exclusively confined to private transactions that no interference could take place. Abortive and embarrassing speculations continued to dog his steps, and frustrate his efforts. Brooding over his difficulties, he at length began to conceive the idea of becoming the avenger of his imaginary wrongs. By his own subsequent confession he was a long time in making up his mind, but having finally resolved, he proceeded to his work systematically, and without wavering scruples. For several weeks before the murder he was constantly in attendance about the House of Commons, and addressed a printed statement to various members, enumerating his grievances, and soliciting their intercession in his behalf. It was said and believed that his last application to government was made only two days before his crime, and that on the morning of its commitment he received a repulsive answer, which is supposed to have confirmed him in his sanguinary purpose. It was also generally credited that he intended Lord Leveson Gower for his victim, but not seeing him arrive, as he looked for, he selected Mr. Perceval instead.

Bellingham was brought to trial on the 15th of May, four days after the atrocious deed had been committed, the courts being in session at the time. The fact was fully proved, and sentence of *Guilty* pronounced without hesitation. There was a feeble attempt to show that he was insane, but except his hallucination that what he had done was perfectly justifica-

ble, and an apparent expectation that the act would be so considered on his trial, he evinced not the slightest approach to any token of aberration of mind. He was executed on Monday, the 18th of May, in front of Newgate. He prepared for his fate with perfect composure, went through the usual religious exercises, and during the whole scene manifested an extraordinary degree of firmness and self-possession. He denied that he had any accomplices, as indeed no such suspicion could exist, and persisted to the last in refusing to express any compunction for his crime. His behavior, on the whole, was such as apparently to render him, in his last moments, an object of interest rather than detestation. Many who did not affect to extenuate murder, or to condemn capital punishment in the abstract, looked upon him as an exceptional case: that of a man, not naturally violent or vicious, but goaded to despair by unredressed, and perhaps undeserved injuries. All passed silently, without tumult or accident. There were no groans of execration, and expressions of pity were murmured by a considerable section of the attendant crowd. Calm courage, even in a criminal, without ostentatious bravado or reckless audacity, will never fail to have hosts of admirers. Let this excite no surprise in the reflecting mind. Such is the marvelous inconsistency of human feelings, that even the most practiced and unmitigated depravity has been graced by evidences of human sympathy. Suetonius tells us that Nero had his mourners, and Lord Byron has embellished the startling fact with the charm of his melodious verse:

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On the eve of Bellingham's execution, Sunday, the 17th of May, he was visited in the condemned hold by the Reverend Daniel Wilson, A.M., an eminent preacher of the day, at that time minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, afterwards rector of Islington, D.D., and a distinguished dignitary of the church, as Bishop of Calcutta, in which diocese he died so recently as January 2, 1858. The visit was made at the instance and through the agency of an influential member of

Parliament, a friend of the late Mr. Perceval. The divine was accompanied by another gentleman, and conversed with the criminal for several hours. The substance of this interview, accompanied by his own remarks and deductions, Dr. Wilson embodied in a pamphlet, at the request of many friends,* who concurred that in addition to the interest with which any circumstances tending to throw light on the mysterious elements of such an extraordinary character would be received, some practical benefit to society might result from the publication. This pamphlet attracted much attention, and had an extensive sale. The biographer, and son-in-law of the bishop, the Rev. Josiah Bateman, in allusion to it says, "the narrative wants both simplicity and individuality, and can scarcely be considered a happy means of conveying to the public important scriptural truths." With this critical opinion we meddle not. It does not impugn the value of the facts or information conveyed, which are curious and undoubtedly authentic.

Bellingham received his visitors with readiness and extreme complacency, entered freely into discussion on scriptural points, and though much exhausted himself by the length of the conversation, still wished to continue it when they were quite worn out. They were as much surprised at his familiar acquaintance with the Bible as at his doggedness in contesting all passages respecting which a doubtful or incomplete conclusion could by any subtilty be edged in. Instead of yielding to conviction, he met them with the sophistical arguments so common with the usual class of skeptics and unbelievers. All that they could extract from him, as approaching penitence and trust, amounted to his saying: "I have confessed my sins before God, and I hope in his mercy; but I can not say I feel the intense sorrow you describe nor that earnest hungering of mind after salvation;" and added subsequently, "we none of us know what will take place after death." Dr. Wilson,†

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against this supposition. On every topic he declares that Bellingham's intellect was perfectly clear, sane, and coherent. "His relations, I find," he says, "still indulge the opinion that his mind was unsound on his Russian affairs. I can only observe, that the long conversation I had with him, which partly turned on that subject, as well as the information I have since received of his whole previous character, totally forbid my admitting a supposition for which there appeared to me to be no just foundation, and which would obviously open a door to the most dreadful consequences."

The great qualities of Charles the Twelfth were matured into failings, and even vices, by the prevailing *inflexibility* of his temper. So, in a most inferior and unworthy comparison, yet from a similarity which instinctively suggests itself, the same elements, prevailing in a remarkable degree, led to the extravagances of the royal conqueror and the crimes of the plebeian assassin. Bellingham, under this influence, having perpetrated the deed, long and maturely considered, was determined that nothing should prevent him from defending it. He was acute enough to see the consequences of an ingenuous, unqualified confession, and how utterly it would destroy his schemes of self-vindication. He had taken his ground, and that ground he pertinaciously maintained. The weakness of his allegations, as soon as he found them combated and refuted, only increased the obstinacy with which he determined to cling to them. The gratification which he received from the revenge he had exacted evidently had its weight. He appeared to Dr. Wilson to conceal but very imperfectly the delight he felt at the success of his attempt, and to cherish with satisfaction the warning he conceived he had given to public men. The bishop winds up with his own view of this anomalous criminal, which has a strong resemblance to the opinion of M. Guizot, quoted in the early part of this notice, with reference to the attempt of Oxford, and the many attacks on the life of his own sovereign, King Louis Philippe. "Added to the other motives named, Bellingham, I feel convinced, was actuated by a love of applause—an affectation of distinction and notice. Horrid as the idea is, the letter he sent, after his being committed to Newgate, to the person with whom he lodged, evidently be-

trayed the pleasure he derived from having attracted public attention. It may be even doubted, so hardened was he to all moral sensibility, whether the desire of exhibiting what he termed the justice of his case to his country had not contributed to the forming of his mind to the dreadful deed; it certainly had its share in repressing any risings of remorse after its perpetration." If the bishop and the statesman are right in this estimate of human feeling under certain excitements, here is an additional argument against the conclusion that madness has any thing to do with what can not at once be measured by ordinary rules. The same rabid love of celebrity operates differently upon opposite temperaments. One man traverses the world by sea and land, while another grovels and sleeps through life in a tub. Eratostratus burns the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, to perpetuate his name; and Empedocles jumps into the crater of Etna that his contemporaries may look upon his disappearance as an evidence of divinity. But, after all, the line between reason and insanity is not easily drawn. Seneca, borrowing the thought from Aristotle, says: "Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ;" which Dryden paraphrases thus, with a qualification:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Mantuanus (not Virgil, though sometimes confounded with him) goes further; he asserts positively: "Id commune malum, semel insanavimus omnes"—it is a common ill that we have *all* been mad at some time or other.

On the death of Mr. Perceval, a motion was made in the House of Commons for an address to the king, and for pensions to his family, accompanied by an expression of the warmest sympathy under the unprecedented circumstances of his death. The motion was carried without dissentient voice. Party feelings and prejudices were never running higher than at that period, yet men who ranged under banners inveterately opposed to each other, forgot, for the moment, their "war cry," and agreed to exchange the calumet of peace. Mr. Ponsonby said: "No man thought Mr. Perceval's political opinions more erroneous than he had always done, but he entertained the highest opinion of his honor,

and the greatest affection to his person. He had known him in early life, and he never knew a man of more sterling worth. As a husband, as a father, and as a friend, no man was to be more admired. As they could not restore a life so dear to all, they ought to do that which was in their power to alleviate the distresses of his family, to render the remnant of their lives as far comfortable as they could, and if possible happy."

Mr. Canning, not then in office, (he had retired for the moment, in consequence of his duel with Lord Castlereagh, in which he was wounded,) said: "He could not but feel how inadequately he should convey his own impressions, and those of the House, on an occasion so afflicting; but it was some consolation to bear testimony with others to the regret which was felt by all for the loss in such a manner of a man whose virtues and talents were so conspicuous, and who, though like other men in a similar situation he had many political adversaries, had never encountered, for he never could have deserved, a mere indignant hostility—of a man with whom no one could agree without feeling his convictions strengthened by an opinion of his talents and virtues, and from whom no one could differ without doing him the justice to acknowledge that even his errors were the errors of a virtuous mind. There was some consolation in reflecting that the crime which had robbed the country of such an ornament was confined to an individual; and he thought the noble lord who had moved the address did well, thus early, to give the intimation, as the act was of a nature most liable to be misrepresented by the best and worst feelings of the mind. The disaffected might put upon it the most abominable interpretations favorable to their views; and the friends of the constitution might be induced to admit greater apprehension than the case warranted. He agreed fully in that part of the address which expressed their abhorrence of the transaction. The loss of Mr. Perceval to the country was irreparable; to his family it was irreparable also. But they might do something to alleviate the consequences to the latter; and when they recollected how often he, (Mr. Perceval,) in the course of the last two years, had called upon them to mark their generosity to those who had bled and conquered in the cause of freedom, and to share the glory of those actions by

contributing to the relief and the reward of the actors, they would, he was confident, be equally solicitous to perform the more painful, but not less gracious, task of marking their respect for his character by a liberal grant to his surviving relatives."

Mr. Whitbread, one of the constant mouth-pieces of the opposition, said: "It was impossible to add any thing to the impression already made by what had fallen from both sides of the House; but having been a marked and determined political antagonist of Mr. Perceval, he was anxious to express his entire concurrence in the vote. Of the private virtues of the deceased minister it was unnecessary to say any thing. No one could deny them. But among his public virtues there was one which he could not help holding up to the imitation of the House, and of posterity. That was the great control of temper which he possessed, and united with the firmest perseverance in his views and objects. Beyond the door of that House he (Mr. Whitbread) had never carried any feelings of political animosity toward him. It was impossible that he could——." Here Mr. Whitbread's voice was quite overpowered by his feelings, and he sat down amid the melancholy applauses of all present.

It would be an error to estimate Mr. Perceval's public character or merits as a minister from the excited feelings of the House under the circumstances of his death. Neither would it be fair to give full credit to the savage radicalism of Cobbett or the stinging censure of Sir W. Napier. Both these bitter penmen were slaves to party bias as much as any of the political leaders they so liberally denounce. Posterity looks not to extreme factionaries for historic truth. Demosthenes and Cicero present distorted portraits of Philip and Antony, and Macaulay exaggerates the weak points of Marlborough. We read and are charmed with the fiery eloquence, the graceful periods, and the glowing imagery; but conviction tells us that this seductive compound conveys no just reflection of truth. Napier describes Mr. Perceval, the minister, thus: "Narrow, harsh, factious, and illiberal in every thing relating to public matters, this man's career was one of un-mixed evil. His bigotry taught him to oppress Ireland, but his religion did not deter him from passing a law to prevent the introduction of medicines into France

during a pestilence. He lived by faction; he had neither the wisdom to support nor the manliness to put an end to the war in the Peninsula; and his crooked, contemptible policy was shown by withholding what was necessary to sustain the contest, and throwing on the general the responsibility of failure."

This paragraph drew from Mr. Dudley Montagu Perceval a pamphlet in defense of his father, to which the historian replied by a challenge to mortal combat; which being declined, a profusion of ink, well seasoned with gall, was shed on both sides. The Napiers were ever ready to handle pen or pistol, as occasion required; thus resembling the first followers of Mohammed, who brandished in one hand the Koran, in the other a scimitar, shouting aloud: "Receive or die!" Mr. Perceval, Jr., said to Sir W. Napier: "The good name of my father is the only inheritance he left to his children." Whereupon Sir W. Napier retorted: "I find that during his life, the minister, Perceval, had salaries to the amount of about £8000 a year, and the reversion of a sinecure, worth about £12,000 more, then enjoyed by his brother, Lord Arden. And also I find that after his death, his family received a grant of £50,000, and £3000 a year from the public money."

Cobbett, in his *History of George IV.*, sketches Mr. Perceval as follows: "But there now came among them a man who soon surpassed all the rest in power as well as in impudence and insolence toward the people. This was that Spencer Perceval, of whose signal death we shall have to speak by-and-by. This man, a sharp lawyer, had been inured from his first days at the bar to the carrying on of State prosecutions—a sort of understrapper to the attorneys-general in London, and frequently their deputy in the counties. He was a short, spare, pale-faced, hard, keen, sour-looking man, with a voice well suited to the rest, with words in abundance at his command, with the industry of a laborious, drudging attorney, with no knowledge of the great interests of the nation, foreign or domestic, but with a thorough knowledge of those means by which power is obtained and preserved in England, and with no troublesome scruples as to the employment of those means."

Again, writing of Mr. Perceval's unpopularity, he says: "Upon the news of

the death of Perceval arriving at Nottingham, at Leicester, at Truro, and, indeed, all over the country, demonstrations of joy were shown by the ringing of bells, the making of bonfires, and the like; and at Nottingham particularly, soldiers were called out to disperse the people upon the occasion." Cobbett happened to be a prisoner in Newgate at the time of Bellingham's execution. This is his version of what took place: "With regard to the fact of the offender going out of the world amid the blessings of the people, I, the author of this history, can vouch for its truth, having been an eye and ear witness of the awful and most memorable scene, standing, as I did, at the window of that prison into which I had been put in consequence of a prosecution ordered by this very Perceval. The crowd was assembled in the open space before me. I saw the anxious looks, I saw the half horrified countenances, I saw the mournful tears run down, and I heard the anxious blessings. The nation was growing heartily tired of the war; it despaired of seeing an end put to it without utter ruin to the country. The expenditure had reached an amount that frightened even loan-mongers and stock-jobbers, and a blow had been given to people's confidence by Perceval's recent acts, which had proclaimed to the whole world the fact of the depreciation of the paper money. These things made even the pretended exclusively loyal, secretly rejoice at his death."

There is much in all this which is very shocking, if true; and more so if false or colored up to fiction by personal enmity. But the sources from which the above quotations are taken are not the most likely to give a true rendering of the acts or principles of the minister they impugn. We might as reasonably look for an impartial biography of Pitt, Lord Derby, or Disraeli, at the hands of the Brights, Cobdens, and Roebucks of the present day.

Judged fairly, Mr. Perceval may be pronounced a thoroughly honest minister according to his convictions, possessing wonderful industry, but with no grand scope of genius or conception; well-meaning and conscientious, but yielding to long-cherished prejudices. Who does not, in some degree, labor under the last-named influence? And prejudice is more closely connected with enthusiasm than many may at first suppose. Dr. Johnson said he loved a good hater. Such ear-

ness was likely to bear fruit. Mr. Perceval was a first-rate man of business, and also a scholar of profound erudition; in one branch of learning, too, which appears extraordinary, when we consider how completely his time was occupied during a life which only extended over fifty years, nearly the last half of which was occupied in the public service. The late Duke of Sussex, it is well known, accumulated a splendid library,* unrivaled in Bibles and theological treatises. What is still more singular, he read his books. His shelves at Kensington Palace contained a complete collection of the early Fathers, which he took great pleasure in perusing. "I imbibed this taste," he said to a friend who related the anecdote to the writer of this notice, "from Mr. Perceval, who had them all at his fingers' ends, and I lit my little farthing candle at the blaze of his resplendent chandelier."

The lucubrations of the Fathers are quite as heavy and extensive as the series of Byzantine historians. They comprise

* A catalogue, in four volumes, was drawn up by his librarian, Mr. Pettigrew.

more ponderous tomes, despite the conflagration of the Alexandrian library under the Caliph Omar, than a student of intense perseverance could labor through in many years, with nothing else to disturb his time or attention. Strange as it may sound to the uninitiated, they abound in fragments and passages from the Greek dramatists, not to be found elsewhere. But they are also of superior value as corroborative evidences of gospel truth, dealing with none but canonical books, and proving their genuineness from the dawn of Christian revelation. In the same category, and on the same ground, though quite opposed to their intentions, we may class the earliest enemies of our faith, Celsus, Porphyry, and the Emperor Julian. It was certainly neither polite nor fraternal of Dr. Watson, following out the opinion of Eusebius, to set down the venerable Papias, the first propagator of the doctrine of the millennium, as "little better than a credulous old woman." A bishop of Hierapolis, in the second century, might have been treated with more civility by a mitered brother of Llandaff, in the eighteenth.

From the London Society Magazine.

A PHASE OF WOMAN'S WORK.

THERE is one work which women do for all but exceptional men, which is apt to be undervalued in after life. Of the mother's work, and the wife's work, either from natural affection or conventional acquiescence, we speak seriously and gratefully, but the link which joined the two, and without which the mother's work would have been in a certain degree sterile, and the wife's could hardly have been wrought, we pass over with a notice which is half contemptuous, though seldom unkind.

Now, without exacting too serious a cast of countenance, rather inviting a smile, and not forbidding even a dash of banter, we would bid you just think what you owe to your first love. A good many

very pleasurable hours, you will say, and perhaps as many which at the time seemed very wretched; the inspiration of a few rhymes which you would now think very silly, if you had not long since forgotten all about them; the expenditure of a vast amount of precious time upon a personal appearance which you have now got to think somewhat less important, and—well, very little else. Yes, dear sir, if you be human, very much else. Of course we are assuming that you did not marry your first love; if you did that, you are an exceptional, and, not improbably, a disappointed man, with whom we have nothing more to do. To another we say: To her you owe a very essential part of your education and development. Who was it

that tided you over the horrible period of hobbydehoyhood, and landed you *homme fait*? Who expanded and trained all your school-boy notions of gentlemanly bearing and honorable feeling? Who developed those delicate perceptions of fitness, those little niceties of appreciation, which, as a gentleman, you would not for the world be without? Assuredly your mother laid the foundation of them, and let us hope that your wife reaps the fruits of them; but your first love was the sun that expanded and gave them an impulse.

Those rhymes you used to write were very absurd, unless for the purpose which they fulfilled; they had no pretensions to be poetry, except as between you and her; but had you ever before, have you ever since, done so much with equal singleness of motive—have you ever felt devotion as real and as disinterested before or since? Perhaps you have—but has it been quite as fresh and unspotted? It may have been more vigorous and mature, it may have been quite as worthy, but has it been on the whole quite as beautiful?

This, however, has all passed away—not so its mark upon the character. You must be the better for having once tasted what was truly good; the more refined, for having once been pervaded by an influence so refining; more delicate in your perceptions of what causes pain and pleasure to others, for having once had your own susceptibilities so healthily exercised, all unseared, as they then were, by contact with the world. Verily those hours were not wasted. Look back now, and try whether you can not recollect having been conscious, with a sort of wonder, of the change that was being wrought in you. Can you not remember your own surprise and delight at the new and wondrously-expanded conception you suddenly gained of so much that was fresh, and beautiful, and noble?

Looking philosophically at all this, we shall almost be inclined to theorize upon "calflove," as being a provision of nature for perfecting the development of one, and perhaps (but that we leave to feminine experience) both of the sexes.

We know that marriages which spring out of these first loves are rarely happy; we know, too, that in those cases where the man seems to have lived through his youth without a love, the married life is often as sorry a venture. Would it then be far wrong to say, that in the former case

the mischief has arisen from the perversion of what should have been a preparatory training, and in the latter from that training never having been gone through? The fact is, that the youth needs to undergo a variety of moulding and polishing processes; sundry sharp angles have to be rounded off—here a conceit and there an absurdity has to be pared away—this or that latent point of character has to be brought out or strengthened. And all this must be done while the creature's ways and tendencies are in a plastic state, before crabbed knots have formed themselves in his character, while he is still diffident, and still sensitive about feminine criticism. If he have been left to himself at this critical period, in vain thereafter may the poor wife toil to straighten out, and smooth, and polish, all that is gnarled, and rough, and uneven in his ways. Even worse off is the luckless girl who hastily marries an untutored lad in his first love. A woman will bear to be ruled, even with a rigid scepter, but from a sway that is at once wayward and feeble, petulant and overweening, imperious and childish, she infallibly revolts. She will begin by playing with it, go on to ridicule it, then to despise it, and finally she will either break away from it, or by a *coup d'état* subvert it, and install her own dominion in its place. And of the two *dénouements* we know not which will render her the more wretched.

Thus, although possibly we shall be incurring the contempt and ire of some very worthy young men and women by saying so, we are not indisposed to look upon first love as a sort of preparatory school for the matrimonial college. But we would not stop there, nor limit to this its scope and influence. Rather we almost reverence it, as that which gives tone and warmth to the outset of life; lighting up the heart with charity, and so fitting it to go forth into the cold, hard world before it. It is well that the lad's nature should first feel the influence of the principle of love; distrust and craft, coldness and ill, will press about it soon enough. Let it first have a glimpse of at least the dream of what is noble, and beautiful, and pure, before it has to face the reality of baseness, and degradation, and deformity. Surely it will then the less easily become infidel as to the existence of good.

It would be a curious task to trace the first loves of great men. Who will write

a book about them? Let him bring to the work a pure heart and a gentle nature—one apt to discern little half-concealed lovelinesses of soul. A woman could not do it. She would, indeed, be quick to appreciate niceties of feeling and emotion, but she would not grasp the subject: first love is not to a woman what it is to a man. How of the first loves of the giants—of the men of iron will and unflinching nerve—of the cold critical men of intellect—of those whose only after love was science, or state-craft, or poetry, or war; or of the gentle, shy, yet noble natures whose inner life was the only one which they truly lived? Then the poor erring ones, the bad plotting ones, the dark-dealing ones, did they once come pure to worship purity, or did they soil and taint even those bright paths with their ill?

But we promised that you should not have to put on too grave a face if you would listen; let us laugh then, only let it not be cynically. You shall not ridicule the youth, for he is in earnest, and nothing that is honest and earnest is truly ridiculous. It must be confessed that he is *gauche*; but then, a while ago, he had not even awoke to the self-consciousness which is as yet his stumbling-block, but which will before long give place to modest self-respect. To you he may appear insufferably stupid, because he is wholly absorbed in himself and her; but then he was before incapable of being absorbed in any thing, he had hardly known a feeling so deep that half an hour among his comrades would not have sufficed to efface it. Nor are the time and energy all wasted. He is insensibly gaining tact and manner which no amount of study or exertion could procure him: and, if she be what true English maidens are wont to be, he will not dare to come before her a *fainéant*; he will dream, but he will work too, and perhaps, as they say it is with the somnambulists, he will work harder in his dreams than when the awakening comes; the love throws a halo round the toil, and turns drudgery into a triumph.

In other ways she will be his good angel. With her he will not fear the bugbear of ridicule for an honest sense of religion. She will help him not to be ashamed to be reverent, and that requires no little courage in a youth. There are very few lads who, with the eyes of their

companions upon them, will dare simply and humbly to kneel down and take a real part in an act of religious worship. Yet by her side it is done frankly and naturally enough; and somehow the higher blends with the human love—an ineffable link seems to join this on earth to that in heaven—the poetry of the one worship strangely mingles with that of the other, and testifies that both are pure, and—dare we say it?—in essence one.

It is not every girl that is fitted to be and to do all this. There are hundreds of well-looking young women who have never been first loves. Well, let them console themselves, they will perhaps the sooner be wives, for the qualifications of the wife and the ladye-love are by no means identical. There are girls who have served to train the aspirations, and to form the characters, of half a dozen young men in succession, who will yet probably die old maids. But, if it be so, they will not have been useless members of the social system. Some girls seem never to have a lover but of this class; they will begin at thirteen and go on to thirty-five, always with some youth under their training. We think no worse of them for it; there is very little guile about them. They are distinct from the race of mere flirts or coquettes; they are a much more estimable, though less brilliant set of lasses. Your trained belles will have nothing to say to overgrown boys, nor do the lads much affect them; they seldom choose a girl of deeply-marked character, almost never one of the strong-minded type. They rather cling to one of a gentle and somewhat lymphatic temperament, sufficiently romantic, but romantic, so to speak, in a vague and unpractical way; not absolutely bold, boldness jars with the refinement of first love; not too coy, that does not suit its timidity. Her own spring dreams must not have been laid aside; she must have a touch of enthusiasm in her nature, and a still unshaken belief in the power and poetry of true love. She may have seen the last of her teens, and yet not have lost all this; it is strange how long certain minds retain this tone of feeling. It comes to them in their spring-tide, and they preserve its dried semblance when its season is long past; they seem in a manner to conventionalize it, and so it lives on in them. Not because it has much depth; perhaps, on the contrary, it is because their impressions are so vague and shad-

owy, that they are so slowly dispelled, and so long in changing their cast: there is nothing tangible for sober experience and hard facts to sweep away or to transform. Again we repeat that we think no ill of this type of women; if they were not in the main guileless, they could not fulfill the part they do. We even go beyond this—yes, seriously, we honor them: if their sphere has not all the dignity of the matron's, it is one of very disinterested usefulness; if they are not in will, and consciously, self-sacrificed to the work, they are so in deed. Very little reward does it bring them beyond the happiness which is inseparable from the experience of some very guileless emotions, and the barren, though real satisfaction of having been the object of some very pure, and, for the time, very deep affection; the lads, for whom they have done so much, will rarely appreciate, or even recognize

it. They will look back upon this as a last and pleasant episode of boyhood; perhaps, at times, they will be conscious of a little uneasy feeling of wishing—they hardly know why—that Mary, or Jane, or Katie, were married, but that is all. Nor do we surmise that the girl philosophizes about it much more deeply: if, after all, she marries, she will only sometimes think over the old days pleasantly, and smile sagely to remember what silly children they two were; and if chronic spinsterhood come upon her, we can not expect more than that she should not grow querulous and ill-natured when she looks back from winter-tide upon those days of spring, whose summer and autumn were not.

Yet our impression remains the same—that hers has not been the most unworthy phase of woman's work. J. H.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.*

THE two captains sent by the British government, at the solicitation of the Royal Geographical Society, to discover the sources of the Nile, have been more fortunate than the two centurions dispatched by Nero on a similar errand. There may exist doubts as to the exhaustiveness of their search; there may prove to be other tributaries of the Nile flowing from the east or from the west, from more distant fountain heads than Speke and Grant have seen; but this much appears certain, that these explorers have traced the trunk stream of the river of Egypt to its exit from the Lake Nyanza, and that a southern limit of latitude has also been determined within which the tributaries of the lake must necessarily lie.

The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is, that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet. When we measure its deposed predecessor, the Mississippi, in a direct line between its mouth and the head of its remotest tributary, we find the distance to be about 1749 miles; the corresponding measurement of the Nile is no less than 2380. If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain 2450 for the Mississippi, against 3050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute meanderings of either stream; indeed, the exceedingly tortuous course of the upper part of the latter river is still unmapped with accuracy. There is no other on the globe that links such different climates as the Nile, none that is so remarkable for its physical peculiarities, none that is clothed with equal historical interest, and

* *Memoirs communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, June 22d, 1863. By Captain SPEKE. Anniversary Address, May 25th, 1863. By Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society.*

Papers communicated to the Ethnological Society, June 30th, 1863. By Captain AUGUSTUS GRANT.

none that has so attracted or so baffled the theorist and the explorer. Let us state, in a few words, the slow steps by which its investigation had hitherto advanced, before we narrate the adventures of the party by whom it has, at length, been accomplished.

All the world knows that tourists may sail readily up the Nile from its mouth, if they wish it, to the second cataract, a distance of 750 miles, neglecting the meanderings of the river; and they also know that a further course of 700 miles, partly navigable with ease and partly with great difficulty, takes the traveler to Khartûm, where the Blue and White branches combine. Their united volume forms the identical stream that intersects the whole breadth of the Sabara with a thread of habitable land; for not a single tributary, except the Atbâra—and that is almost dry in summer, while its mouth is barely 180 miles below Khartûm—adds any thing to its volume. Bruce reached Abyssinia at the end of the last century. He acted upon the erroneous conclusion that the Blue river was the more important of the two arms. He accordingly devoted himself to exploring the Lake Dembea, whence it derives its source, and therefore he claimed the honor of having discovered the fountain head of the Nile. The Blue river was certainly the more important stream of the two, speaking socially, for it led to Abyssinia, and its banks were populous; while the White Nile led due south into morasses, and to the haunts of barbarians. There is life in the waters of the former, as they swirl past Khartûm, clear, blue, and sparkling, like a vast salmon-stream; but the huge White Nile has a forlorn and mere-like character. The size of its mouth is masked by an island; and when its undivided waters have been entered, they seem so stagnant as to suggest the idea of a backwater to the Blue Nile, rather than a sister affluent. But its breadth and depth more than compensate for the sluggishness of its current; and we now know, by better measurements than the cotemporaries of Bruce were enabled to take, that its greater volume of water, as well as its far superior length, justly mark it to be the parent stream of the river of Egypt.

The White Nile was wholly neglected until M. Linant made a short expedition up it for one or two hundred miles, in 1827. His report of its size, and of the

ivory, gums, and other savage products that were procurable on its banks, inflamed the curiosity and the greed of the Egyptian government, who were then bent on extending their dominions. They sent out expeditions during three successive years, in which Arnaud and Werne took part, and explored the river for far more than 1000 miles of water-way, terminating at or about Gondakoro, which we have at length ascertained, through Speke's observations, to be in lat. $4^{\circ} 54'$ N. and long. $31^{\circ} 46'$ E. Fifty or sixty miles above Gondakoro, the navigation of the river is absolutely interrupted by rapids and rocks.

Henceforward, and by slow degrees, the White Nile became a highway for competing traders, who formed stations near its banks, and trafficked in ivory and slaves. They had little power to convey geographical knowledge, and, for the most part, they had strong pecuniary interest in withholding what they knew; so that our acquaintance with the river, in a scientific point of view, was out of all proportion inferior to its value and accessibility.

Praiseworthy attempts have been made by individuals, who were mainly incited by the earnest appeals of the French Geographical Society, and especially of its late venerable president, M. Jomard, to explore beyond Gondakoro, and to map the neighborhood of the river; but they met with scanty success. Our maps of the high Nilotic countries are compromises of exceedingly different representations, mostly devoid of any astronomical basis; and the farthest exploration of the most successful traveler, Miani, reached only to a point which Speke has now ascertained to be in lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$ N. As for the extraordinary sketch of Petherick's route, which that traveler laid down upon paper with a free hand, and without the slightest astronomical check, we dismiss it from our consideration. It is wholly unproved, and is, in many respects, improbable.

The failure of travelers from Gondakoro was mainly due to the distance of that place from Khartûm, whence all supplies had to be drawn, to the wretched quality of Khartûm servants, and to the disorganized and poverty-stricken character of the country immediately beyond Gondakoro. A traveler could obtain no porters at that place, beasts of burthen did not exist, yet

a strong party was essential to security and progress. Success was only possible to an able leader, who could command means to take out with him an imposing expedition, so completely organized as to be independent of the natives.

While progress languished on the White Nile, and geographers were periodically tantalized and disappointed by scraps of intelligence published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, an entirely new base of operations was suggested to future travelers. Two missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, directed by religious caprice, selected a small town on the east coast of Africa as their station. It is called Mombas; it lies a little to the north of Zanzibar, and in lat. $4^{\circ} 4' S$. They established themselves there, learnt native languages, made journeys to the interior, and published an account of what they had seen and heard. They astonished European geographers by the assertion that they had found two snow-capped mountains, whose position they fixed at an extravagant distance from the coast. Unfortunately for their credit, their narratives were too loosely recorded to endure a searching criticism; their itineraries were discussed, and their journeys were shown to have extended only a half or a third of the distance they had claimed to have accomplished. Fanciful conclusions were also interwoven with their statements of fact. In consequence of these serious inaccuracies, a misgiving unjustly attached itself to the whole of their story. They were bitterly assailed on many sides; some persons asserted the mountains to be myths, and others believed them to exist as peaks of moderate altitude, whitened by quartz or dolomite. There were but a few who, while they acknowledged the missionaries to be unscientific, recoiled from accusing them of intentional misstatement, and refused to believe that a native of German Switzerland, like Rebmann, should mistake the character of so familiar an object as a snow mountain, when he had spent many days in its neighborhood, and walked partly round it. We now know that the latter view was the correct one; but, at the time of which we are speaking, discussions grew exceedingly warm, and further exploration was urgently called for in Eastern Africa.

The next incident that bears upon our subject was the appearance of a map,

wholly compiled from native information by Mr. Rebmann, with the assistance of another missionary, Mr. Erhardt. It included a vast territory, reaching from the eastern coast to the medial line of Africa, and was founded on the statements of travelers by several caravan routes, which were said to run parallel to one another, from the coast to the interior, at 150 miles apart, and to end, in every case, on the shores of a lake. Other information connected the routes by cross sections, and made it probable that the three lakes were one continuous sheet of water, prolonged into the Lake Maravi of the older maps. The memoir that accompanied the missionaries' sketch was composed with great ability, and could not fail to convince readers that, notwithstanding the improbability of the existence of a sheet of water of the egregious dimensions and unnatural outline ascribed to it in the sketch, there was undoubtedly a lake country of great extent at some sixty days' journey from the eastern coast, and that more than one road to it lay perfectly open to any traveler who chose to make the effort.

The labors of Mr. Cooley are too well known and too numerous to need recapitulation here. He had advocated a long narrow lake, stretching down Eastern Africa; but his arguments were based on travels that were little known to the English public, and were raised on an almost too ingenious critical basis. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the arguments of the Abyssinian traveler, Dr. Beke, and of a crowd of others who entertained various hypotheses on the geography of various parts of Eastern Africa. They had not the influence they deserved. It was perhaps natural that the simple statements of men writing from Africa itself, who were able to converse with numbers of travelers, including the native captains of caravan parties, who were, of all negroes, the best qualified informants, should impress the majority of geographers with a greater air of reality than learned discussions, elaborated within the sound of Bow Bells.

The discoveries, speculations, and maps of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt obtained a wide circulation, and induced theorists to suppose that the snow mountains of the missionaries were identical with the Mountains of the Moon, spoken of by Ptolemy, whence the Nile was said to

rise; and they argued, on that hypothesis, that an expedition should be sent from Zanzibar to seek the sources of that river. On the other hand, there were many who urged an investigation of the Lake question, as one of great geographical interest and apparently easy solution. In fine, the Geographical Society successfully exerted itself to procure the dispatch of an exploring party to Eastern Africa, to find out what they could: hence, Burton and Speke's expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1857-9. It will be recollected that Burton, the leader of the party, suffered severely from an illness during the whole of the journey, against which he gallantly but unsuccessfully struggled. Consequently, on his arrival at Kazeh, the half-way station between Lake Tanganyika and the coast, and an entrepôt of some importance, whence a trading route diverges to the north, he dispatched Speke on a solitary expedition. He was to follow that route, and to visit a great lake called Nyanza, which was clearly one of the separate lakes which the missionaries had believed to be united in one continuous sheet of water. Speke went, and reached the southern shores of an enormous inland sea in lat. $2^{\circ} 45' S.$ and long. $33^{\circ} 30' E.$, and therefore at a distance of 480 geographical miles from Gondakoro, and about 400 from the highest point to which the White Nile had been ascended by Miani. Recollecting this fact, and being informed that the lake extended some 400 miles in that direction, (it actually does extend more than 200,) and that it had a northern outlet in a river frequented by white men, Speke came to the conclusion that that river must be the Nile, and therefore that the Nyanza (or as he was pleased to call it, with questionable taste, the Victoria Nyanza) was, in a proximate sense, its long-sought source.

The present expedition of Captains Speke and Grant was planned to investigate that hypothesis. It was undertaken with the help of government aid, granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society, and has proved the truth of Speke's theory. We will now proceed to relate the chief incidents and the geographical results of their protracted journey.

Captains Speke and Grant left Zanzibar in October, 1860, after having dispatched a caravan of natives in advance, to form a depot of goods and traveling necessities

at Kazeh. The expedition was arranged on a liberal scale, though it was prepared under serious disadvantages, owing to the delays that always intervene between the time when hope is held out of government support, and the day when it is finally given. Speke's preparatory arrangements were thrown sadly out of gear by the procrastination of officials at home, and his start was unduly hurried at the last moment. It was, in fact, retarded until the most favorable season of the year had passed. They started with a motley caravan, consisting, first, of sixty armed men from Zanzibar, who were engaged to serve them throughout the journey, and who carried the travelers' personal luggage; next came an army of local porters, laden with goods of exchange, such as beads and calico; and to these was added a curious detachment which had been pressed upon them, with the kindest intentions, by Sir George Gray, then governor of the Cape. It consisted of a number of Hottentot soldiers. They were an utter and a costly failure; for the difference of climate between their native droughts and the steaming vegetation of the coast opposite Zanzibar was too great for their constitutions to withstand. Many died, and the others were useless from ill-health, as well as from their ignorance of the language, habits, and methods of locomotion of Eastern Africa, and they had to be sent back. Some mules and donkeys were taken, but they also proved a failure. The great journey had to be performed on foot.

No African caravan-track could have been less obstructed than the road to Kazeh, when Speke traveled along it in the company of Burton: on the present occasion, the face of fortune seemed steadily set against him. A drought and famine of remarkable severity afflicted the whole extent of Eastern Africa, and produced the well-known fruits of disorganization and political troubles among the native tribes. It also happened that a chief of importance had died, and the question of his succession was disputed by arms. In short, the two travelers pushed through far more severe impediments than they had reckoned upon, before even Kazeh was reached; and, on attempting to proceed further, they were attacked and plundered. Speke became seriously ill, and Grant, who at that time was detached from him, with a portion of

the remaining stores, could barely hold his own. Communication with Zanzibar was expected to be cut off, and matters wore for a time a very alarming aspect. However, the two friends effected a junction, and contrived to fall back on Kazeh, and to reorganize their party by obtaining a new set of porters and fresh interpreters. They then recommenced their journey in October, 1861, just one year after leaving Zanzibar, with restored health, better prospects, and lighter hearts. Thus far we had heard from them *via* Zanzibar, but not a scrap of intelligence of their subsequent fate reached even the confines of the civilized world, until the two travelers emerged at Gondakoro, on the White Nile, on February 15, 1863.

Of the two routes from Kazeh by which the northern end of Lake Nyanza may be reached, a person who was merely guided by his map might conclude it was a matter of indifference whether a traveler should follow the eastern or the western shore of the lake. But when political causes are taken into consideration, it is found that the eastern route is wholly impracticable. It passes through the territory of a warlike and disunited people, the Masai, with whom no traveler has yet succeeded in making friends. They possess no paramount chief whose good-will can shield the explorer throughout an extensive country, but every tribe is independent in its own domain, and probably on ill-terms with its neighbors. Thus, the Baron Von der Decken, who measured and ascended the missionaries' snow mountain, Kilimandjaro, to a height of thirteen thousand feet, has recently been driven back by the Masai, on attempting to enter their territory from the eastern side. The western and north-western shores of the lake are subject to very different political conditions. They are included in the territory of Uganda, and one despotic sovereign holds them under his strict control. He also maintains a fleet of war-canoes on its waters. He is, therefore, all-powerful to aid or to thwart a traveler, and it was to his court that Speke and Grant intended to proceed, in order to gain his assistance.

Thus far, say one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kazeh, the travelers had journeyed among the Wanyamesi and other uninteresting negroes, who are said to have been formerly included in a kingdom of some importance. They are

now scattered in tribes and families, where each man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to no restriction beyond the self-imposed restraint of superstitious customs and the personal interference of his neighbors. The single principle they possess, that attains to the dignity of a national policy, is a tacit understanding that traveling parties should be taxed and robbed by individuals only so far as will fall short of putting a stop to the caravan trade altogether. It is cold comfort to acknowledge that this is an advance upon the doctrines of the Masai. Now, however, on the western shores of Lake Nyanza, Speke and Grant came upon a series of strong governments, including that of Uganda, and found their history to be of considerable interest.

Scattered among the Wanyamesi and neighboring races are found families of a superior type to the negro. They exist as a pastoral people, but in other respects they adopt the customs of the races of Africa. They bear different names in different places, but we will describe them by that which has the widest currency, namely, Wähumä. Speke considers them offshoots of the Gallas of Abyssinia, and of Asiatic origin. He believes they migrated in somewhat ancient times in bands from Abyssinia, and met with various fortunes. In some countries, as in Uniamesi, they were simply mingled with the natives; but in those he was about to visit they had achieved the position of a ruling caste, though quite insignificant in numbers, when compared to the negroes whom they ruled. Such was first found to be the case in Uzinli, a small country governed by a robber, the terror of Arab traders, which lies eighty miles to the west of the south end of Lake Nyanza. Speke and Grant traversed Uzinli with the greatest difficulty, and thence made their way to the capital of the hospitable Wahuma, king of Karagwé, which lay two hundred and fifty miles from Kazeh and seventy miles west of the lake. Uganda lies north of Karagwé, and is rarely visited by traders from Zanzibar. It was Speke's aim to make a favorable impression on the more accessible king of Karagwé, and to avail himself of his good-will in obtaining a satisfactory introduction to his powerful neighbor. Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, keeps up his state with some magnificence, and has the bearing and the liberal ideas of a gentleman. His country is

a fair undulating land, partly six thousand feet above the sea, and elsewhere sloping to the lake. His cattle cover the hills in tens of thousands. His rule is strict, and his people are thriving; but as the peculiarities of Wahuma governments were more noteworthy in Uganda, we will reserve the description of them just at present.

Speke quitted Karagwé on the first of June, 1862, escorted by a guard sent by Rumanika, and carrying a friendly letter of introduction to M'tése, the King of Uganda.

Many are the difficulties of African travel, due to physical and other causes, that readily suggest themselves to any one, such as heat, rains, privations, and unruly attendants; but these may be overcome by any man who is gifted with a strong constitution, determination, and patience. The greatest difficulty of all depends on other causes, over which no traveler, however well qualified, has more than a limited control. There is the accident of the tribes among whom he travels being at peace or at war with each other, and that of a despot's caprice being favorable or unfavorable to his progress. Wherever active war is carried on, the road is almost hopelessly closed between the contending parties; wherever there is peace, the suspicion of a ruler is aroused by the arrival of a stranger, on a doubtful errand, to traverse his territory. He suspects his mission to be espionage, he trembles lest enchantments should ensue, and is quite sure that covert danger of some kind or other is to be apprehended if the traveler is allowed to move about as he pleases. Land journeys of great extent, in Africa, can only be made, either when the road is freely open to caravans, as was the case in Burton and Speke's expedition to Tanganyika, or when the goodwill of a chief has been obtained who enjoys such power and prestige that his escort, or even his name, is a sufficient passport. The latter was the good-fortune of Livingstone, and such was the happy luck of Speke, whose power of managing natives seems to be unsurpassed by any recent traveler, and unequaled save by Livingstone. It also happened that the Wahuma kings, especially the King of Uganda, had a motive in letting him pass: they desired the establishment of trading routes with the stations visiting by white men. They live in considerable

semi-barbaric state, and have, as we shall presently see, a more refined taste than is usually heard of in negro Africa. Their wants are in advance of the productive skill of their people, though these are raised many degrees above barbarism: for instance, to show their advance in mechanical arts, the native blacksmiths have sufficient skill to inlay iron with copper. The King of Karagwé has not unfrequently received European manufactures by way of Zanzibar, though his rascally brother of Uzinli lays an almost prohibitive black mail on whatever passes his territory. The king of a yet more northern Wahuma State than Uganda, by name Unyoro, of which we have not hitherto spoken, but which abuts on the negro tribes in the neighborhood of Gondakoro, occasionally obtained goods that had been conveyed by whites on the Nile; but none of these ever reached M'tése, the King of Uganda, except as noteworthy presents from his neighboring brother-sovereigns. It naturally followed that he felt an eager desire to open a commercial route in both directions, and was thrown into a ferment of joy at the news of Speke's arrival. Little did M'tése know of the evil of uncontrolled traffic with a powerful and unscrupulous race. When Speke saw the doings of the Turkish traders at Gondakoro, and witnessed their plunder, their insolence, and their cruelty, he regretted bitterly that the word "trade" had ever passed his lips to tempt his kind-hearted host in Uganda.

Speke's route lay through vast reedy plains parallel to the west shores of the Nyanza. He crossed deep stagnant channels every mile, and one great river, which seemed to him as full of water as the White Nile itself, flowing swift and deep between banks of dense stiff reeds, impenetrable except through certain tortuous paths. This river may therefore be reckoned as the parent stream of the Nyanza lake; or, in other words, the river of Karagwé is the true head-water of the Nile.

Uganda occupies the whole of the north-western shoulder of the lake, whose shores are of the shape of a schoolboy's peg-top. The peg-end is directed due south, and looks on the map very like an ancient outlet, in a southern direction, into an adjacent tributary of the Tanganyika Lake. Its geographical position is $2^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat. and $33^{\circ} 30'$ E. long. The flat upper bound-

ary of the lake closely coincides with the equator, and from its very center, and also at the frontier of Uganda, the Nile issues in a stream one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a leap of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets of the lake (if in truth they be not independent rivers) converge upon the Nile at various distances, one of which does not join it till after an independent course of ninety miles from the lake. One hardly knows where else to find an example of such hydrographical conditions. When a river runs into a lake or the sea, it has always a tendency to divide itself in many channels, because it deposits mud and forms a delta; but Speke's map presents that same appearance of many channels in connection with an outflow of the river, which is certainly a very unusual, as it is an unintelligible condition. The lake is heavily bordered by reeds, and continues exceedingly shallow far from shore; no boats venture to cross it. Uganda is bounded by the main stream of the Nile, which Speke followed, more or less closely, the whole way from the Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of near 5°, say 350 miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great and remarkable bend. At the middle of the bend the river is said to dip into the northern shoulder of the Luta Nzigé, a narrow lake of some two hundred miles in length, and to reissue immediately. There is some confusion about this name, though none about the water it refers to. Luta Nzigé, which is said to mean neither more nor less than "dead locust," was applied by the natives to many sheets of water, including the Nyanza itself. Speke identifies the lake of which we are now speaking by the phrase "little Luta Nzigé." The travelers were compelled by circumstances to cut across the chord of the above-mentioned bend, a distance of eighty miles, and to leave the Luta Nzigé unvisited; but we are exceedingly glad to hear that this single deficiency in their exploration is in a fair way of being supplied by the zeal of an excellent traveler, Mr. Samuel Baker, to whose proceedings we shall shortly recur, and who has started from Gondakoro for that purpose. It is the more necessary that this interval should be examined, as there is an unaccountable difference of latitude of the river before and after the bend, amounting to one thousand feet. If there be no error of

observations, a vast system of rapids and waterfalls must intervene.

It aids our conception of numerical data to measure them by simple standards; those that refer to the Nile are thus to be easily disposed of. That river spans, from south to north, very nearly one fifth of the entire meridional arc, from pole to pole; and its general course is so strictly to the north, that its source in the river of Karagwé is due south of Alexandria. Khartûm is the exact half way between the Nyanza and the exit of the Nile from the Nyanza, which lies almost exactly under the equator.

Having thus far anticipated the narrative of Speke's personal adventures by alluding to some of the main features of the country, we will proceed to fill in the picture by further details. Karagwé occupies the eastern slope of a plateau six thousand feet above the sea. Conical hills, of which M'fumbiro is the highest and most central, are scattered about the plain, but there are no mountain giants and no continuous range. Westward of the plateau the watershed is into a small lake called the Rusizi, lying between the parallels of 1° and 2° and in about the 30° E. long. An affluent of Lake Tanganyika proceeds due southward from this lake, consequently the amphitheater of mountains that has been pictured in some maps round the northern end of the Tanganyika must be removed, or be so far cut away as to admit of the river's entry. An east and west distance of one hundred and fifty miles separates the Rusizi from the Nyanza. The next tribute to geographical science, collected by Speke from native information, is that the Tanganyika has a large outlet at its southern extremity, which feeds the Niassa of Livingstone, and therefore reaches the sea by way of the Shiré and the Zambesi. This new fact, if fact it be, ranks as a signal triumph to common sense, in the face of the former observations of Burton and Speke, who navigated some distance down the Tanganyika, but never were within one hundred and fifty miles of its supposed end. They insisted, upon native evidence, that a river ran *into* it at that place, not out of it. Consequently, the Tanganyika, though a fresh-water lake, was described as resembling the Dead Sea, a sheet of water without any outlet whatever, that gets rid of the water poured into it by means of evaporation only.

It was objected, on their arrival in England, that two facts were also stated, irreconcilable with such an hypothesis; namely, that while, on the one hand, the periodical rains fell heavily and continuously during half the year, when no evaporation took place, so, on the other hand, there was no variation in the level of the lake, as ascertained at the wharves of the fishermen. It was wholly impossible that a half-yearly supply and loss of water should be accompanied by an unvarying level. The statement now brought back by Speke is in accordance with physical science, as well as with the maps of Cooley and of the missionaries.

We have thus far arrived at the fact, that the high table-land, one hundred and twenty miles across, of which M'fumbiro is the center, is drained on the east by the tributaries of the Nyanza, and therefore of the Nile, and the south south-west by those of the Tankanyika, and therefore of the Zambesi. There is also strong reason to believe, from the information brought by Speke, as well as from the appearance of the map and the conclusions of previous African geographers, that the sources of the Congo are to be found there also. Hence we may conclude that from this circumscribed district the waters drain into the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic, and that the M'fumbiro plateau is the key-stone, the *omphalos*, of African geography. We consider this fact, if fact it be, the greatest discovery made by Speke and Grant.*

The theory of Sir Roderick Murchison, that the interior of Africa is an elevated watery plateau, whence rivers escape by bursting through a circumscribing mountainous boundary, must now be received with some limitation. It was literally true in the case of the Zambesi, but facts

are still wanting to test its strict applicability to the Congo; and, as to the Nile, the following remarks were made by Sir Roderick in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society:*

"Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true center of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh-water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of three thousand five hundred feet above the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a southern watershed, and can not escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the late Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade."

We therefore see that the watery plateau which was described as extending to the Niger, in western longitudes, is terminated by the equator in the eastern portion of Africa.

We learn in addition, that the exceptional character of the Nile is shared in a very much more remarkable degree by the Tanganyika, Niassa, and Shiré valleys. The Tanganyika occupies a crevasse of some three hundred miles in length, comparable in its narrowness and abruptness to the Valley of the Dead Sea. In exactly a similar way, the Niassa and the Shiré occupy a continuous north and south chasm, that has already been traced by Livingstone to a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Now that we hear of a connection existing between the Tanganyika and Niassa, we may reasonably sup-

* It deserves observation that De Barros, one of the best informed of the Portuguese geographers, whose work was published in 1591, and is quoted by Dr. Beke in this *Essay on the Sources of the Nile*, (p. 40,) speaks of a great lake in the interior as sending forth three rivers, namely, the Tacuy or Nile, the Zairo or Congo, and the Zambesi or Cuama. He says: "The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12° S. latitude, and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred miles in extent, and it lies under the equator." The people on this lake are described as more civilized than the people of Congo. Though not strictly accurate, this ancient statement is an approach to what has now been ascertained to be the truth.

* See July Number, last Volume, page 368.

pose that its channel runs through a similar fissure. The length of the entire series, from the Rusizi to the Zambesi, is nearly fourteen hundred miles in a direct line.

Bearing these extraordinary facts in mind, the great feature of Eastern Africa consists in a more or less marked groove, occupied by water-channels. It runs right through the continent from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending where the land narrows into the promontory that terminates with the Cape Colonies. It cleaves the eastern shoulder of Africa from the rest of the continent, much as Arabia is cleft from Africa by the long and narrow Red Sea. So, again, to adduce another example from a neighboring country, the deep and continuous Valley of the Jordan, Dead Sea, Wady Araba, and the Gulf of Akaba, is formed by an abrupt fissure possessing no less than three watersheds—that of the sources of the Jordan in the north, and those of the Wady Araba, whence the drainage is to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and to the Gulf of Akaba on the other. It is remarkable that our globe presents so close a repetition of the same peculiar fissures in several neighboring places, and it strongly tempts us to refer their production to the same class of physical agencies.

Another important acquisition in geography, for which we are indebted to this and the previous expedition, consists in a greatly improved knowledge of the water-supply of Central Africa. It is undeniable that, owing to the great majority of travels, in recent years, having been confined to the Sahara, the Karoos, and the Kaliharri, an impression has forced itself on the popular mind that the whole interior of Africa is arid. But it is an error to suppose that this opinion was current among educated geographers; their fault lay in the opposite direction. The only approach, in recent times, to a belief in the aridity of any part of Africa, which subsequent facts disproved, lay in the question of the northern boundary of the Kaliharri Desert. It was a surprise to geographers when Livingstone showed them that it was *abruptly* bounded by a swampy land, full of large rivers; but in reference to the general question of the moisture or drought of equatorial Africa, the exceeding humidity of its coasts has unduly influenced opinion as to the character of its more distant interior.

To take a single example, we will quote a few lines from a masterly sketch of African geography in the first volume of Bruce's *Travels*, which appeared at the beginning of this century. It was written by his editor, Dr. Murray, and will be found in the appendix on the Galla races—those people from whom Speke theoretically derives the Wahumas:

"The scanty knowledge we possess of the eastern and western shores of Africa, in the region of the Line, would lead us to suppose that the central country is mountainous, intersected with deep and extensive valleys and large streams, whose banks have all the wild luxuriance of warm, rainy climates. All the kingdoms that lie around the Gulf of Guinea are well watered, and consequently fertile in a high degree. South of these, the countries of Loando, Congo, Ngolo, and Benguela, where the Portuguese have settled, merit a similar character, which undoubtedly may be extended across the interior to the countries of Mozambique, Querimba, and Zanzibar, on the opposite eastern shore. . . . All the interior of Africa between the tropics must be full of rivers, woods, and ravines, on account of the rains which inundate it during the winter season. Accordingly we observe abundance of streams in these latitudes, which enter the ocean on either side."

The error of more recent geographers has lain in the same direction. Thus, in Keith Johnston's "Physical Atlas," the chart of the distribution of rain ascribes an amount of precipitation in equatorial Africa, little inferior to that observed in similar latitudes elsewhere in the world. The humidity of the coasts of Africa corroborated this view, and the outpour of water from its interior did not disprove it. The river drainage of Africa was known to be large, while our imperfect knowledge of the river mouths along its coasts, made it probable that the outpour was still greater than had actually been ascertained. Africa used to be described as a land in which we knew of the existence of vast rivers, but were ignorant of their embouchures. The Niger of a generation back, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and the great river of Du Chaillu, are all instances where the streams were known by exaggerated reports, but their mouths, where nautical surveyors might gauge the water they poured into the sea, were undiscovered. The hydrology of Eastern Africa is now pretty well understood; it depends upon well-marked geographical features. A narrow coast-line is bounded by the

rampart-like edge of a high plateau; the rain-bearing monsoons blow parallel to this ridge, and not across it; consequently there are heavy rains on the coast-line, and a comparative drought to a considerable space beyond. On passing about a quarter of the distance across Africa, and on arriving at the meridian of the lakes, rain again begins to fall freely, but its amount, as measured by Grant's rain-gauge, bears no comparison to the deluge that descends in similar parallels, either on the great oceans, or on the islands that lie within them, elsewhere in the world.

Whatever water the rivers of a country may pour year by year into the sea must have been derived from it, on the average, within the same periods. Now it is clear, from geographical considerations, that Africa is unfavorably disposed to receiving rain-bearing currents from the ocean. The existence of the Sahara to the north, and the Kaliharri Desert to the south, makes it impossible that vapor supplies should reach the interior in a straight line from the sea in either of those directions. Again, we have already said that the monsoons blow parallel to the east coast, and we should add, that the trade winds blow parallel to the west coast; consequently, the vapor that reaches the interior must be derived from limited directions, and can only be conveyed by the comparatively insignificant channel of upper atmospheric currents. We consequently find that the vegetation of Central Equatorial Africa is, on the whole, not so moist and steaming as that of its coasts, but that it is largely characterized by open plains and scraggy mimosa trees; and though the flatness of large portions of its surface admits of the ready formation of great lakes and reedy plains, there is an absence of that vast amount of suspended vapor which would ensue from African temperatures if the air were saturated with moisture. The chief cause of the rise of the White Nile must not be looked for in the swelling of the Nyanza Lake. The rain-fall was found to be too continuous throughout the year to make any very marked alteration of its level; but south of the level of Gondakoro, the division of the rainy and dry season begins to be sharply defined. We should therefore mainly ascribe the rise of the White Nile to the rain-fall north of about three degrees north latitude.

We will now turn from considerations

of physical geography to the history and character of the races among whom Speke and Grant have been so long familiar. It seems clear to us that in no part of Africa do the negroes present so few points of interest as in the country which stretches between the lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza and the eastern coast. But on arriving at the three Wahuma kingdoms, which inclose the western and north-western shores of the latter lake, a remarkable state of social and political life arrests the attention. Two at least of these Wahuma kingdoms have the advantage of being ruled with a firm hand, and, as we have already stated, the three are governed by a stranger dynasty, of a higher race than the people who compose the bulk of their respective nations. This is no exceptional occurrence in Africa: the great kingdoms of North African negroland which now, or formerly, stretch in a succession of blocks below the Sahara, from the Niger to the Nile, have been for the most part founded by alien races. It is hard to overrate the value of such a political condition to a negro population, who are servile, susceptible, and little able to rule themselves. The negro is plastic under the influence of a strong, if it be a sympathetic, government, to an extent of which our northern experiences can afford no instance. The recent growth of national dignity among the Italians is a feeble parallel to what may be effected, in the same time, by the conversion of a barbarian chief to the Mohammedan creed. The impressionable character of the negroes is such as may be seen in a school of European boys, which is immediately infected by bad example and negligent discipline, and almost as rapidly raised in moral tone by the influence of a capable master. We Anglo-Saxons stand too far from the negroes, socially, morally, and intellectually, to be able to influence them like the Arabs, the Tawareks, or these Wahumas.

The eagerness of the African to be led, and his incapacity to lead, is such that any able and energetic man, who can hold his own for a few years, appears to have a good chance of founding a kingdom and originating new customs and names. The political state of the African negroland seethes with continual agitation. The Niger countries have been known to us little more than forty years, yet that short space of time has witnessed the introduction of an entirely new race,

the Fellatahs, and the construction of an enormous aggregate of Fellatah kingdoms, not only on the foundation of previously existing governments, but also by the annexation of barbarian races. So in South Africa, the Kaffir tribes of the earlier travelers have changed their names; they and their Hottentot, Negro, and Negroid neighbors dwell within largely modified frontiers; half-caste breeds of the Hottentots have flourished and become absorbed, while another somewhat adulterated Hottentot race, the Namaquas, are become the most powerful of any native race. The remainder of Africa is known to us so lately, that we have nothing but recent tradition and circumstantial evidence to guide us; these, however, suffice to confirm our assertion. The negroes are continually grouping themselves in fresh combinations, to an extent that may remind us of a pack of cards variously dealt over and over again into different hands. The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic; we will describe that of Uganda.

Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established in the country now divided among Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered the lake, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kiméra, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent for his sport the Nile near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom. Kiméra became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the kingdom of Uganda. He built himself a vast inclosure of large huts, as a palace; he collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country, built boats for war purposes on the lake, organized an army, legislated on ceremonies, behavior, and dress, and superin-

tended *hygiène* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king, and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

Kiméra left at his death an enormous progeny, to whom his people behaved as ruthlessly as if they had been disciples of Mr. Carlyle, or as a hive of some imaginary species of bees might be supposed to treat their too numerous royal grubs. We do not learn what became of the girls, but the boys were sumptuously housed and fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. The most promising youth of the lot was elected king; the two *proxime accesserunt* were set aside as a reserve in case of accident, and then the people burnt to death, without compunction, every one of the remaining princes. The people have certainly been well ruled under this strict system of artificial selection, and the three Wahuma kings are every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. It would be a pattern even for Zanzibar; but M'tése's reign is a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the court of Uganda, as in that of the other Wahuma courts, are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of state is the lady who had the good fortune to have acted as monthly nurse to the sovereign's mother. After this Mrs. Gamp follow the queen's sister and the king's barber. Then come governors of provinces and naval and military commanders; then the executioners (who are busy men in Uganda) and the superintendents of tombs; lastly, the cook. In a lower grade are juvenile pages to look after the women, and to run upon errands; they are killed if they dare to walk. In addition to these is an effective band of musicians, who drum, rattle gourds with dry peas inside

them, play flutes, clarionettes, wooden harmoniums, and harps, besides others who sing and whistle on their fingers. Every person of distinction must constantly attend on his sovereign, or his estates are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made from the pounded bark of the fig-tree, for he is fined heavily or killed outright if he exhibits even a patch of bareleg. What a blessing trousers would be to them! These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn over robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the utmost furrier's art. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modeled upon established custom. Even the king is not free; Wahumataste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favored individual must return thanks for the condescending attention by floundering flat on the ground and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most days in the palace, which is a vast inclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strewn with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution. The three or four thousand wives of the king inhabit the huts and quizzed Speke's party. There is plenty to do at these levees, both in real work and in ceremony. Orders are given, punishments adjudged, presents are received. Military commanders bring in the cattle and plunder they have taken; artisans bring their *chefs d'œuvre*; hunters produce rare animals, dead and alive, Kim-éra, the first king, having established a menagerie. Pages are running about, literally for their lives, and the band of drummers and pea-gourd rattlers, and artistes whistling on their fingers, with the other accompaniments, never ceases to play. The king has, however, some peace. He sets aside three days a month to attend to his religious ceremonies. He possesses a collection of magic horns, which he arranges and contemplates, and thereby communicates with a spirit who lives deep in the waters of the Nyanza.

He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. At other times he makes pilgrimages, dragging his wives after him; on which occasions no common man dare look at the royal procession. If any peeping Tom be seen, the inevitable pages hunt him down and rob him of every thing. Occasionally the king spends a fortnight yachting on the lake, and Speke was his companion on one of these occasions. M'tése, the king, is a young man of twenty-five, who dresses scrupulously well, and uses a pocket-handkerchief. He is a keen sportsman, and became a capital shot at flying game, under Speke's tuition. He told Speke that Uganda was his garden, and that no one might say nay to him. Grant, we may mention, had been ill, and remained five months at Karagwé, while his colleague had gone forward to feel the way.

Speke established his position at the court of Uganda by judicious self-assertion and happy audacity. He would not flounder on his belly, nor whine like a happy dog. He would not even consent to stand in the sun awaiting the king's leisure at the first interview, but insisted on sitting in his own chair with an umbrella over his head. The courtiers must have expected the heavens to fall upon such a man, but they did not; and, in the end, M'tése treated him like a brother, and the two were always together. Savage despots have to be managed like wild beasts. If the traveler is too compliant, he is oppressed, thwarted, and ruined; if he is too audacious, the autocrat becomes furious, and the traveler is murdered, like Vogel in Wadai.

Though Speke was treated with the utmost friendliness at Uganda, living entirely at the king's expense, his movements were narrowly constrained, and he never seems to have left the immediate neighborhood of the palace, except on the one occasion when he was yachting with M'tése, who would not allow him to explore the lake more thoroughly. He was detained month after month, according to the usual fate of African travelers, and finally effected his departure with difficulty. Other reported facts on the geography of the land had now transpired. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigé was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the equator; and another small lake, the Baringo, was

described due east of the Nyanza, and so far connected with it that the canoes of the Uganda people sailed there for salt. Its outlet was said to be by the Asua, a small river which joins the Nile above Gondakoro, near the farthest point reached by Miani. It would appear from the map, that if Kenia and Kilimandjaro send any of their drainage waters to the White Nile, it must be by way of the Baringo. Hence, whatever snow-water may be contributed to the White Nile must be poured into it through the Asua river.

After Speke and Grant had left the capital of Uganda, they traveled with an escort; Speke diverged directly to the Nile, which he struck fifty miles from the lake. Speke then ascended the river, and traced it to its exit from the Nyanza, and afterwards returned down its stream in canoes. We pass over the particulars of his journey, though it was, personally, eventful to him. His boats were unexpectedly attacked, while he was still in Uganda, and he forced his way through considerable dangers. Finally, he reached the capital of Unyoro, the third and last of the great Wahuma kingdoms.

His reception by the king was unfriendly. The Unyoro people are sullen, cowardly, and disobliging, and their habits afford a disagreeable contrast to the sprightly ways and natty dress of their neighbors in Uganda, whom Speke compares to the French. He and Grant spent many dreary months at Unyoro, in lat. $1^{\circ} 40' N.$, before they were allowed to proceed. The king would never permit them even to enter his palace; he was always at his witchcrafts. They were first threatened by the Unyoro people and then by their Uganda escort, who endeavored to take them back. Half of their porters deserted them. It would weary the reader to follow the travelers' narrative of their truly African miseries in this inhospitable land. They were felt the more acutely because the bourne of their journey was close at hand, and many things denoted the neighborhood of the races and localities known to travelers from the north. Negroes were seen in Unyoro, speaking an entirely new class of languages, which Speke's own interpreters could make nothing of. One single language in modified dialects had carried the travelers the whole way from Zanzibar to Unyoro; now they were on the frontier of the northern tongues.

These new races were barbarians, absolutely naked in their own land, and wearing a mere scrap of clothing in Unyoro, out of deference to Wahuma habits. Rumors reached the travelers of white traders at no great distance from them, on the river, and they chafed at their detention. They sent forward the chief of their Zanzibar men, Bombay by name, who has already figured in Burton's and Speke's writings. He returned firing his gun, frantic with delight, and dressed in new clothes. He said he had been to the Turks, who were encamped eight marches south of Gondakoro. At length, after daily anxieties and heart-sickness, a partial permission came for their departure, and the explorers made a joyful escape. It was impossible for them to follow the river, for a brother of the King of Unyoro occupied its banks, and was at war with him; they took a direct line across country, to Gondakoro, which led them along the chord of that bend of the Nile, to which we have already alluded. When they again struck the river, they found themselves in a Turkish camp, at $3^{\circ} 10' N.$ lat. It was an ivory station, made by men in the employment of Debono, and established a short distance south of the farthest point reached by Miani. They were rapturously received, and Speke's men abandoned care and got drunk for a week. The Turks were preparing to start for Gondakoro with the ivory they had bartered, and Speke waited till they were ready, for he was absolutely unable to get on without assistance. The Bari people, among whom they were residing, are so disunited that no village possesses a body of porters sufficient in number to travel securely by themselves; nor could they be spared to go, for if they attempted to do so, the comparative weakness of the villagers who stayed at home would invite the attack of their neighbors. The Turks moved in a great caravan; they wanted some two thousand porters, so they exacted a certain quota from every village, by which means they got their men, and the balance of power among the natives was not disturbed. In this despotic, effective way, Speke was enabled to reach Gondakoro. He was, however, thoroughly shocked by the recklessness with which stolen cattle and plundered ivory were bought, and with the exactions and terrorism that are made to administer to the demands of the Turkish

ivory trade. The Arab traders of Uniamesi were perfect gentlemen compared to these Turks, whose conduct was inhuman to the last degree. He thoroughly confirms what has been so often repeated of late by various travelers to Gondakoro.

The discovery of this great river springing from two lakes does certainly confirm the belief that the ancient knowledge of the Nile was more advanced than that of recent times; but the want of circumstantial precision with which the ancient accounts are conveyed left an impression adverse to their truth. They stride in one great leap from Khartûm to the sources, without any description of the intervening land, unless we except Strabo's, which is as follows, if we understand it aright. After clearly describing all the Nile, down to the Atbâra and Blue river, he says: "But the Astapus is said to be another river which issues out of some lakes in the south, and this river forms nearly the whole of the Nile; it flows in a straight line, and is filled by the summer rains." When we speak of geographical discovery, we rarely, if ever, mean the first sight of what no human eye had previously seen, but the visit of men who could observe geographically, and describe what they saw so as to leave no obscurity as to their meaning. These conditions had never previously been satisfied as regards the Nile; for geographers working with the fairest intentions upon the same data, came to diverse conclusions, and no map made by any one of them bore other than a rude and childish resemblance to what is now ascertained to be the truth.

The first person Speke saw when he reached Gondakoro was his old friend

Baker, who had just arrived there, bound on a self-planned journey of exploration and of relief to Speke. The interview, to use Speke's own words, intoxicated them both with joy. Baker gave him his return boats, stored with corn, and supplied him with every delicacy he could think of, and thus the journey ended. Mr. Consul Petherick, who had been furnished with £1000, the proceeds of a private subscription to bear relief to Speke, and who had undertaken to arrive at Gondakoro a year previously, had wholly failed in his mission. Strangely enough, he too arrived at Gondakoro previous to Speke's departure from that place, but not in a condition to render that succor which Baker had so happily and gratuitously afforded.

Gondakoro does not seem to be quite such a desert as Petherick had represented, where Speke must necessarily have starved had no expedition been directed to meet him. On the contrary, a polished Circassian Turk, Koorschid Pasha, had been governor of the place for fourteen months: he instantly gave the travelers a dinner of a fat turkey, concluded with claret and cigars.

Thus closes the tale of a journey that involved a *walk* of thirteen hundred miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved almost the only remaining geographical problem of importance. It has been the Matterhorn of the Geographical Society, the grandest feat and the longest delayed. If Speke himself, or Baker, would cross from the Luta Nzigé to the Atlantic, and if some Gregory or Stuart would traverse Western Australia, the great secret chambers of the habitable earth would all be unlocked.

THE DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH TO THE SUN.—It runs glibly over the tongue to talk of a distance of 95,000,000 of miles, and a globe of 880,000 miles in diameter, but such numbers hardly convey any distinct notion to the mind. By railway, at an average rate of 40 miles an hour, one might travel round the world in 26 days and nights. At the same rate it would take 270 years and more to get to the sun. The ball of an Armstrong 100-pounder leaves the gun with a speed of about 400 yards per second. At the same rate of transit it would be more than 13 years and a quarter in its journey to reach the sun; and the sound of the explosion, supposing it

conveyed through the interval with the same speed that sound travels in our air, would not arrive till half a year later. The velocity of sound, or of any other impulse conveyed along a steel bar, is about sixteen times greater than in air. Now, suppose the sun and the earth connected by a steel bar, a blow struck at one end of the bar, or a pull applied to it, would not be delivered, would not begin to be felt at the sun till after the lapse of 313 days. Even light, the speed of which is such that it would travel round the globe in less time than any bird takes to make a single stroke of his wing, requires seven minutes and a half to reach us from the sun.

From Bently's Miscellany.

A TRAGEDY IN WAXWORK.

THERE was an intense excitement in the imperial city of Vienna. For weeks past heavy trains of Hungarian prisoners, some of high birth, some of low, had been brought through the streets, and kept under arrest in various houses. The conspiracy, known in history by the name of the Zriny-Nadasdy, which had been long smouldering, had been betrayed, and was finally drowned in the blood of the noble men who had staked life for a cause which was lost at the outset. As the prisons would not hold the number of persons compromised, it was found necessary to quarter them in private houses, whose windows were hurriedly grated, and when filled with guards they resembled little citadels.

The most uncomfortable rumors were afloat. The emperor, Leopold I., was seriously ill, and it seemed as if Providence would no longer use his hand in signing the multitude of death-warrants. At the same time the formidable foe across the Rhine, Louis XIV., was stirring, for he was engaged more than ever with his plan of securing for the House of Bourbon the succession to the throne of the Spanish Hapsburgs. Never had the moment been more favorable for the success of Louis's intrigues.

Leopold had no male descendants. His younger brother, Charles Joseph, had died in 1664. If the emperor were to die, a war of succession would be inevitable, and who could resist the mighty Louis, who, allied with England through the weakness of Charles II., with Sweden, and the chief powers of the empire, saw no foe of importance opposed to him save the States-General? Were not his armies led by such generals as Turenne and Condé, and there was as yet no Eugène or Marlborough to oppose to them?

The House of Austria was tottering—there were two hundred and fifty combatants at that time in Vienna. They were combatants *ad majorem Dei gratiam*! The fathers of the company of Jesus.

They had the emperor entirely in their power, called him their "Leopoldus Magnus," received a thousand marks of favor from him, and, by their fanatical greed for conversions, paved the way for the insurrection in Hungary, which was supported by Louis XIV. The Magyars must be the scapegoats for all the treachery and faithlessness that were going on in the dark at the court of Vienna. These fathers were supported by the priests of the company, who had been in the service of Louis XIV. since 1668, as the company preferred the growing power of the French to that of the imperiled Hapsburgs.

Leopold I. was compelled to pray—pray a very great deal—and he liked to pray. At that period, which certainly urged the oppressed ruler more than any other to ask the aid of Deity, his conscience-keepers, the Jesuits, made religion a political lever. The emperor heard mass thrice a day on his knees, and Pater Müller lent him his ear in the confessional. Religious conversation formed the staple of the day's amusement, and every article the emperor employed must previously be blessed by the priests.

On March 22d, 1670, just about twilight, a man, pushing a truck before him, appeared in front of the storehouses in the imperial castle of Vienna. The kitchen officers at once took charge of his load, which was intended for household purposes. It consisted of two rather large chests. The companions of the porter were strange enough: they were two men dressed in the garb of Jesuits. The steward, who was summoned, made a deep bow. One of the black gentry was the pater-procurator, the other a less exalted instrument of the order. The kitchen-servants had just caught hold of the chests, which had been removed from the truck, when the pater restrained them in a gentle voice.

"My friends," he said, "are you aware that these chests must be treated tenderly? Carry them carefully into the ante-

room, so that their contents may not be injured."

"Your reverence will greatly oblige by telling me what the chests contain, so that I may take due care of them until I hand them over to the chamberlain on duty," the steward said, gazing reverently at the two chests.

"Learn, my friend," the procurator replied, "that the cases contain a number of consecrated wax candles, whose flames will henceforth illumine the imperial apartments. His majesty, you know, receives every thing he requires from the hands of us, who have blessed it for his service. Inform the servants who have charge of the apartments that his majesty gave his reverend confessor, Father Müller, to understand that he wished, in addition to other consecrated objects, to have such candles burnt in his room. They must, therefore, be henceforth taken from this store."

After the procurator had convinced himself that the cases had been properly delivered, he went away with his companion. On the same evening consecrated candles were lit in the apartment of the Emperor Leopold, and remained from that time in constant use.

A week later the emperor was taken dangerously ill. In spite of the consecrated candles, he began to pine away, and no physician, no prayers, could check it.

"The Hungarian malcontents have poisoned the emperor," 'twas said in Vienna. "The Nadasdy has done it, for he tried his hand first in killing Nicholas Zriny."*

A light traveling calèche was following the road from Swechat to Vienna. The driver wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had a brace of pistols in his belt. Imperial dragoons rode on either side of the carriage, with their carbines laid across their saddle bow. This escort indicated to passers-by that there was a prisoner of importance in the interior of the vehicle.

The two-seated calèche was conveying two gentlemen to Vienna, the younger of whom wore the uniform of the Austrian Life Guards. His face revealed the Southerner at the first glance, and the cheerful expression which was visible on it formed a striking contrast with the melancholy

stamped on the features of the elder gentleman sitting by his side. The latter, for whom the escort was intended, was dressed in black velvet. A long cloak, edged with expensive fur, entirely covered his person. On his head he wore a close-fitting cap, under whose brim gray locks peered out. His talented noble face had assumed that yellowish hue peculiar to ivory when it is hundreds of years old, and which is the color of thinkers or martyrs. His large black eyes sparkled above his aquiline nose, and a long beard fell on his chest. The officer was Captain Luigi Scotti of the Guards, his prisoner the learned, much abused adept, physician, and philosopher, Giuseppe Francesco Borri.

This Borri was a remarkable man. Scion of a noble family, he had devoted himself with ardent zeal to the sciences. He left his home in Milan in order to visit the Eternal City. At this place, which was so dangerous for such occupation, he labored diligently in perfecting himself in the secret arts of chemistry. Borri, like most of the learned hot-heads of his day, sought the philosopher's stone. When he stood till day-break in front of his laboratory forge, when his retorts grew red-hot, when the strangest mixtures, reduced to a flux, heaved and bubbled tumultuously in the wondrously-shaped vessels, joy shone on his pale features, and when, after lengthened toil, he had completed a chemical analysis, he would throw himself delighted on his bed, in order to continue working in his dreams. But the excited fancy of the alchemist wandered out of the narrow walls of his laboratory: it became fixed on things and questions which could not be solved by mere experiments. His active mind also flew into the region of theology and the church, and said to him: "The Pope is not the high priest if he does not bear on his brow the symbol of Deity."

These doubts pursued him asleep and awake, and left him no rest, until his martyrdom was converted into apparitions and visions. At length he believed himself bound to impart these doubts to a priest, and to speak fearlessly. He delivered orations against the supremacy of the Pope, in which he partly based his arguments on supernatural illusions, while he at the same time declared that the mysteries of our faith were derived from the principles of chemistry.

* See Michiel's *Secret History of the House of Austria*, on which work, indeed, my anecdote is founded.

The Jesuits, with whom he had studied when a youth, violently persecuted him, and obtained an order for his arrest through the tribunal of the Inquisition. Borri fled from Rome to Milan, and thence to Strasburg. During this time his picture was burnt at Rome, on January 3d, 1661, by the hangman, and his name exposed on the gallows. His scholars were imprisoned. Not being suffered to remain at Strasburg, Borri proceeded to Amsterdam. Here he was in safety. He had certainly found the philosopher's stone, for his extensive studies had made a great physician of him. Borri could scarcely satisfy the crowds that desired to be cured by him. Money poured in in large sums, and enabled him to keep up a brilliant establishment. His chemical experiments had opened for him one of the dark sides of nature: Borri had a perfect knowledge of poisons, their effect and their cure. After performing many cures, almost bordering on the marvelous, especially of eye diseases, he went to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Queen Christina. A few months after he was summoned to Copenhagen, where he astonished all the world by his talent. A mean court intrigue overthrew him. After the death of King Frederick III. he left the north of Europe in order to proceed to Turkey. On April 10th, 1670, he arrived at Goldingen, on the Silesian border, and lodged at the house of a gentleman, with the resolution of continuing his journey to Turkey through Moravia and Poland.

It was here that Borri fell into the hands of the imperialists.

One day the papal nuncio was in the imperial cabinet, engaged in conversation with Leopold. They were discussing the insurrection which had broken out in Hungary. Just at the moment when the priest was in the full swing of his harangue, and thundering against the rebels, a fresh important dispatch was delivered to the emperor. It contained reports about what had occurred, and a long list of the persons compromised. The secretary read the dispatch, and then the names, which did not affect the nuncio. At length he arrived at a name which caused the priest to give an involuntary start. Francis Borri stood on the lists of the suspected: there was evidence that the physician was in immediate connection with the malcontents.

"Borri," the nuncio cried, gnashing his

teeth, "Borri to be captured? Your majesty, have him arrested at once. He is one of the most dangerous emissaries. He contrived to escape from the avenging arm of the Holy Office. His capture will be a double profit for the church and the throne."

Leopold could never resist the entreaties of a priest, least of all at such a moment as this, and hence Captain Scotti was sent on a special mission to Goldingen to arrest Borri.

On April 22d, Borri's host came into the dining-room with an embarrassed air, and told the physician of the arrival of an imperial commissary, who had orders to arrest him. This man had evidently played the part of denouncer, even though he pretended that Borri's name and residence had been carried to Vienna by travelers. The captain, a countryman of Borri's and native of Florence, treated the prisoner with the greatest politeness, and told him that he was suspected of having an understanding with Stephen Tekely, one of the chiefs of the conspiracy. Borri took leave of his false friend, got into the carriage waiting for him with the captain, the dragoons broke into a trot, and they at once started for Vienna.

The conversation between the travelers was materially promoted by the fact that they were countrymen, and could converse in Italian. In the course of conversation Scotti remarked:

"My dear friend, I fancy that you must have powerful enemies among the higher clergy, probably on account of your acquirements; the papal nuncio himself is among your opponents."

"In that case I can recognize the real cause of my arrest."

Scotti furthermore told the physician that the emperor was suffering from a wasting disease, which seemed to be incurable.

"It is said," the captain continued, "that his majesty has been poisoned."

"Have not his physicians noticed this?" Borri said; "and could they not at once expel the poison from his body? Such a task would not cause me any embarrassment, so soon as I had convinced myself of the presence of the poison. The emperor would not be the first I have saved. Perhaps I am summoned to cure the man who pursues and imprisons me. My dear countryman, inform the emperor that, if he has really been poisoned, I will free

him from it, in order to prove that I am incapable of taking any revenge for the insult done me by my arrest."

Scotti promised to inform the emperor of the promised help.

At mid-day, on April 28th, the travelers arrived in Vienna. Borri's prison was in the Swan Inn. Two days previously, two principal leaders of the conspiracy, Peter Zriny and Frangipani, had been confined in this very house: now they were under close arrest at Neustadt. A few collected when Borri got out at the door of the inn, but generally his arrival attracted but slight attention, as the bringing in of Hungarian prisoners had now become an every-day scene for the inhabitants of Vienna.

Borri was treated with great civility by the soldiers on guard, and shown to the best room. When left alone and locked up, the wearied man threw himself on to the simple couch, and sank into a deep sleep. He might have been sleeping some hours, when the rattling of the bolts aroused him. He sat up, and found himself in darkness. The door opened, and Borri saw his countryman Scotti walk in, wrapped up in a cloak, and bearing a dark lantern.

"Make haste and get ready," the captain began.

"Am I to be examined already?"

"No. The emperor wishes to speak with you, for your reputation as a physician is known to him. While making my report, I took advantage of the opportunity to mention your proposal to the illustrious patient. His majesty trusts in you, but was obliged to wait till night, as he does not wish the affair to become public, for you have been represented to him as one of the most obdurate heretics."

"Had my conscience accused me of heresy," Borri said, with a smile, "the emperor would not have caught me. My inner peace, and my desire to alleviate the misery of my fellow-men, give me the strength to endure my arrest with tranquillity. Let us go. I thank you, Scotti, for your recommendation, with which, however, you have certainly done the emperor a service."

Arm in arm, the couple walked through the dark streets till they arrived in front of the palace. Here Scotti handed his prisoner over to a chamberlain, who led the physician through a long series of apartments to the imperial ante-chamber,

where he requested him to sit down: the emperor would send for him.

Borri was not alone; several persons were carrying on an animated conversation. The physician had thrown back the hood that covered his face, and openly displayed his intelligent and noble face. He noticed that he became the subject of an eager conversation between two clergymen, who were unable to account for the reason of his presence.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour a gentleman of the bed-chamber came in, politely requested the persons present to retire, and made Borri a sign to follow him. They again passed through several rooms, till they came to a velvet-covered door. The gentleman opened it, drew back the heavy portière, and nodded to the physician to come in. Borri found himself in the emperor's cabinet.

The room, gloomy in itself, was lighted by twelve candles, burning in silver three-branched candelabra. Several large pictures, chiefly representing scenes from the lives of the saints, ornamented the walls. There were also all sorts of curiosities on consoles. By the side of a small work-table stood a very lofty prie-Dieu, over which a splendidly-carved crucifix hung. The window-curtains were close drawn. The half-light that prevailed in the room, in spite of the candles, did not allow the physician on first entering to distinguish objects accurately. By degrees they stood out more distinctly, and Borri noticed a little man seated in an arm-chair near the table, and making impatient movements. It was the Emperor Leopold. The patient wore a green silk dressing-gown, and a cap with a species of sunshade. His feet were wrapped up, and his face was leaden-colored, and frightfully fallen in.

"There sits his majesty," the chamberlain said to Borri, in Italian.

The physician advanced a step, and bowed.

"Are you the Milanese cavalier?" the emperor began, in a voice which seemed trembling from cold, although the stove threw out a cheerful heat.

"At your majesty's service."

"I am sorry to see you here as a prisoner, but you are not one at present."

"Had I not been arrested, I should not have had the happiness of seeing your majesty."

"I hear much that is satisfactory about

your learning, although, in another respect, you are said to be a dangerous man."

"I can fully believe both your majesty's statements, for in the world persecution ever follows praise."

"Why do you trouble yourself with religious affairs? Leave them to the clergy."

"I regard religion as a great treasure. Why should I not occupy myself with it?"

"You are a Catholic?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Stay, though. I am told that you have changed your religion several times, and are the founder of a new one."

"So my enemies say, who are at the same time your majesty's enemies."

"What do you mean?"

"Only those who are ignorant of religion and philanthropy have brought me hither. As the people who wish to lay fetters on free thought are always the foes of God, they can not be the friends of your majesty, from whom I do not expect such a thing."

Here the chamberlain made the remark: "Inspiration is rising to the cavalier's brain."

"Who is this man," Borri asked, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "who has the boldness to speak about inspiration?"

"He is my chamberlain," the emperor said, soothingly. "He has humorous notions at times."

"He may swallow them in my presence," the physician said, sternly. "It annoys me quite enough to see such people in your majesty's entourage."

"Do not be so excitable, my good cavalier," Leopold exclaimed. "If I were to be annoyed by all such remarks, I should have been in my grave long ago."

"I am never silent, your majesty, when I have to express my views. Hence, before I have the happiness of conversing with your majesty again, I make the stipulation that this man must hold his tongue."*

The emperor made a sign with his hand to the chamberlain, and the latter fell back.

This conversation gives us a very distinct idea of Leopold's bigoted tendencies. Instead of consulting the physician about

his own state, which was evidently dangerous, the emperor first began a religious skirmish with the philosopher or heretic. The conversation next turned to Borri's expressed opinions about the Trinity. Leopold examined into the physician's theological knowledge, his views about the Virgin, and many other matters, in which Borri's logic always had the best of it. At last the emperor said:

"You have something to answer for at Rome, and I trust you will be able to do so without any unpleasant consequences. But now I hear that you devote yourself to chemical cures. I would sooner talk to you on that point than about theological things. What have you heard about my condition?"

"Nothing beyond the supposition that your majesty has been poisoned. But that I may be able to express my views on the subject, your majesty's physician-in-ordinary must bring the symptoms before me, and then I shall be able to speak with greater certainty."

By the emperor's orders the physician was sent for. When left alone with the emperor, Borri bent searching glances upon the emperor's wasted form, then felt the sufferer's skin, and finally carefully surveyed the walls. After this, he examined every object with the greatest attention, and at length fixed his eyes resolutely on the ceiling, as if he wished to pierce through the flowers and ornaments that decorated it in rich stucco work. The emperor's eyes timidly followed Borri's glances and movements. The poor patient groaned deeply; he was awaiting the physician's opinion—a supposition or a consolation.

"Well, Borri," he panted, "what do you think?"

"My supposition," the physician firmly remarked, "has almost become a certainty. Your majesty has been poisoned."

"Holy mother have mercy on me!" the emperor shrieked.

"I must, as I said, speak with the physician-in-ordinary; but I believe he will share my views. I can also promise your majesty's recovery with equal certainty. There is still time for it."

"And how do you come to the conclusion of poison? My most intimate friends nearly always dine with me out of the same dish. Do you notice any thing on my body?"

* This conversation is borrowed, word for word, from the report of Cardinal Passionei.

"Your majesty," said Borri, "it is not your body but the atmosphere of your sitting-room and bed-room that is poisoned. So soon as the physician-in-ordinary arrives, we will make arrangements to remove you to other apartments."

"How can you know this when I feel nothing of it?"

"Your majesty is too accustomed to the poisonous exhalation for you to notice it."

"And where does this exhalation come from?"

The physician walked slowly and solemnly to the gilt guéridons on which the triple-branched candlesticks stood. He took the latter down, went up to the emperor's table, and placed them by the side of the other candlesticks. Twelve burning candles were now close together.

"Where the exhalation comes from?" Borri said, stretching out his hand; "from your wax candles, your majesty. Do you not see the red fire in the flame?"

At this moment the chamberlain came in.

"The fire is vivid," the emperor objected, "but does not seem to me extraordinary."

"Do you not perceive the fine white mist, which is not found with natural candles?"

"My eyes are so weak. Do you see it, chamberlain?"

The gentleman thus appealed to was compelled to answer in the affirmative.

"Your eyes," said Borri, contemptuously, "are better than your brain, M. Chamberlain."

The emperor's physician-in-ordinary made his appearance.

"You have come at the right moment," the emperor exclaimed; "this cavalier asserts that the atmosphere of my room is poisoned. Have you the diagnosis with you?"

"Here, your majesty; it has been kept since the first day of your illness," said the physician.

Borri ran through the papers, and found them perfectly correct and careful. The physician, pleased at this acknowledgment of his services, listened to Borri's suspicions.

"Look here, doctor," Borri exclaimed; "do you see this fine, quickly-ascending vapor? Now look at the ceiling; do you notice the crust which the vapor has deposited there?"

"I see it all, and bow to your sharpness,

cavalier," said the doctor. "I confess, your majesty, that I have felt suspicious for some days past."

"Does your majesty burn such candles everywhere?" Borri asked. "It would be important to know whether they are used in the empress's room."

The chamberlain was ordered to fetch two burning candles from the apartment of the empress, and the flames were compared. The emperor's lights burned with a dark red restless flame; a fine vapor, which inclosed the upper part of the candle like a veil, was rent by repeated sparks, which flashed from the wick, and crepitated like electrical discharges. The candles of the empress burned quietly, like an ordinary wax-candle.

"Here is the poison," Borri exclaimed, triumphantly, as he laid his white bony hand on a candlestick belonging to the imperial cabinet. "Shall I now prove to your majesty that these candles contain a subtle poison?"

"At once."

Borri closed the door of the imperial cabinet. He and the physician immediately extinguished the suspected wax-candles. Then both went into a corner, took a silver dish, and began removing the wax from the wick over it. So soon as the latter was laid bare, Borri explained his views to the emperor. Leopold ordered the chamberlain to be called, and commanded that the entire stock of wax candles should be brought into his room. They were taken out of a cupboard in the ante-room, and about thirty pounds still remained. Borri at once pointed out a peculiar fact to the emperor. Each candle was marked at top and bottom with a gilt garland, evidently that there might be no mistake. A careful investigation was made, the result of which was that the wicks of the candles used by the emperor were powerfully impregnated with arsenic. A turnspit dog was fetched, shut up in a closet, and a dish of meat was put before it, with which were mixed finely-shredded pieces of the wick.

In the mean while the emperor was removed to other apartments. By the monarch's orders, every body was to observe the deepest silence about the whole affair. Borri and the physician-in-ordinary proceeded to the palace surgery, sent away all the assistants, and prepared an antidote for the emperor with their own hands. Borri then analyzed the compo-

nents of the dipped wick, and obtained from it a copious deposit of arsenic. He had left orders that he should be called so soon as the dog began to grow restless, but the effect of the poison was so rapid that Borri found the animal already dead when he returned to the emperor. Both physicians began the cure of the emperor on the same evening. Borri's medicine consisted chiefly of sudorifics, which he always employed in poisoning cases.

Leopold had scarce changed his room ere he gave orders to have the supplier of the wax-candles arrested. The procurator of the Jesuits was found to be the man, but he was no longer in Vienna. By express orders of the emperor, Borri remained near him, and attended the monarch, who daily grew better. The physician supported the savant to the best of his ability, and by May 19th the emperor was able to drive out again.

He constantly had conversations with Borri, who was obliged to make him an accurate report of his medical treatment. The physician had most strictly followed the effect of the poison and its amount, and even examined the deposit on the ceiling. He kept back two candles as evidence, and the rest were employed in analysis. The weight of the candles was twenty-four pounds, that of the impregnated wicks three pounds and a half, whence Borri concluded that the amount of poison was nearly two pounds and three quarters. When the emperor heard these results, he exclaimed: "They would have sent me *ad patres* in a few months." Borri dined at the imperial table, and was greatly distinguished, to the no slight annoyance of his clerical foes, who, however, were sufficiently well acquainted with the emperor's vacillation to feel sure that their victim would not escape them. The same opinion prevailed among the inhabitants at court. Scotti only looked at his celebrated countryman with glances of compassion, and the physician-in-ordinary declared without hesitation:

"My dear Borri, the behavior of the emperor has only increased the number of your foes. Any one who has attracted the hatred of the priests here may be regarded as lost. You will see your destiny fulfilled in Rome."

"No persecution," Borri replied, "will keep down my mind."

It can scarcely be believed that Leopold really surrendered the savior of his life

to the power of the Holy Office in Rome, were there not, unhappily, too many similar instances in history.

On June 14th, 1670, the perfectly-cured Leopold discharged his physician Borri. He thanked him fervently, and with tears in his eyes, and regretted that he could not display the gratitude which he owed the physician from the feelings of his heart. In the matter of religion, however, Borri had so "gone astray that it was necessary to cure him of his errors." The Pope would appoint a commission. "Still," the emperor continued, "I have obtained a guarantee from the papal nuncio that in no case shall any thing be done against your body and your life. My envoy in Rome will tell you this in the presence of the papal commission. So long as you live, two hundred ducats a year shall be paid you by myself or my heirs as a memorial of what you have done for me. If you come to a better conviction in religious matters, I will see what is to be done. God take you under his protection—that is my wish. Farewell."

He offered the physician his hand to kiss, which Borri bedewed with his tears—tears of emotion and of compassion. On the following day the savant was taken to Rome under an escort. The procurator was never heard of again; the black deed, however, was concealed, and the priests and their influence still prevailed as of yore.

As for Borri, he was imprisoned for life in the castle of St. Angelo. At first he was never to leave the castle, but eventually obtained so much liberty that he was allowed to go in and out unimpeded, and practice. This he owed to the energetic interference of the French *maréchal*, D'Estrées, whom he cured of a dangerous disease at Rome. After this he performed several other remarkable cures, and died in 1681. The Jesuit general, Pater Gonzalez, frequently visited him in St. Angelo in order to obtain from him the arcanum by which he expelled poisons from the human body. Gonzalez even went so far as to give him a certificate of his entire innocence, and promised him his liberty. But Borri ever laughingly declined to reveal the secret, with the words: "This knowledge is not in accordance with the rules of St. Ignatius of Loyola." At Vienna the affair was soon forgotten: the execution of the Hungarian rebels destroyed the horror which the dark deed at first aroused.

It is certainly most probable that the attempt was made on Leopold at the instigation of the French party, from the motives we have already stated. The pater-procurator was at once got out of the way, and probably received compensation elsewhere; and, according to the principles of the order, it was not responsible for the wicked action of an individual. On September 20th, 1713, however, Prince Eugène wrote to Sinzendorf from Philippsburg: "I am satisfied with the selection of Beutenreider as political adju-

tant, and will take such care of the health of this excellent man that no apprehension about Aqua Tofana shall affect him. A veil must be thrown over many things, as the Emperor Leopold believed when he was convinced by the unfortunate Borri that the poison he had inhaled was derived from the wax-candles burning on his table."^{*}

^{*} *Political Writings of Prince Eugene*, vol. vii. p. 45.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE genius which most sensibly affects the hearts of men, which commands, directs, and plays with their emotions at will, is the vocal genius. The waves of sound, those vibrating molecules that make their procession to strike upon the yielding membrane of the ear and travel thence to the brain, the center of thought and passion, have a vast might, a power to call out and compel deep hidden sympathies which in its intensity is beyond any other granted to man. There is no eloquence equal in its immediate effect to that of speech or of song. The written word and the painted image are comparatively dead things; it is the voice that has life—life to move, to charm, to exalt, to wither, or to annihilate. William Pitt, at the age of twenty-one, ruled a great nation by his voice. Not by his mind; no, it was by the sonorous depths of his voice that he obtained the lead which his majestic genius knew how to keep. Burke, with a genius not less exalted, with thoughts which in writing shaped themselves into the finest forms of poetry and passion, or pressed themselves into the most cogent arguments of clear reason, was incapable of such a sway because he wanted a voice. Mirabeau was prodigious by his voice. He ruled tumultuous assemblies of his ferocious fellow-men, not by the lightning of his thought, but by the thunder of his throat. In short, for

I have not space here for a multiplication of instances, it is through the windpipe that one human heart makes its easiest approach to another. Yet, as human life is a system of balance and compensation, it happens that the effect which is so quick and strong is also transitory; and while a Shakspeare and a Michael Angelo stand victors over time, showing to posterity the full proportions of their greatness, the tones of once-enchancing voices are lost forever, and the trace and record left can no more bring back their music than the writing on the tomb-stone can recover for us the form and beauty of the dust beneath it. Not so much as one pulse of the retired wave of sound can be reclaimed from its retreat for our ears. It has gone on somewhere beyond our circle, to the illimitable and the unfathomable. But for this very reason, some story should be told of what it once could do, some image should be attempted, however faint, of what it once was. If the painter can not give the roll and roar of the ocean, he may yet by a figure show the color and the form, and possibly even convey a dim notion of its life.

So, I would now recall some of the special endowments of that singer who may be called the vocal joy of our generation. She is still one of our sphere, but she dwells upon a hill apart, and only revisiting us by glimpses, and showing her light

for a short hour, makes us more sensible of the darkness left by her withdrawal. She no longer addresses herself nightly to rapturous crowds forming into long lines early in the day through the streets leading to her shrine, pressing, toiling, enduring, ready to do battle for the reward of the first sound of one of her sweet notes; her window is no longer besieged by serenaders; enthusiastic students no longer clasp hands, singing her praises as a midnight hymn; feverish German waiters no longer tremble and drop the plates they carry, to the loss and rage of their master, on the first tidings of her coming to their native town, with an "Ach, Gott! Jenny Lind!"* Her place as the popular idol is vacant; but more sober admirers, critics, and thinkers remain to welcome with high appreciation visits which are like those of an angel, not only because of their rarity, but because they come ever as missions of mercy to the needy and the suffering.

In the first season of her coming to our country, in the year 1848, (now fifteen years ago,) how well I remember her as she looked, and moved, and sang. The tender trusting Amina, the suffering Lucia, the captivating Figlia del Reggimento. Without the gift of classical beauty, she had a music in the movement of her face as delightful as that of her voice, and though not a positively pretty woman, she was the most irresistible of human beings. I recall especially the grace of her Amina, (*Somnambula*), with the fluttering joy of the wedding day, the partings, the honest love for the betrothed, and the change of the whole aspect under the sharp affliction (the sharpest that any true woman can know) of the suspicion cast upon her virtue. What an anguish swelled in her tones! how free it was from the alloy of the baser passions! how like she seemed to an offended angel! And after that first agony was told, when again she walked in her slumber and dreamed—how gently she moved! her sweet song moving, murmuring with her—flowing like quiet waters, and falling so gradually into the stillness of a deeper sleep, that it was difficult to say at what moment the sound ceased to be. She mourned over the fading flowers which had been given by her lover, fond-

ling them as a mother might fondle her dying child. Some of their leaves dropped down, and her tears fell after them, and she strained those that remained closely against her heart. When her waking came, with the restoration to her just fame and to the love she prized, when she could pour out in the triumphal strains of the final air (*Ah non giunge uman pensiero al contento ond io son piena!*) the fullness of her vocal power, with its bird-like trillings, its rich ornamentations, its high sustained notes, she did not wholly cast aside the past passion in the present; she mingled emotions in her song, and through her rapture the tones and looks of her late anguish penetrated, making the joy more precious—as the sunlight never shines with so divine a radiance as when it strikes upon the quivering drops of the spent storm. Whether as actress or singer, she was ever what the Germans well describe as "seelen volle;" she inspired her hearers with a personal feeling which had something of devotion in it; and for my own part, though she took away with her so much of my delight, I was happy to see her retreat early from a career which seemed too full of trials and excitements for a spirit so delicate.

It is four years since I heard her sing the favorite ballad of "Auld lang Syne," and I would that I could now give some reflection of its beauty. With those who have ever listened to the singer some echo of her ringing tones must yet linger, though it may be dimly as the waning light; and with this twilight of a voice must be linked a look, as gracious as spiritual. To me they come, stealing out of shadow into day. The words of the well-known ballad have that poetry which consists in the true expression of a sentiment common to all humanity, and which makes its way straight to the heart. But though it can be rarely heard without emotion, it never before excited the enthusiasm which answered to the appeal of the most poetical of all singers.

A melodious softness dwelt in her question, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?" Her voice lingered caressingly upon every syllable, and rose into greater fullness as it offered the cup of kindness for a pledge: it rested lovingly on the early recollection; it stayed on the thoughts of the sport, the wandering, and the parting, with a thrilling tender music; it swelled into the amplest ut-

* This inimitable songstress resides near Richmond, London. She gives concerts for sacred and benevolent objects. Some time since she gave a few concerts in London and received £28,000.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

terance of cordial affection at the offering of the hand of good fellowship. What a welcome rang in its joyous peal, how it rose up and rejoiced, with what an irresistible eloquence it poured out the invitations of friendship, "And surely you'll be your pint stoup, and surely I'll be mine."

A pretty playfulness animated her words, a smile, a confiding nod of the head, graceful and bewitching, accompanied them; and the final repetition of the burden of the song surpassed all the rest in the plenitude of its life and warmth. How convivial, how jovial, yet how feminine it was! But it is not in the simple ballad or passionate lyric that Madame Goldschmidt has achieved her highest triumph. It is in religious music that the qualities of her voice and soul find their fullest development. It is in singing of heaven that she is most at home. It is then that her round notes swell into their richest harmony; and she seems among her kindred when she speaks a holy mission: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in my flesh I shall see God." The rapture of conviction is in every syllable of her utterance. It is worth a sermon of Irving's. It is an appeal to shake the heart of a Jew.

The immediate occasion suggesting these comments is the late performance for a charitable purpose of Handel's famous cantatas of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. They answer the taunt flung by literature at music in the assertion that it can do nothing for poetry. The great master in his dealing with Milton has proved that music may be happily married to immortal verse; and Madame Goldschmidt is a priestess worthy to consecrate such an union. The allegro portions of the cantata fell for the most part to the sweet warbling of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's flexible throat, while Madame Goldschmidt stirred

the depths of the heart with her pathos. Her sympathy with the nightingale was very evident in the trillings of infinite variety—low, longing, passionate, and piercing—with which she wooed his evening song; and in the last recitation—the invocation to an old age of lofty contemplation, reaching to the spirit of prophecy—higher impulses stirred her countenance, and her tones seemed soaring as the lark, away, far up into the world of light. Such music enriches, not merely the language with which it is immediately linked, but summons into presence from obscure haunts of the memory all the poetry of thought that has ever entered into it. Old fond associations, images of the past, hopes of the future, all that is rare and beautiful and good and true, what we most love and most prize—what, wishing to remember forever, we have yet half forgotten, bursts into quick life upon a touch like this. The great modern Italian poet, Giusti, equal in the best of his inspirations to the best of any land or any age, knew these sensations when he stood and listened on the day of St. Ambrogio to the solemn hymn of the Austrians:

"Sentia nell' Inno la dolcezza amare,
De' canti uditi da fanciullo; il core
Che da voce domestica gl' imparare,
Ce li ripete i giorni del dolore.
Un pensier mesto della madre cara,
Un desiderio di pace e d' amore,
Uno sgomento di lontano esilio,
Che mi faceva andare in visibilio."

And it is by such a spiritual passion, by such deep sympathies, by such sacred affections that our imperfect humanity triumphs over its earthly mould; it is in such high moods that the mind casts off all kinds of vanity and baseness and folly, and becomes conscious of its divine essence.

ALMOST A WAR.—The British government is almost at war with Japan. On the sixth of April Colonel Neale forwarded to Miako a British ultimatum demanding the execution of the murderers of Captain Richardson, an indemnity for that offense, and a liberal compensation to the sufferers or their surviving relatives. The time granted is twenty days, after which Colonel Neale will adopt measures "proportioned to the degree of ill-advised obstinacy or resistance which the Japanese government may

assume." A powerful fleet of ten men-of-war and three gunboats is in the harbor of Yokohama, ready to enforce the demand, and a native official suggests that the British should punish the principal murderer, the Prince of Satsuma, by seizing the Loochoo Islands, which are his, and which yield him £50,000 a year. It is improbable that the Japanese will yield, as the blow would destroy the power of the great aristocracy, which is now in the ascendant.

From the London Eclectic.

NILI QUÆRERE CAPUT.*

As with so many other great discoveries, that which we call such is rather the process of proof than the discovery; the discovery was made by Captain Speke in, we believe, 1858, when, being with Captain Burton, he announced to his companion that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. Captain Burton, in his entertaining volumes of *Travel to the Lake Regions of Central Africa*, gives a sneering and ill-tempered account of what he calls Captain Speke's "inspiration," and his, Captain Burton's, incredulity. "We had scarcely breakfasted, however, before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps: the moment he sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that 'the lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river, which had been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers;' the fortunate discoverer's conviction was strong; his reasons were weak—were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favor of 'the lovely gentleman,' Sir Proteus:

"I have no other but a woman's reason—
I think him so because I think him so;"

and probably his sources of the Nile grew in his mind as his Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand." There is a great deal more of the same kind; the traveler continues: "How many times since the days of a certain Claudius Ptolemæus, surnamed Peleusiota, have not the fountains of the White Nile been discovered and re-discovered after this fashion? But difference of opinion was allowed to alter companionship. After a few days

it became evident to me that not a word could be uttered upon the subject of the lake, the Nile, or his *trouvaille* generally, without offense. By a tacit agreement it was therefore avoided, and I should never have resumed it, had my companion not stultified the results of the expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time so weak and flimsy that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it."* This paragraph illustrates some of the first difficulties Captain Speke had to encounter; now, it would seem, he has set at rest the greatest question of geographical science, and has solved the riddle of thirty or forty centuries. Following the indications of his first instinct, or "inspiration," as Captain Burton calls it, he has traced the river from its mystery in the great Lake Nyanza—passing the three great affluents, the Bahr-el-Ghagel, the Geraffa, and the Sobat, and identifying the waters of his discovery in the pilgrimage of science, with those receiving the well-known tributary of the Blue Nile.

And so the mystery which has cast its ceaseless spell over all the races and the ages of the old world and continent is cleared up; one feels a sort of grief at parting with a mystery so vast and ancient. From a shallow bed, fed by what Captain Speke calls rush drains—small, half stagnant water-courses—at the middle of the northern boundary, the parent stream issues, in a current four hundred and fifty feet wide, leaping over a wall twelve feet high, rocks of an igneous character, which the natives and some Arabs designate by the simple name of stones, which the discoverer has called the Ripon Falls, in honor of the president of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. Over that wall of rock they beheld the Father of Riv-

* *Papers read before the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Institution.* By Captain SPEKE. *Athenæum*, No. 1861, June 2d, 1863.

The Sources of the Nile: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its Head-Streams: with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D. James Madden.

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa; a Picture; Exploration by* RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.I. Army, 1860.

ers rushing with mountain-torrent beauty and majesty. The mystery of the river—which Herodotus had mused upon and longed to penetrate—was all but solved; no doubt much remained to be done, much painful and patient traveling; but Captain Speke must have felt the confirmation of his first happy thought, as, after his long detention, he saw it plunging away, to broaden by its volume, into the channel, pursuing its course for nearly two thousand miles; the great waters emphatically called “the River,” beside which Joseph, and Homer, and Plato had walked—in which Moses was cradled—venerable through a hundred generations by the speculations of scholars and by the ambition of warriors and kings.

Our readers have not to be informed how interesting is the history of Nilotic discovery. “Egypt,” said old Herodotus, “is the gift of the Nile.” What efforts Egypt herself in the earliest ages made to explore its course, through unknown desert, or uninhabited regions, we can not tell. Dr. Beke quotes Lucan’s poetic summary of the abortive attempts made to discover the spring:

“Cæsar’s desire to know our Nilus’ spring
Possessed the Egyptian, Persian, Grecian king.

No age but strived to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philip’s great son, Memphis’ most honored king,

Sent to earth’s utmost bounds, to find Nile’s spring,

Choice Ethiops: they trod the sun-burnt ground

Of the hot zone, and there was no Nilus found.

The furthest west our great Sesostri’s saw,
Whilst captive kings did his proud chariot draw;

Yet there your Rhodanus and Padus spied,
Before our Nile’s hid fountain he descried.
The mad Cambyzes to the eastern lands
And long-lived people came: his famished bands

Quite spent, and with each other’s slaughter fed,

Returned; thou, Nile, yet undiscovered!”

Herodotus was the first of whose efforts in Nilotic discovery we have any account; whether the old traveler was himself imposed on by the story told him by the priests, of the origin of the streams between the two sharp peaks of Crophi and Mophi, is doubtful, but whatever may have been the impression of the priests

themselves, there can be little doubt that they used the mysteriousness of the waters for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the multitude. In later times, efforts have been made to use the mystery and the marvel for purposes of imposition. In 1843, one M. Antoine de Abbadie, a native of Ireland, and a British subject, in fact a simple Mr. Anthony Thompson, procured a recommendation from the Royal Geographical Society, and a passport from Lord Palmerston, in his character as a British subject; by choice, however, he became M. Antoine d’Abbadie, and in 1843 he announced himself as the discoverer of the source of the Nile, which he described as a small spring issuing from the foot of a large tree, “of the sort that serves in Ethiopia for washing cotton cloths,” and as being held sacred by the natives, who yearly offered up to it a solemn sacrifice. To the right and left of it are two high hills, wooded to the summit, bringing to the mind of the reader Crophi and Mophi, but more ominously named Boshia and Doshi in the country of Gimero, or Gamru, adjoining Kaffa. Subsequently M. d’Abbadie altered his latitude of the source of the Nile. Dr. Beke published an exposure of the fallacies in his alleged discoveries, and the illustrious adventurer has vanished apparently from sight and knowledge.

The tributaries of the Nile have so often been taken for the main trunk of the great river, that incredulity may be pardoned in those who, until they have almost, with the discoverer, followed the course of the stream, suspect another mistake. The Abbara, or Lakazyé, was for a long time regarded as the Nile; from the fourth to the end of the eleventh century of the Christian era, if not later, it was known as the Nile or river of Egypt. Further discoveries, when the valleys and plain country between Abbara and the Bahr-el-Azrek passed into the occupation of the Mohammedan people, who still possess it, led to the regarding of the Blue river as the Nile. The Blue river had been called by the natives by a name which signifies “the father of the waters!” The river Abai was supposed to be the head of the Nile, and this idea not only held possession of the minds of many navigators and travelers of the middle ages; but even in our own day some have continued to insist on the identity of the Abai with the Nile. This was the idea

which deluded Bruce. That unscrupulous traveler, in his reckless denunciation of all who said they had visited the source of the Abai, or Blue river, before himself, as "liars" and "impostors," was guilty of great injustice, if not deliberate and willful falsehood; but in any case, the visit was only to the head of a tributary stream; the throne and fountain of the great monarch remained unknown. Efforts have been constantly made during recent years to follow up to satisfaction what may be called the results of previous failures, by tracing the pathway of the true Nile. Among the earnest and hopeful men who have endeavored to keep the eye of the traveler upon the most likely solution, is Dr. Beke. In the very interesting little volume we have placed at the head of this article, he gathers together all the floating hints referring to the Nile discovery, and as we notice the particulars of his narrative, we can not but marvel that the ancients were so near to a discovery reserved for our days.

"For at the point at which, nearly eighteen hundred years previously, the exploration of the Nile had been abandoned by Nero's centurions, it was resumed by those of Mohammed Ali, who penetrated so far to the south as to establish the almost literal accuracy of the description of the Upper Nile given by the great geographer of Alexandria; which has now been corroborated by the discovery of the lakes Nyansa and Tanganyika, whence Ptolemy derived his two arms of the Nile.

"Whether these two lakes do actually join the Nile, as asserted by that geographer, is a question requiring investigation. Captain Speke, when addressing the Royal Geographical Society on his return to England, in May last, (1859,) expressed the opinion that 'Lake Nyansa is the great reservoir of the Nile.' That it is so toward the south-east may be admitted, as also that it is Ptolemy's eastern lake. But it remains to be ascertained whether there are not other similar reservoirs further westward in the interior of the continent. Indeed, we know already of Lake Tanganyika, in a position sufficiently corresponding to that of Ptolemy's western lake; only its elevation of merely eighteen hundred feet seems to militate against its connection with the Nile, especially as it is said to be encircled and shut in at its northern extremity by a range of mountains. Still, it is not absolutely certain that Tanganyika has no outlet through or round those mountains; and besides, as the elevation of the Nile at Khartum is only twelve hundred feet, whilst from about ten degrees north latitude the main stream and its principal arms are on almost a dead level, we should be wrong in

asserting the physical impossibility of a connection between the lake and the river.

"The fifteenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* contains an interesting account, communicated by Mr. Macqueen, of the 'Visit of Lief ben Saied to the great African Lake.' The traveler's road from the coast near Zanzibar was up the valley of the Kingani as far as the Zohgomero, [Zungomero,] thence crossing into the valley of the Matoney, [Ruaba,] and so by Jangwera [Uniangwira] to the river Magrazie [Malagarazi] and the lake; 'the whole time from the shore of Africa being one hundred and forty days, or four and a half months on the road, during which time (he says) we traveled sixty-two days, at about the rate of nine or ten miles daily; but I have no means of ascertaining the exact distance.' Tanganyika itself is thus described: 'Standing on the banks of the lake, it can be seen across, in the same manner as from Zanzibar to the main (which is twenty-four English miles). Several islands were observable in it. . . . There is a great sea or swell on the lake when the wind blows fresh; and it is well known by all the people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake.'"

And now the question naturally suggests itself, what forms these lakes? The Nzigé, the Akenyard, the Luckarow, and the Little Trinandes were all of them mere puddles, Captain Speke says, in comparison with the Great Victoria Nyansa; whence then originate their waters? Let Captain Speke himself reply:

"It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie encircling the northern end and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than two hundred and thirty-eight days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake. . . . In a southerly direction the Woganda boatmen go as far as the island of Ukerewé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Krapf, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands on it, which reasoning I deduce from the fact, that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyansa; yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyansa waters were purely fresh and sweet. They,

(the Arabs,) like Dr. Krapf, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral, the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of its connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile. The Arabs, who it is now very clear had heard of every thing in connection with the science of philosophical geography, were enabled to connect what they had gleaned in detached fragments from it. Dr. Krapf further tells us of a river trending from the river Newey by Mount Kenia toward the Nile. If such is the case, it must be a feeder to the Baringa, whose waters pass off by the Asua river into the Nile, for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low rolling hills, intersected only by simple streaks and nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side streak, which is situated on the equator, on the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to Mashondé, and proceeding north along the boundary coast of Nyanza to the valley of Katongo, which, from its position on the lake, is constantly in view, *the land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, streaked down by small streams—the effect of constant rains—grown all over by gigantic grass*, except where the numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Uzige lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even counting at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa. Crossing over the equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing where in the north slope of Africa one stream, the Mworango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Unioro, where its name is changed to Kari. Far on, another stream, the Luajere, followed its example, and then still further on, from the center of the coast of the Nyanza, issued the parent of the Nile."

The Mountains of the Moon have been long looked to as the probable feeders of the Nile; but whether they were crowned with snow or bred these feeders within their clefts and gorges, ever has been and

continues a matter of grave debate; an interesting passage in the narration of a journey to Jagga, by the Rev. J. Rebmann, church missionary, in which he states, that on the 9th of May, 1848, he saw in south latitude four degrees, east longitude forty-six degrees, *a snow mountain*, not less than sixteen thousand feet high, has been called in question by European men of science, though subsequently corroborated by Dr. Krapf. Mr. Rebmann says:

"The mountains of Jagga gradually rose more distinctly to our sight. At about ten o'clock (I had no watch with me) I observed something remarkably white on the top of a high mountain, and first supposed that it was a very white cloud, in which supposition my guide also confirmed me; but having gone a few paces more, I could no longer rest satisfied with that explanation; and while I was asking my guide a second time whether that white thing was indeed a cloud, and scarcely listening to his answer that yonder was a cloud, but what that white was he did not know, but supposed it was *coldness*, the most delightful recognition took place in my mind of an old well-known European guest called *snow*. All the strange stories we had so often heard about the gold and silver mountain Kilimanjaro, in Jagga, supposed to be inaccessible on account of evil spirits, which had killed a great many of those who had attempted to ascend it, were now at once rendered intelligible to me, as of course the extreme cold, to which the poor natives are perfect strangers, would soon chill and kill the half-naked visitors."

Referring to this passage, Mr. Cooley, in his *Inner Africa Laid Open*, treats this statement of Mr. Rebmann respecting snow seen by him on the summit of Kilimanjaro, "as a most delightful mental recognition only, not supported by the evidence of his stories," and sneers at the whole story as a fireside tale. Mr. Cooley's judgment does not pass for much worth; he broadly contradicted Dr. Livingstone's statement of the union of the river Zuamly with the Zambesi; on the contrary, there are the express testimonies of travelers like Krapf and Rebmann to the fact that from the heights of Kilimanjaro issue twenty rivers—a strong confirmation of the belief that the heights of the mountain are the regions of perennial snow—a fact, as Dr. Krapf has said, not more difficult to believe of equatorial Africa than of equatorial America. Captain Speke indeed does not mention snow in the Mountains of the Moon. Nor is it implied that

snow is the cause of the inundation of the Nile, but that it is the chief sustaining source of that river, keeping it fresh throughout the year. Captain Speke appears to agree with this view, when he states that the water of the lake Nyanza is fresh and sweet. Africa, the region of all wild and romantic ideas, opens up anew such worlds in these new discoveries. The Mountains of the Moon seem inseparable from the Nyam-nyam, and other monsters with which fancy has peopled them. Shakspeare makes the African traveler, Othello, speak of

"Hills whose heads touch heaven."

"The poet's eye," as Dr. Beke has said, "saw Kilimanjaro, Kenia, and other Mountains of the Moon, towering into the region of perpetual snow.

"And of the cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

This is a very fair description of the human features usually associated with this region; but upon these human features we can not dwell. The shores of the Nyanza seem to be inhabited by savage races, or wild pastoral people, with whom the Arabs traffic for ivory. Indeed the human characteristics vary through many degrees of greater or lesser savageness. The traveler, if he find the solitude of the lower Nile, will not expect to find here the charm of those old world associations. Here he will recede from Europe; into the desert, to the forest, but he leaves far behind the forms of guardian sphinxes, and columns, and temples, and tombs on the Nile, and the inexpressible charm of the moonlit waters of Egypt; pyramids silvered by the moonlight; the distant lights gleaming faintly among scarcely seen minarets, and the dark palms and broken ridges of Arabian hills; from all associations with the civilization of the old world, the reader may transport his mind to a state of society yet more primitive. We

read of one king who rejoices in three or four thousand wives, and kills a man every morning, and of another who takes pleasure in fattening his wives and children, so that they can not walk; others who dwell together in perfect nudity; and altogether, round the source of the Nile, a race of people whose civilization and religion is, as has been said, nothing to brag of.

Thus another important discovery affects the future destiny of Africa; from many various causes it is now attracting interest and observation; we wonder, as we read, if kingdoms are again to line the banks of the mighty river; if yet again over that great continent are to be spread the treasures of the new civilization; if all these discoveries are to be turned to account. Africa has been through all ages the region of mystery, of priestcraft, and of impassable barriers; these all, one after the other, seem to be breaking down. Every way it has changed; and those who notice how remarkably the coincidences of scriptural prophecy harmonize with the changes of nature, remind us of the important geological change which has in the course of centuries raised the country near the head of the Gulf of Suez, and depressed that on the northern side of the isthmus. Since the Christian era, the head of the gulf has retired southward, as prophesied by Isaiah: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea," "the waters shall fail from the sea;" thus it was prophesied the people may pass over dryshod. In the same way the difficulties and barriers to communication seem vanishing, and the resolution of the mystery of the Nile must be regarded as one of these. Africa was long, as has often been said, misunderstood and unknown; it is now demonstrated that she possesses fertile and genial regions, large rivers and lakes, and an immense population. We may fervently hope and pray that by these advantages she may be enabled to contribute to her own future civilization, and to the world's common stock of wealth and happiness.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

HUMPHREY GRAINGER'S LOSSES.

I SAT, as desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, in the parlor of a Liverpool hotel, surrounded by a chaotic pile of luggage, which had been landed with myself the evening before from the Australian steamer, after a tempestuous voyage of four months. I was an utter stranger in England, without any known friend; and very miserable had been the anxious, sleepless night, and the dreary loneliness of the day, now the familiar circle of my fellow-voyagers was broken up. Without resting, I was taking counsel with myself, and forming impracticable plans, until at last the weariness and melancholy of my situation overpowered me, and I fell asleep in the uncomfortable easy-chair before the fire. Still dreaming of the splash of the waves, and the ceaseless throb of the engine, as they had rung in my ears during the last few months, I mingled them with the indistinct sound of a door opening, and a man's tread across the floor, or deck as it seemed to me, and then a muffled, subdued voice exclaiming, "Is this the widow?"

My eyes opened widely at once, and met a very grave and pitying gaze, that was fixed upon me with something of the regard of a shepherd looking down upon a stray lamb. A tall, strong, largely-built figure, and a face of massive and marked features, leaned over me, filling the whole scope of my vision with a powerful breadth and height, which gave me just the pleasant sense of strength and protection I needed at the moment. He turned away instantly, and energetically stripped off his rough overcoat, handing it to the landlady who accompanied him with an air of amiable concession.

"Be so good as to take it away," he said. "I had no idea she was such a little, young creature as this."

He appeared considerably smaller and smoother, but still colossal to me as I stood before him, having risen to my feet by this time. With a gentle hesitation, as if fearful of touching me too roughly, he took

my hand in his own, and patted it softly with two fingers, repeating, in the same subdued tone:

"Not Harry's widow?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, bursting into passionate tears, and leaning my head against his great arm. "Oh, it was so hard! He died before we had been on board three weeks, and they buried him in the sea. I've been all alone ever since; and I have no friends here."

"Poor thing! poor little child!" he said, stroking the hair from my burning forehead. "Don't give way, my dear. I am your cousin—poor Harry's cousin—Humphrey Grainger; and of course I am your friend. There, sit down on the sofa, and tell me all about it when you are calm."

It was a long time before I was calm, for the tears welled to my eyes again and again after I thought I had mastered them; but he sat quietly beside me, speaking now and then in a hearty, genial tone, and in no way betraying any impatience to bring my hysterical weeping to an end.

"Now, then, my dear," he said, when at length I only sobbed at intervals, "first of all let me tell you I received Captain Thompson's letter about you this morning, and I started down to Liverpool at once to fetch you home. I did not wait for my sister Eliza to accompany me, as, under the circumstances, I considered speed to be the essential thing. My dear girl, do you know that we had no idea that poor Harry was married?"

"We were only married a week before we sailed," I answered. "I will tell you how it all happened, Mr. Grainger; it was such an unforeseen event. My brother is a lawyer in Sydney; and when Harry went to his office on business, William invited him to stay a few weeks at our house, he was so ill. I was very, very sorry for him. It made my heart ache to see him so suffering and feeble, and in a strange land among strangers; so I did all I could to nurse and com-

fort him. We went on in that way till his business was ended, and he came to say 'Good by' to me, and tell me he had taken a passage home in this steamer. He cried dreadfully, Mr. Grainger—like a child; and he said he was so afraid of going this long voyage alone among rough seamen; and perhaps he should die, with no one near him that cared about him. I don't remember exactly what I said; but he understood that I was willing to go with him, if I could be a comfort and help to him."

"But he did not marry you for that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger.

"He was really very fond of me as well," I continued. "But oh, you can not imagine how afraid he was of dying alone; and the voyage was so very long. So when he asked me if I would be his wife, I told him I loved him very much, and I was very sorry for him."

"But what did your brother say to it, my poor child?" he inquired.

"Girls of my age in the colony don't ask their brothers," I replied. "We were married quietly in a chapel in Sydney, and told William afterwards. But somehow I never believed he would surely die after we were married; he was so young, and I had never seen any one die. I thought he was getting better, he was so cheerful and happy. And oh, he died one evening on deck, while we were watching the sun go down; and I sat very quietly by him, only thinking he was asleep, till the captain came up and said he was dead."

There was a very perceptible frown upon the grave face to which I lifted my tearful eyes, quickly followed by an expression of profound pity as he met my appealing glance. I went on to tell him how bitterly I had found out my folly and self-will in marrying without my brother's knowledge; and how afraid I was of being a trouble to him and his sister until I could write home, and hear again from William, unless he decided it would be best to send me back by the next steamer; but I shrank from the thought of a second long voyage, with the ceaseless dirge of the waves where my husband was buried following me month after month. Mr. Grainger listened to me without interruption, and then said, in a few consoling, friendly sentences, that he should consider himself my guardian until he could hear from my brother in Sydney, and that to-morrow I should

return with him to the home which had been Harry's.

When I had left Sydney, the railway to Paramatta was only just begun, and my first journey by rail was from Liverpool to Sherwood; but I could see nothing of the seventy miles of British ground we traversed so swiftly, for the carriage windows were opaque with frost. Though it was scarcely noon, Mr. Grainger and two other gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers, after looking at their newspapers for a few miles, apparently resigned themselves to a profound slumber, and continued in it, with but brief intervals of wakefulness, until we reached the little country station where we left the train. We were immediately surrounded by a band of servile officials, whose obsequiousness was as strange to me as every thing else had been since I had left the steamer; but Mr. Grainger hurried me away impetuously, and lifted me into a dog-cart which was in waiting for us at the gate, where I stayed while he gave his servant directions about my cart-load of luggage.

"I never saw snow like this before," I said, when he came to fasten the apron at my side, and fold round me the rugs which had been sent for our protection from the severe climate. "It snowed in Sydney the year I was born; but of course I don't remember that."

"By George, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger, regarding me with an air of surprise, while he tore off his rough overcoat impatiently. "Here, stand up, Mrs. Grainger; let me button this right round you, or you will be frozen to death before we get home. It will be a sorry welcome to Sherwood."

We drove through a white wilderness, sparkling and soundless, save for the dull beat of the horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the shrill chirping of little birds in the hedges. It was a magic scene to me. The sky was cloudless, of a pale, bright blue, and there was no color in all the snow-covered landscape, except a very faint and scarcely perceptible tinge of a golden-pinkish hue, just visible in the shadows of the masses of pure white. Under the hedge-rows were huge drifts, twisted and coiled into a thousand fantastic shapes; and every branch of the leafless trees we passed beneath was blanched and wreathed with a delicate fret-work of frost. It was already sunset, though scarcely four o'clock, and the pinkish shadows were

deepening into purple under the level rays of the sun, when Mr. Grainger, who had been very silent all the way, turned his horse from the turnpike-road, and drove through a small park to the entrance of Sherwood Manor. It was an old-fashioned country house, of no architectural pretensions, built of red stone, and pointed with gables and casements painted black. But relieved as I was at its homeliness, I was sorry to have to alight, though I was half-numbed with cold, so nervous and apprehensive had I grown at the thought of meeting Miss Grainger. I was conscious that I could more easily propitiate and please a man than a woman; and to Mr. Grainger I had already grown accustomed, and he did not appear so very unlike the settlers who came down from their stations in the bush to my brother's house in Sydney. But I was greatly afraid of coming into the presence of an English lady, whose traditional grandeur and refinement had been the topic of my mother's nursery tales. I remembered them all, as Mr. Grainger carried me, benumbed and wrapped up as I was, from the dog-cart into the large hall, in the center of which he sat me down, and stood off a pace or two, to scrutinize me as a curiosity.

We were approached by a middle-aged woman, somewhat stately in her deportment, but motherly enough to make me feel a sudden hope that this was my hostess. Mr. Grainger, however, looked round him with an air of dissatisfaction, and speaking in a short, sharp tone, inquired:

"Where is Miss Grainger, Parrot?"

"In the drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Just help Mrs. Grainger off with some of those things; and we will go to her at once, if the mountain won't come to Mohammed!"

"Sir, Miss Yardley is there," said Parrot significantly.

He checked his impatience in a moment, casting a hasty but criticizing glance over his own travel-worn aspect, and my dishevelled, wearied appearance; and coming to Parrot's assistance, he helped to unshell me from the multitude of wrappings in which I was mantled, and presented me in all my diminutiveness and childishness to Parrot's wondering eyes.

"Not Mr. Harry's widow?" she ejacu-

lated involuntarily, as her master had done before her.

Mr. Grainger nodded a silent affirmation, and bade her attend me in my room; which she did in a gentle and tender manner, though I caught her now and then fixing on me a very puzzled and bewildered regard. The arrangement and fashion of the strange room embarrassed me; I did not know the use of half the articles on the dressing-table; and Parrot's prolonged scrutiny of me when I had completed my short toilet made me turn again anxiously to my looking-glass before descending to the drawing-room. The reflection did not reassure me. My only black dress, which I had put on as mourning, was a velvet robe, worn by my mother at a colonial ball some years before she died; and it hung in straight heavy folds round my slight figure, making my brown face and short tangled curls look as quaint and elfish as if I had purposely clad myself in some grotesque disguise. I envied the staid, self-possessed Parrot her acquaintance with English customs and etiquette, while I followed her with a beating heart, consciously ignorant of the manner in which I ought to enter a drawing-room.

The drawing-room door, flung wide open by Parrot, revealed a scene almost as white and frigid as the landscape without. I stood in the doorway, a shy, nervous, shrinking girl from the colony, anxiously gazing round a large and elegant room, which seemed a confused mass of cloudy curtains and coverings. Three windows, with delicate white drapery over pale blue, looked out upon the snowy park; chairs, sofas, and ottomans were veiled under a profusion of white network; the walls, of a pale, creamy tinge, were hung with light paintings; here and there were little tables, with their spindle legs supporting services of old china of the most shell-like fabric; and the marble chimney-piece contained similar fragile ornaments, to the number of forty-seven, as I discovered by counting them one day afterwards. Two ladies, of whom I dimly discerned only a full light amplitude of form and raiment, were seated gracefully in lounging-chairs upon the hearth; while I saw myself in a large pier-glass opposite as the only blot, a little speck of blackness, upon the frosty elegance of the tableau.

I was trembling on the threshold, fearful of treading my way through the labyrinth of tables and ottomans, when a hand, with whose well-shaped and muscular proportions I was already familiar, took mine within its encouraging clasp, as if I were a child. Mr. Grainger led me into the room, clearing every obstacle without apparent effort; and addressing the two ladies, who rose with a ceremonious and formal demeanor at our approach, he said, in an appealing voice:

"Eliza, this is Mrs. Henry Grainger. This is poor Harry's young wife, my dear Lavinia."

Miss Grainger was a large, plump, blonde woman, about forty years of age, with a certain self-conscious stateliness and grandeur, well befitting her importance as the lady of a manor house. There was nothing faint or feeble about her, and her prejudices in particular were very strong. Moreover, her strongest prejudice was in favor of knowing every body, with whom she was brought into any close contact, "from their cradle." She had spent her whole forty years at Sherwood, a small and isolated village, where all the families native to it were reticulated into a perfect network of kindred by intermarriages and distant cousinships; and where every household was patent to her, and patronized by her. A dark, mysterious episode, brooded over by dire suspicion, was any prolonged absence from Sherwood by any of its inhabitants, scarcely to be redeemed by an unbroken course of decorous and virtuous conduct through a protracted season of probation. Foreigners were her dread and aversion, and all who were not purely English she counted such. Until yesterday morning she had not known that I was born at all; and now I came, neither English born nor English bred, to dwell under the same roof in a close domestic intercourse. Since Mr. Grainger's departure, she had alternately bewailed Harry's fatal voyage, to which she had always been opposed, and studied with an appalled interest a work entitled *Botany Bay; or, the Penal Settlements of Australia*, reading herself well up in the convict history of the colony as it had been thirty or forty years before. When her brother placed me face to face with her, she ventured her lips to my cheek with as much caution and rapidity as if she were touching an icicle from the fringed eaves, and fell back instantly after

the freezing salute. The younger lady, who was also a tall, fair-haired woman, resembling Miss Grainger, was more prodigal of her caresses, as women are apt to be in the presence of a lover; she folded me impressively in her arms, with a considerable show of affectionate sympathy, for which she was rewarded by Mr. Grainger kissing her hand with an air of courtly homage, and drawing a chair near to hers, after he had seated me in one opposite the trio.

In the mirror above the marble chimney-piece I could see myself perched uncomfortably upright upon my chair, having a vague recollection of my mother telling me, when I was a child, that the ladies in England never lolled upon their seats. A conversation about my husband's relatives, in the course of which I was informed that Miss Yardley's great-aunt was cousin to Harry's mother, gradually merged into a magisterial examination of myself, conducted by Miss Grainger.

"Mrs. Henry Grainger," she began, "you are aware that we know absolutely nothing of your antecedents and connections. It is a most remarkable circumstance that Harry never mentioned your name in his communications to us, nor indeed the name of any young single person of your sex."

"I am afraid," I interrupted apologetically, "that Harry had no idea of marrying me till he was just starting home, or else he would have spoken of me, I dare say."

"May I inquire what your maiden name was?" asked Miss Grainger.

"Victoria Sydney Burke," I replied; and reminiscences of the great criminal of that name no doubt flashed across her troubled mind. "My brother Will is a lawyer in Sydney, but our house is on the Woolloomooloo road. Tom, my youngest brother, is assistant police-magistrate at Bathurst. I have no other relations."

"Did you bring your marriage-certificate with you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" I exclaimed; "I never thought of such a thing. But we could get it any day at the Yorke-street Chapel, where we were married."

"Married at chapel!" cried Miss Grainger, who, with all the people of Sherwood, was a staunch churchwoman. "A Grainger married at chapel! Jumped over a broom-stick nine times, I suppose!"

"I never heard of such a custom in the colony," I answered, partly perplexed and partly irritated. "We have not all the sects there that you have here, I dare say. But I told Will directly after that we had been married there, and he said what could not be cured must be endured."

"Eliza," interposed Mr. Grainger, "Captain Thompson's letter was quite satisfactory."

Miss Grainger was silent for a few minutes, glancing over the pages of her volume on *Botany Bay*, while Mr. Grainger and Miss Yardley conversed apart, she with an air of maidenly condescension, and he with looks and tones of the most refined deference. I watched them all with furtive but keen inspection.

"Were you born in Australia?" suddenly inquired my examiner.

"We were all born in the colony," I said, with a mournful pride. "My father emigrated from Ireland when he was quite young, and my mother was a native of Paramatta, but her parents were English. I don't think we have any relations living in England. I am sure none ever wrote to us."

Miss Grainger paused again, as she un- easily referred to the index of her *Guide to the Penal Settlements* for the town of Paramatta, until her misgivings conquered every dictate of hospitality and good-breeding.

"You are very young, my dear," she said insinuatingly; "do not be afraid of us. We shall not judge you, or any body else, harshly. But you would relieve my mind very considerably if you could inform me for what reason your parents emigrated to Botany—I mean to the Australian settlements. Don't be afraid of confiding in us."

She uttered the last words in a persuasive and patronizing accent; but it was utterly impossible that my colonial susceptibility on this point should leave me in ignorance as to her meaning. I, the daughter of free settlers, who had never spoken on equal terms with any descendant of a convict, was asked significantly for what reason my parents had emigrated! I sprang from my seat, and confronted my amazed guardian with flaming eyes and hurried, quivering lips.

"Take me back," I gasped, stamping my feet with rage; "I will not stay in this house for one single night. She means that my father was a transport—a

felon. I will go back to Sydney in the next steamer. You have no right to detain me here. I am a married woman."

Mr. Grainger left his seat by Miss Yardley, and drew me to his side soothingly, with his arm round my shoulders, while he lowered his voice into a very quiet and soft tone.

"Come, come, my child; be calm," he said. "Eliza did not mean to hurt you. It is necessary for you to stay with us for a time, and you will grieve me if you do not live here, in Harry's home, contentedly. You shall stay as my own peculiar guest. Here in England we are not accustomed to see married women like you wandering about without any protection. There, go away to your own room for to-night; and to-morrow you shall show me all poor Harry's papers. Lavinia, will you have the goodness to accompany this poor little girl?"

Miss Yardley passed her arm round my shoulders where Mr. Grainger's had rested, and conducted me up-stairs, staying until she had completely pacified my brief passion. When she had soothed me into a sufficient degree of quietness, she commenced her own private investigation.

"Poor Harry!" she sighed. "You are aware, my love, that he went out on business for Mr. Grainger? Do you know whether he succeeded or not?"

"We never talked about business," I answered, sobbing again at the mention of Harry's name, "because we were only married three weeks. But I am afraid he failed, for he said one day he wished he had died at home—he had done more harm than good by coming out."

"We shall know for certain to-morrow," she said, glancing round at the huge pile of trunks in the corner. She sat still for a long time, gazing into the fire with her light, shallow, glassy eyes, and smiling every now and then as she tapped her foot restlessly upon the fender. Just as I was falling asleep that night, she came in again to ask me if I were comfortable, and stayed looking at my luggage until she heard Mr. Grainger's step upon the stairs, leaving me with a sweet-toned "Good-night," as he passed my door. No doubt he thought her an angel.

The next day Harry's boxes were carried down into Mr. Grainger's private room. They were all opened and examined by him and me alone; but several times my ear caught the rustling of silk

and the tread of stealthy footsteps in the hall, and I should have been glad to open the door unexpectedly. When every loose paper had been collected, and poor Harry's desk placed upon the center-table, Mr. Grainger seated me in a large, magisterial-looking chair on the hearth, and taking up a position opposite to me, addressed me solemnly:

"You are very young to hear about our family-affairs," he said; "but, as Harry's widow, you have a right to know why I am about to examine his private papers, and even his letters. I must tell you that I have an elder half-brother, who ran away from home at the age of eighteen; and no authentic intelligence has been received of him since, though various rumors have reached us from different quarters. My father died six years since, bequeathing his estate to Rowland, if he should return within seven years of his decease; failing which, Sherwood Manor became inalienably mine, and Russett Farm, the portion of the younger son, became the inheritance of your husband, whom my father regarded as his own child. In the event of Rowland's return, he was to succeed to the Manor and I to the farm, while Harry was to receive from Rowland the sum of three thousand pounds. Henry and I felt ourselves bound in honor and conscience to make every effort to find my missing brother. A few months ago we heard a rumor of his having been seen in Sydney, and Henry, to whom a long sea-voyage was recommended, proceeded thither at my instigation. His letters, until the last, contained no information; but in that your brother's name occurs, and he speaks of some clew he has discovered. Yet his sudden intention of returning home appears to be against the supposition that he had traced Rowland. In your presence I will examine his desk. We shall also see if he has made any will in your favor."

Mr. Grainger unlocked the desk, and removed the papers with a deliberate and reverential hand, passing each packet to me that I might glance over its contents. Very weary and sad I felt before the task was over, which at last brought us to the conclusion that Harry had failed in his mission, and no trace of Rowland Grainger had been discovered in Sydney. Mr. Grainger went alone to communicate the result of our search to his sister and Miss Yardley, and the intelligence appeared to

give them unmingled satisfaction, for both addressed me pleasantly when I joined them; and Lavinia in particular, when Mr. Grainger was absent, displayed an exuberance of spirits which went far to dissipate my awe and shyness.

Still, through all the winter, while the severity of the climate imprisoned me, I felt myself an alien in this very orderly, somewhat ceremonious, and formal household. In Miss Grainger's estimation I was a questionable and suspicious inmate of it, needing a very strict surveillance, lest I should be connected with some "gang," visions of whom floated before her apprehensive mind day and night. I chafed and fretted under her prying vigilance exceedingly, until the spring came to free me, and my Cousin Humphrey made me his special charge and companion in his unfettered out-door life, which suited me tenfold better than the polished drawing-room seclusion of the ladies. They gave me up then to the savagery of my untamed youth, and the unfettered colonial spirit I had brought with me from Sydney.

Miss Yardley had been the ward of the late Mr. Grainger, and had been engaged to Cousin Humphrey for ten years. Nothing could be more exquisite than the courtly chivalry of his mode of wooing, with all the graceful but somewhat solemn punctilio of a Sir Charles Grandison. Humphrey Grainger, with his gun and dogs, roaming over his fields, and chatting to a garrulous Australian girl, who was incorrigibly wild, and could never be trained into a decorous ladyhood, was a very different personage to the distinguished and stately gentleman who presented himself before Miss Yardley in the drawing-room, and attended upon every glance with the assiduous reverence of a vassal. Miss Yardley received his homage with a coy coldness very well befitting it; and I, with my impatience and restlessness of life, wondered how long such a courtship could be carried on.

It was not to continue long after my arrival, which had been such a crisis in their uneventful lives. Lavinia left Sherwood, to reside for a time with an aunt in Cheltenham; and her departure was the signal for the invasion of a whole host of painters, and decorators, and ornamental gardeners. Miss Grainger began to look out for a suitable residence in the near vicinity, where she could still

be among her own people, whom she had known from their cradles. Every evening, before Humphrey could venture upon smoking a cigar, he had to write a long letter upon scented paper, and with laborious precision. The villagers, too, as they crossed our path in our daily rambles, gave utterance to respectful hints and jests, at which the squire's face would redden like a girl's, though he could not forbear smiling happily. I should have been glad to think I should see a real English wedding before I returned to the colony, if I had not felt an irrational antipathy to the bride-elect.

The alterations and embellishments in house and garden were in their very wildest confusion of progress, when one day in June I found myself with nothing to do, and time hanging heavily upon my hands, as my Cousin Humphrey was gone to a neighboring town on business. With true feminine instinct I turned to the inspection of my girlish colonial finery and treasures, to while away the hours till he returned. There had been no need to open some of my boxes, and they remained as I had packed them at home. One especially, which had been kept in my cabin during the first month of my voyage, as it contained the dresses I had selected for wearing on board, had been untouched by me since the day it had been stowed below in the hold, after I had assumed my only black gown. I remembered so well closing down the lid upon all my bright bridal outfit, bought hastily in the stores in Sydney, while I put on my dead mother's robe to honor the memory of my dead husband. As I raised the lid again, I saw lying at the top a loose warm cloak of poor Harry's, which had always hung at the head of his berth, ready to be thrown on in a moment if any casualty should occur. I had thought no more of it after wrapping it up and putting it into the box to fill up the space of my velvet dress; but now, as I lifted it up tenderly, as if it still belonged to him, I felt that one of the pockets was carefully stitched up, and contained a small packet of papers.

I had them out as quickly as my fingers, trembling with eagerness, could unfasten the close stitching. They were three letters from my brother Tom at Bathurst, in answer to some inquiries made by Will on behalf of my husband. Tom said he knew Rowland Grainger, who was then working

at the diggings, and had led him into a conversation about his early life. He had run away from Sherwood in a passion of jealousy and resentment against his step-mother, resolved not to return home until he was independent of every one. That would not be at present, Tom remarked; for he was a reckless, half-civilized, dare-devil fellow, notorious even among the motley and lawless population of the Macquarrie Plains. It was evident from these letters, that for some reason Harry had not confided to either of my brothers the real object of his inquiries, but rather that he had given them the impression that he expected some aid from his kinsman toward settling in the colony. I read Tom's letter till my head ached, trying to conjecture all the consequences of this discovery. At last I roused myself to the recollection that my Cousin Humphrey must be home by this time, and that I should find him in the library writing to Lavinia. He was, as I anticipated, busy with one of his tinted, scented love-letters, and only nodded good-temperedly as I opened the door, where I stood for a minute or two, watching the gleaming of his honest eyes, and his lips moving half with a smile, and half with the unconscious whispering of the words he was writing to his Lavinia. At the thought of her I gained courage, and stealing to his side I laid my brown hand upon the delicate paper.

"Don't interrupt me, Tory," he exclaimed; "you know I can not write easily. I am not clever at it, and even your presence rather disturbs me."

"Cousin Humphrey," I said, "I have just found these letters in a cloak of Harry's."

I stood beside him while he read them, enduring without shrinking the grasp of his iron hand upon my small fingers. The lines upon his forehead—for there will be marked lines upon the forehead of most men who are nearing forty—deepened into heavy wrinkles, and he set his teeth together as he gazed up into my face for some minutes before he spoke.

"I can not bear it, Tory," he said. "I had made up my mind to it before you came; but now—now, when I am getting my home ready for Lavinia, after all these years of waiting! I am not bound to send for him. If Rowland comes back of himself before October, he must have the place; but after that I am safe."

"But he is found," I whispered; "your

brother is found; but he will not come home of himself. He will never hear of your father's will till he has lost his inheritance. If Harry had told him, he would have been master here now. Cousin Humphrey, you said once you were bound by conscience and honor: can that bond ever be destroyed?"

"But to bring such a man to my father's home—to this peaceful little village! He will be a curse to it," said Humphrey.

"I don't know what is right," I replied sorrowfully; "but if we had found these letters last December, when we looked for them, you would have written to your brother, and he would have been on his way home now. Do perfect honor and honesty depend upon an accident like this? If you could only decide upon what is right, and leave the rest to God!"

"But Lavinia!" he groaned.

"She will love you the better for it," I said, but not in perfect honesty myself, for I did not believe it in my heart. "If I were Lavinia, I would rather go with you into the bush than live upon a brother's birthright."

The remainder of the tinted sheet of paper on the desk before him was filled up with a very different subject, and far less elaborate penmanship than usual. Miss Grainger resented my unfortunate discovery bitterly, and appeared to think there was something felonious in my act of locking up my husband's coat in my own trunk, and that my finding the letters after this interval was part of a conspiracy. Cousin Humphrey, as if to strengthen himself against any return of indecision, made it known throughout Sherwood that Rowland was at length traced out; and at every time of telling the story to some old retainer who remembered his brother, his tone grew steadier and more cordial, as though he would be ready to give the prodigal a hearty welcome. All that was lacking to complete his resignation was Lavinia's reply.

It did not come for several days, during which Humphrey was restless and anxious; but one morning a letter for him, and another for Miss Grainger, arrived. He carried his away from the breakfast-table to the retirement of the library; but I had the double pleasure of seeing Miss Grainger read hers with a most expressive face, and afterwards of reading it myself. It was a long and very pious letter, full of admiration at the mysterious

ways of Providence; extremely affectionate too, for she said that, though Humphrey had so nobly and generously released her from an engagement long distasteful to her feelings, she saw nothing to interfere with the sisterly attachment which had existed between them from her cradle. It was this last sentence that lashed Miss Grainger into fury, and ever afterwards rankled in her mind.

"Base creature!" she exclaimed; "it is too true. I have known her from her very cradle, but I could never have believed this. Away with such women! they are not fit to live. Providence! When any body does a mean, disgraceful, villanous action, they lay the blame on Providence. I have no patience. Oh Mrs. Harry, is it possible that such a woman can be found on English soil?"

I was ashamed to discover in my own heart a latent, hardly-acknowledged sense of satisfaction, not at all sympathetic with Humphrey's unhappiness, but which enabled me to join most cordially in all Miss Grainger's censures; and as nothing has a more reconciling tendency than a thorough unison of antipathy and resentment against another, the false-hearted Lavinia became the bond of union between us. All the morning we mourned over Humphrey, and wept compassionating tears, until, both of us growing anxious about him, Miss Grainger requested me, as a privileged intruder, to venture boldly into his presence.

The library was empty; but the window was open, and I passed through it into the park, where the hay was being made. A glance was enough to convince me that my gigantic cousin was not among the group of haymakers who were loading the wagons with the great cocks which he and I had helped to pile up the day before. I knew Humphrey's haunts well; and a moment's consideration turned my steps to the coppice of fir-trees beyond the park, where a path, slippery with brown needle-like spines from the bough over-head, led to a little meadow inclosed by woods, and sheltered with wild high hedges of rose-brier and thorn. Last night we had been watching the haymakers rake the newly-mown grass into long wavy swaths; and we had lingered after they were gone in the moonlight, sitting under a bowery hawthorn tree in the midst, by whose roots a mountain-brook rushed rapidly and noisily down its narrow channel. The

field-gate was swinging upon its hinges, and as I passed through it I saw in an instant that Humphrey was there, lying under the thorn-tree, and motionless—so motionless, that, as I stood afar off straining my eyes to detect some symptoms of animation, my heart beat with a sudden panic, and darting down swiftly to his side, I bent over him, and laid my hand softly upon his uncovered head. Then he moved to shake it off, but did not look up.

"It is only Tory, Cousin Humphrey," I whispered, sitting down beside him.

Cousin Humphrey hid his face upon my lap, and burst into such a passion of tears and sobs as only a strong man long unused to weeping can suffer; while I could say nothing to him, could do nothing for him, but press my hands lightly upon his bowed head, and reproach myself angrily for the unconquerable satisfaction I felt in the cause of his terrible grief.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed at last, rising and shaking himself wrathfully. "I don't mind you, Tory; but I could not endure any one else seeing my weakness. Oh Tory! I have had no hope these ten years but that of making Lavinia my wife."

"She is a hateful—" I began.

"Hush! not yet!" he interrupted, with a look of pain. "You must not say a word against her, Tory. All to-day every hope and plan I have ever formed have been passing through my mind again; and all the letters she has written, and every word of love, so few and rare, that she has ever spoken. I shall never be the same man again. See, Tory, here is her portrait."

It was a delicate miniature on ivory, with a smile upon the fair false face. He had been keeping it close in his hand; but as he held it toward me, I snatched it from him in a sudden freak of indignation, and dashed it against the stones of the mountain-stream at our feet. He looked amazed, and in some degree ruthless—this rather slow, impassive, phlegmatic British gentleman; but he made no effort to recover the shattered fragments, already whirling down the tiny eddies of the rejoicing current. He lifted me over the brook, which I had crossed unaided in running down to him, and carried me some paces beyond it, held fast and close in his arms; and as we walked home side by side he rested his hand upon my shoulder, leaning

upon me, and being led by me as one blind with rage or sorrow.

Never was I so mortified and humiliated in my life as to perceive how quickly a man can rally after the most cruel blow dealt by the most faithless of our sex. Sadly, with merciless reprobation of Lavinia's perfidy, I allotted many months for the term of Cousin Humphrey's mourning over the blighted hopes of his life, fearing that, as he said, he would never be the same man again. Mr. Grainger was moody, and inclined to an excess in solitary cigars, the next day and the day after; but on the fourth morning I heard him as usual early under my window, whistling his dogs about him, and summoning me imperiously to our customary stroll through the dewy fields. In a week he could laugh as heartily as ever; and before a fortnight had passed he was able to speak of Miss Yardley with Grandisonian magnanimity and courtesy, only smiling at Miss Grainger's very severe strictures, when along the chain of our numerous relatives ran the electric communication that Lavinia was going to marry a clergyman in Cheltenham.

For the first three or four months of my sojourn at Sherwood, the subject of my thoughts and conversation had been the letter that Mr. Grainger had written to my brother, and the reply I anticipated receiving from him. But as the many silent months passed by which could bring no message from my distant home, it seemed as if the limitless sea had flowed over Australia, so forgetful was I grown of its associations, so careless of hearing again of my brother's home. It was almost like the shock of an unexpected event when, at the end of August, a colonial letter arrived addressed to my cousin; and I could hardly conceal or control my agitation as I leaned over the back of his chair to read it with him. It was a very brief and laconic note, written by one of my brother's clerks:

"SIR: I am instructed by Mr. William Burke to reply to yours of Dec. 16th ult. You will oblige him by embarking Mrs. Victoria Sydney Grainger in the next mail-steamer leaving England. Inclosed is a draft for the passage out, and for the incidental expenses incurred by you during Mrs. V. S. G.'s residence under your roof."

Humphrey's sun-burnt face grew more

swarthily red as he perused this short epistle, and Miss Grainger bridled with haughty hospitality, though there was something reassuring in this ready remittance, which had no taint of felony or poverty about it. Little was said, but both of them seemed to consider my immediate departure inevitable; and Miss Grainger commenced energetic preparations for it, insisting upon providing me with a thorough English outfit, as if we could not procure similar articles in the colony. She would not rest without making Humphrey go down to Southampton beforehand, wasting four of my precious days, that he might secure the very best and most comfortable cabin for me; and after his return she studied all the almanacs she could find to ascertain when the equinoctial gales would begin, every evening giving us a different and more appalling statement respecting them.

The equinoctial gales had sent no pioneer breeze before them on the third Sunday in September. It was a warm, soft, brilliant day, with the scented fragrance of early autumn pervading the serene atmosphere; a very quiet, peaceful day, with neither business sounds nor the boisterous merriment of village children at play; only the chiming of the church-bells, which rang like a knell to me. I was very miserable, hearing amid the stillness the monotonous splash of waves, as they had followed me during that long separating voyage of my widowhood; a wilderness of desolate waves, which I was again to cross. In the evening I strolled out with Cousin Humphrey, to wander, without aim or purpose, through the fields, as our custom had been all the summer through, talking together in a subdued tone, partly of reverence for the day, and partly of quiet enjoyment. But to-day I could not talk; and Humphrey, sitting on the stile which divided two of his corn-fields, lit his cigar, and smoked in placid silence, while I placed myself on the cross-bar at his feet. These golden shocks of corn, standing erect with plumed heads, I had watched growing from the first tender blade; and they were ripe and ready for gathering in now—memorials of all the pleasant rambles across these furrows since early spring. I remembered Humphrey pointing out to me the first swallow that ventured to try his dusky wings; and here was a whirling, careering crowd of them, shrieking with delight as they

darted in and out among the upright sheaves. Australia was so far away! This fond, long, lingering twilight, full of vague suggestions and emotions, dearer to me than the broad common light and darkness of my native land; the wild melody of song ringing from tree to tree, which stirred my heart uneasily though rapturously; those deep, mystic shadows of the broad-leaved trees—I felt that it would break my heart to hear and see all this no more. Yet we sat so still in the fading light of the western sky behind us, that an indolent grasshopper at my feet crawled lazily through the bending spears of grass, not caring to leap out of our motionless shadows; and a linnet in a poplar-tree near us sang deliriously, in an ecstasy of song, as it faced the crimson sunset. I watched and listened, thinking listlessly of the barren and silent waters I had to voyage over, until both grasshopper and linnet disappeared; and, as if I were already come to the moment of my departure, I wrung my hands with a gesture of despair, and turned away my face from Humphrey's scrutiny.

"What ails my little woman now?" he asked, in the lowered, modulated tone he reserved for me, and only used to me upon rare occasions. "What does all this trouble mean at this particular moment?"

"Oh, nothing!" I sobbed; "only foolishness. I feel so tossed about from country to country; and I want to be at rest somewhere. It is so peaceful here! I don't want to leave these singing-birds, and this long, pleasant dusk. I like England best now. I found it out this morning in church when we read, 'forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.' I've done it, Cousin Humphrey; and, oh, I am so afraid of that long voyage alone!"

"Is there nothing else you do not want to leave?" asked the same low, tender voice.

"Oh, I don't want to leave you!" I said recklessly; "at least not just yet. I should like to stay till you were settled at Russett Farm, so that I might know the rooms you were living in when I am away in the colony. I could be of some use to you now, Cousin Humphrey; I could help you now that you are going to be a poor man."

"Tory, if you are to stay any longer with me, it can only be as my wife."

I did not move or speak, but sat like a statue, looking straight forward at the

sheaves of corn. There was a breathless pause, for the birds had finished singing, and the swallows, fled to distant fields, were only just visible against the evening sky. The only sound was the tiny rustling of the poplar-leaves overhead, clapping continuously together with a small, cheery murmur of applause.

"Stand up, Tory, and look at me," said Humphrey.

I obeyed him. His face was anxious and overcast, and his eyes met mine with a keen and penetrating gaze. I stretched out my hand to him, and he grasped it in both of his.

"Don't let me be a selfish scoundrel, Tory," he said, in a tone of remonstrance; "don't let me take advantage of your impulsive nature. God knows, till Lavinia jilted me, I never thought of this; never felt what a void there would be in my life when my little Australian was gone back to her colony. But I found it out when I discovered that I was not unhappy at Lavinia's desertion. It is this simple, wild, untaught, unfettered little Linnet, that was nestling down in my heart, and making the music of home for me. I shall miss you every hour of the day; every time I cross my fields; every moment I spend alone in my library."

"I will not go," I murmured.

"My darling, you have made one mistake in your generous, impetuous youth. Remember, I am an old man compared to you; impoverished now; rejected, too, by the woman betrothed to me for years. Tory, be careful how you answer me."

"I don't like young men," I answered; and Mr. Grainger laughed at my earnestness, a laugh full of triumph and satisfaction; "and I hate being grand and formal and rich; and, oh, I shall enjoy Lavinia's knowing that she has not broken your heart. I shall make such a good farmer's wife; and you will love me all my life long."

The twilight, lingering as it was, had quite died away before we moved; and then, as we walked home through the dark, Humphrey's arm carefully round me lest I should stumble, I began to tremble for the effect our communication would

have upon Miss Grainger. In the hall I paused, and looking timidly up to him, I asked, in a whisper: "How ever are we to tell Eliza?"

"Let us do it at once," he said promptly.

She was studying the equinoctial gales when we entered the drawing-room; and Humphrey, leading me to her with something of the grave deference of his old manner to Lavinia, informed her that I had done him the honor to accept him as a suitor. She did not comprehend him at first; but when the truth dawned upon her, she saw in it only a triumph over Lavinia, and she earnestly entreated that we would be married before that treacherous creature. The next day she wrote to Lavinia's aunt, who was of some remote degree of consanguinity, and gave her a highly eulogistic description of Humphrey's bride—"a young lady quite after my own heart, from the colony of Australia, whose brothers are two of the leading men of Sydney; and who will come into possession of a very large property, bequeathed to her by her estimable father, as soon as she is of age. My brother Humphrey justly considers himself the happiest of men."

We were married, and settled at Russett Farm before Rowland Grainger returned. Never did a fastidious, prejudiced gentlewoman suffer a greater agony of dismay than did Miss Grainger, when unexpectedly one day the master of Sherwood Manor presented himself before her—a brawny, stalwart frame, attired in a blue Guernsey frock belted round the waist, and a bearded, weather-beaten face, round which the hair fell in shaggy locks. But Rowland proved better than we expected. He subsided into a self-contained, rather quiet, and respectable country gentleman, not at all difficult to live with, as Eliza proved, for she continued to reign as lady-paramount at Sherwood Manor; and Rowland was never weary of narrating to her the most extraordinary stories of that long episode in his life which he had spent very far away from the safe domestic circle of anxious relatives, who would have rejoiced in scanning every step of his path from his cradle to his grave.

CAPTAIN SPEKE AND CAPTAIN GRANT.

WE present to our readers this month the well-engraved portraits of these renowned explorers of Africa. In the absence of their persons we are quite sure their portraits will receive a cordial welcome. Their arrival in England was hailed with demonstrations of joy. A special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held at Burlington House on the 2d of July. Sir Roderick Murchison presided. The house was densely crowded, and many ladies were present, and it was with difficulty that Captains Speke and Grant could make their way to the platform. On being recognized they were greeted with hearty and reiterated cheers. Their skill, courage, and enterprise have solved a problem of which Homer speaks, concerning which Herodotus offered ingenious speculations, in which will be found strange germs of fact which baffled Alexander and gave Nero occupation. At this great meeting Captain Speke gave the following account of his travels. He said:

IN attempting to describe the extent and character of this great river—the Nile—compared with its tributaries, within the limits of actual inspection by myself, I will first treat of its head, the Victoria Nyanza, from its southern extremity—which I found by astronomical observation in 1858 to be close on three degrees south of the equator—and gradually bring it down to its point of debouchure in the Mediterranean Sea, thirty-one degrees north of the equator, by which it will be seen the Nile represents, considering it lies almost in one direct line from south to north, a total, in round numbers, of two thousand miles (geographical rectilinear) in length, and is therefore nearly one tenth the circumference of the globe. It must be borne in mind, however, that my observations respecting this great river are not the result of one expedition, but of two; that I have not actually followed its banks from head to foot, but have tracked it down, occasionally touching on it, and even navigating it as occasion offered, for the barbarous nature of the African

forbids the traveler doing as he likes; therefore, to give full weight to any inferences I may draw, deduced from what I have only seen in part, I will blend native information with my own experiences, and in doing so, shall hope to teach others what I know, and beyond that, what I believe myself. In the year 1858, when I discovered the Victoria Lake, which is the great reservoir of the Nile, I found it a large sheet of sweet water lying on the main level, or from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea level of the great interior plateau of equatorial Africa, looking for all the world like the source of some great river; so much so, indeed, that I at once felt certain in my own mind it was the source of the Nile, and noted it accordingly. To add to this impression the natives, who there only know it by the name of Nyanza, which equally means lake, pond, and river, described its extension in this confused manner to the northward as being boundless, while its breadth really—in fact its circumference—was enormous; greater, if any thing, on the east than on its western side, for the negro informants knew the names of all the countries surrounding the lake, and must, had they understood the value of geographical definitions, have been able to separate the River Nile from the Nyanza, and to reduce their explorations to any common understanding. Other informants—Arab merchants and their slaves, residents of Zanzibar, who penetrate Africa in quest of ivory, who had completed the whole circuit of the Nyanza, not individually but separately, some on one side and some on the other—assured me the Nyanza was the source of some great river. They knew not what, though they had heard confused accounts from the natives living on the equator of the European ivory merchants who frequented the Nile in vessels at five degrees north latitude, and had further heard through the same channel that with the rising of the Nile, and consequently the violence of its waters, islands were floated down its surface, which really is the case, not composed of earth and stone, but tangled

roots of trees, rush, and grass, with even sometimes huts upon them, which, otherwise undisturbed, are torn away by the violence of the stream, and carried down perfect floating islands. Then, again, these men described the territory between the Nile and Asua rivers as an island on the one side, and the land comprising the ancient kingdom of Kittara, according to their acceptance of the word, as an island, also being nearly circumscribed by the Kitangulú and Luta Nzigé rivers, in conjunction with the Lake Nyanza and the Nile. No merchants, however, had crossed the first parallel of north latitude; none understood geography. They heard what the natives said, but could not fully comprehend them, and thus it was that a doubt still existed in every body's mind but my own as to the origin of the Nile, which no one would believe until I went again and turned the river down from head to mouth.

Had I been all alone in this first expedition I should have settled the Nile in 1859, by traveling from Unyanyembi to Uganda with an Indian merchant, Musor Mzuri, who was prepared to go there; but my proposal having been negatived by the chief of the expedition, who was sick at the time and tired with the journey, I returned to England, and to my inexpressible delight, the very first day after my arrival here, found in Sir Roderick Impey Murchison a warm advocate and proposer to the Royal Geographical Society to complete what I had before begun, and, as may be imagined, I could not rest satisfied until the world accepted my own views, happily now verified by indisputable means of actual inspection and astronomical observation, that the Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile. Suffice it now to say, after returning to Unyanyembi, (the old point,) three degrees south of the lake, in 1861, I struck upon a new route, which I imagined, from the unsophisticated depositions of the ivory merchants, would lead me to a creek on the westerly flank of the Nyanza, situated on the southern boundary of Karaguvé. Geographical definitions were here again found wanting; for instead of a creek to the great lake appearing, a new lake was found called Luero, (white,) or Lake of Urigi, which formerly appeared to have contained a considerable amount of water, but is now fast drying up. Its head lies in Urundi, and, circling

round the south and east flanks of Karaguvé, in form of a mountain valley, is subsequently drained by the Kitangulú river into the Nyanza, but not in sufficient quantity to make any sensible impression on the perennial contents of the Nyanza basin. It is to the west and north of Karaguvé that the lake receives its greatest terrestrial supply of water, through the medium of the Kitangulú river, which, in draining the aforesaid Luero-lo-Urigi, drains off the superfluous waters of many minor lakes, as the Akenyard, in Urundi; the Luckurow, which is the second of a chain with the Akenyard; the Ingerzi and Karaguvé; and the little Windermere, which, in Karaguvé, lies below the capital on its south-eastern corner. None of these lakes are large—mere puddles in comparison to the great Victoria Nyanza; but still the Kitangulú river, after receiving all their contributions, is a noble river, low sunk like a huge canal, about eighty yards across, with a velocity of about four miles an hour, which appears equal to the Nile itself as soon as it issues from the lake by the Ripon Falls. The question naturally suggests itself, what forms these lakes? whence originate their waters? It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie, encircling the northern end, and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than two hundred and thirty-three days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake, called in these more northern countries Luero, white—lo (of)—Luta (dead) Nzigé (locust,) in consequence of the reputed fact that flights of locusts, in endeavoring to cross these waters, have dropped down from fatigue, unable to accomplish such an extended journey on wing, and, perishing in the lake, have been found dead in dense masses by the boatmen. But, like the word Nyanza, it is also applied to the Nile and its tributaries, confounding all inquiry. For instance, the Waganda—who know of the Nile and the Little Luta Nzigé, a semi-lake tributary to it, flanking the northern boundary of Ungoro, that being the extent as to the instances of the dead locusts—say at once Uganda, conjoined with Ungoro, is an island, so that a man may walk for months and never

see the end of it. The whole is likewise called Nyanza there; for, as might be expected in countries where no literature is known, nor knowledge sought beyond the actual requirements of domestic life, the people are satisfied with local names, never troubling their heads with general specific ones. This is the explorer's greatest difficulty in endeavoring to put together the information which he hears, though it may be overcome by close questioning, even better with the natives than with the Arabs; for whilst the former regard all rivers flowing, as we do, from head to mouth, the Arab invariably says it goes from mouth to head. In a southerly direction the Waganda boatmen go as far as the Island Ukerewé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanzaat, the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Kraph, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands in it; which reasoning I deduce from the fact that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza; yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyanza waters were purely fresh and sweet. They, (the Arabs,) like Dr. Kraph, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral, the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of those connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile.

The Arabs, it is now very clear, had heard of every thing in connection with the Nile; but from not being cognizant with the science of philosophical geography were unable to connect what they had gleaned in detached fragments from it. Dr. Kraph further tells us of a river trending from the river Nowey by Mount Kœnio toward the Nile. If such is the case it must be a feeder to the Baringo, whose waters pass off by the Asua river into the Nile, for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who

have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low, rolling hills, intersected only by small streams and nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side stream, which is situated on the equator, on the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to the Mas-horde, and proceeding north along the bending coast of Nyanza to the valley of Kalonga, which, being situated on the equator, the lake is constantly in view. The land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, scoured down by small streams, the effect of constant rains, grown all over by gigantic grass, except where the numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Urugi Lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even counting from the Kitanqula, which of itself was obviously at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the level of the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa. Crossing the equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing we were on the north slope of Africa. One stream, the Mwérango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Unigoro, where its name is changed to Kafu; or another stream, the Luagevri, followed its example; and then, still further on from the center of the coast of Lake Nyanza, issued the parent stream of the Nile, flowing over rocks of igneous character twelve feet high, which, as the natives, and also some Arabs, simply designate by the simple name of stones, I have done myself the honor to christen the Ripon Falls, after his lordship, who was the president of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. The escape of the Nyanza waters, twenty miles north of the equator, is the only one accurately inspected, owing to the barbarous restrictions placed

on visitors by the King of Uganda for the supposed maintenance of his dignity; but it mattered not, as by following the Nile we saw the junction of both the Kafu and Asua rivers, and crossed Luagevri immediately before its place of junction. Now proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, the river first bisects the sandstone continued hills, which extend into Usuoga above the coast-line of the lake, and rushes along north with mountain-torrent beauty, and then, having passed these hills, of no great extent, it turned through long flats more like a lake than a river, where, in Ungyoso, it was increased by the contribution of the Kafu and the Luagevri, and continued in this navigable form to the Karina Falls in Chopi, where again, the land dropping suddenly to the westward, we saw the river rushing along with boisterous violence, but would not follow it owing to the war which lay upon the track. It was indeed a pity, for not sixty miles from where we stood, by common report, the Little Luta Nzigé, which I had taken so much trouble in tracing down its course from the Lunæ Montes with its salt islands in it, joined the Nile. The old river was next met with in the Madi country, due north of the Karina Falls, where it still bore the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats, long rapids. The southern half of the Madi was a flat extending, we believe, to the junction of the Little Luta Nzigé; the north, a rapid extending down to the navigable Nile—that is to say, the Nile which is navigable its entire length during the period of its flooding; and here it was the Asua river, of which we had heard, draining from the north-east corner of Victoria Lake, joins—in a rainy season an important feeder, but when low fordable. The rest of the Nile, considering it is navigated, really ought to be well known; but it is not so; as no one has yet taken the trouble to place odometers on its various branches, by which we might know the perennial amount of water drained away by each every year, and from want of which it appears to me—who have seen them all in their dry season, the best time for judging their various degrees of magnitude—great misconceptions have taken place. To these branches, then, more particularly, I wish to draw attention; noticing only that the Nile—the White river, as it is called—in its south bearings,

carries the palm with it in all instances, and its branching throughout has been so often described, especially to the junction of the Blue river. The first great affluent, which, indeed, is the only one worthy of remark on the left of the Nile, is the Bakr el Ghazal. It joins on with the appearance of a diminutive lake at the sharp elbow of the Nile, without any visible stream of its own, whilst the great river winds round with considerable velocity, carrying, as I have said, the palm with it. The second affluent in order of position, which with all the others is on the right of the Nile, is the Geraffee river, swirling with considerable stream and graceful round into the parent Nile. Its magnitude and general appearance is like that of a first-class canal, inferior to the Kitangulé river, although not so much as equal in quantity of fluid to one third of the Nile at its point of junction. It is navigable to a great distance south, but where it comes from nobody knows. It can not be called a mountain river, as we found it full of rosets floating on its surface as in the Nile, evidently showing that both the trunk and the branch are subjected to the same effects of sluggish flats and rapids. Indeed, its character suggests the possibility of its emanating in the Victoria Nyanza, although it most surely is fed to a considerable extent by minor branches from the Great Eastern mountain chain. The third is the Southern Sobat river, which was full and navigable. In breadth it is greater than the Geraffee river, but less in rapidity, so that we may infer their perennial contents are much the same. Unfortunately, the Northern Sobat was passed without our knowledge, which, also being navigable, would make the Upper Sobat, that is to say, the Sobat above the Delta, of far greater magnitude than the Geraffee, unless, indeed, the three streams may be one river still further south, when, in its combination the comparison would have to be drawn with the Nile above, it would be very nearly equal; for the Nile, with these additions, has scarcely doubled its importance, considered as it was seen from above, entering the Bakr el Ghazal. The Blue river was long assumed to be the Nile only because the perennial powers were never tested. It appears it is a mountain stream, emanating in the country without the rainy zone, but subject to the influence of tropical rains and droughts; at one time full, and

empty at another, so shallow as to be fordable. The suspicion, therefore, that it was the Nile must of itself appear absurd, for its waters, during the drougthy seasons, would be absorbed long before they reached the sea. But, apart from this feature of the amount of the Blue river, the Nile runs like a sluice in its wonted course; while the Blue river, conjoining with the Geraffee and Sobat, describes a graceful sweep. The Alhara, which is the last, is in all respects like the Blue, only smaller. With one more remark I will conclude. In the height of the dry season in the White river the Blue is freely navigated, owing to the great accessions of the Geraffee and Sobat rivers; but below the Blue and Alhara rivers to the sea the sand-banks obstruct further passage. There is one thing that I have left unstated, and that is the fact that, on my return, the first Englishman I met was Mr. Baker, with whose name you were already acquainted, come up for the purpose of helping us out of a scrape if we had got into one. Mr. Baker, hearing that there was one branch of the river that I had not explored, went on for the purpose of searching for it; and I trust that before another year is out we shall see him back to tell us all about it. Another remarkable event was that three ladies came up to meet me; but, one having been taken ill, Miss Tinney and her mother went up the river to satisfy their desire for geographical knowledge. I endeavored to persuade them to return, and subsequently wrote them a letter entreating them to give up their journey, with what result remains to be shown. If the remaining branch is not explored by these parties, why, I shall have to do the work myself.

In continuation of the subject, at the request of the meeting, Captain Speke further said:

In compliance with the suggestion of the president he proceeded to give some of the more interesting details connected with his journey. These statements he prefaced by a few general remarks respecting the physical geography, the flora, and fauna, and the natural history of the vast African continent. In a very clear and lucid manner he described a few of the interesting events in his journey from Zanzibar through Uzaramo, Usagara, Ucoco, M'Gunda, Unyamwezi, and Uzinza. Those portions of his narrative in which the greatest interest was displayed were those

which referred to the negro territories bordering close upon the great lake which had been so successfully tracked as the source of the Nile. Describing his adventures in Uganda, he said there was great difficulty in getting persons to accompany him. Of two men who had traveled with them some time, one expressed himself willing to go, and the other was jealous at his companion having any thing like superiority over him. All these men have their feelings of pride; they have their own standing and rank just as we have among ourselves. At last he decided to take Barakko with him, because he had hitherto found him a faithful and reliable servant; but after a short distance only had been got over he found, to his great surprise, that the native would accompany him no further, and he was compelled to return to Sorombo, which is a part of the kingdom of Uzina. There was no resource left but to reorganize the expedition, but this was no easy matter. The Arabs in this part had a dislike to him, and were suspicious of his real intentions; but at last he succeeded in finding one black man who expressed his willingness to aid him in his journey. The natives of these parts are tall and gaunt, and are certainly very superior to the common negro. The travelers were looked upon by the natives in this part as magicians. It happened while he was there that the King of Uganda had received some officers who had come on a mission from a neighboring king to solicit the hand of his daughter for their master. These plenipotentiaries told the king that their master was one of the mightiest of all the kings on earth, and if his prayer were not granted a dire and terrible vengeance would he take. The King of Uganda did more for the exploring party than any other king in the country. His influence was so great that it did not, in fact, leave them until they got to Lake Nyanza itself.

After leaving this kingdom, Captains Speke and Grant came to the delightful Mountains of the Moon, within the territory of the King of Nuanda. One of these hills he estimated to be at least ten thousand feet high, judging from the immense altitude which they appeared to be at the great distance where he saw them towering in the clouds above every thing else. The country was indeed a land of pleasure. He had come through a land of persecution, and now heartily appreci-

ated the change. The country was marvelously fine, and he could not have believed that there was any thing like it in the heart of Africa. Captain Grant and myself received at the hand of the king every possible consideration, who, when he first heard of our intention to go northward, was, however, much opposed, and endeavored to dissuade us from it by every argument in his power. The king was a most intelligent and inquiring man. His majesty asked questions about the geography of the world, and especially about the north, and was astonished to hear of the land surrounded by water. He asked about the stars and sun, and what became of the old suns and moons. His anxious desire was to obtain knowledge upon every topic which came under his notice. The king had heard of the extraordinary power of the white people, and wished to know from us whether it was not so great that, if we chose, we could blow up Africa. Scarcely a day passed while in this kingdom without going to pay a visit to the king; and many strange stories were told which he could not now remember. This amiable king gave him much valuable information, including all that about the system of lakes and rivers draining into the Nile, and others rising in the Mountains of the Moon and in Uganda. Indeed, from this information he was enabled to send home a map very nearly as good as that which he had since been able to prepare after his journey to the Nyanza. We went out shooting together, and sometimes his sons accompanied him, and they always acted in the most courteous and, he would say, gentlemanly manner. If he shot a rhinoceros, they would come up and congratulate him on his success, shaking him heartily by the hand.

When about to resume his journey, the king sent an officer to the King of Uganda, informing him of his wish to visit the country, and praying his brother potentate to afford every facility in his power. But he still did not wish him to pass to the northward. His conduct in this respect seemed very strange, and was the only thing, in fact, that was not agreeable during his stay in this part of the country. The gallant speaker referred to the illness which had overtaken his fellow-traveler, Captain Grant, at this stage of the journey, and proceeded to give some interesting accounts of his visit to and re-

ception by another sable monarch in the territory adjoining. Here he was surprised at the neatness and tidiness of the people, the manner in which they deported themselves, and the style of the native dress, which, he said, would not disgrace a fashionable promenade in London. These people of Uganda were a most superior set. The king had prepared a grand reception for him. On arriving at the place indicated, he found the palace filled with men and women; cattle were being led about the approaches to the palace; there were bands of musicians, and a great display of public rejoicing. When he reached the front of the palace the king had not arrived, and he was requested to sit upon the ground and wait the king's leisure, for his majesty was dressing. This, however, he declined to do, and walked back to his camp. The reason he did not sit down upon the ground was that he was anxious to assert a high position, and to obtain influence among the people, which might be useful to him in his future travels. When the king arrived and found that the Englishman had gone, he sent an officer to summon him back, and when he returned he explained to the king that he did not like to sit upon the ground, and that it was little better than an insult to ask him to do so. In Uganda no one had ever sat upon a chair or stool in the presence of the king, but he was allowed to sit upon a stool, so that he was the first person who had ever enjoyed the honor of thus sitting in the presence of the ruler of that nation. The king was seated on a throne of brass, beautifully dressed, and carried his shield and spear, and his warriors round him were also armed with spears. The officers squatted around the king, and with these a general conversation was kept up. Wearied with so long sitting in the sun, he (Captain Speke) put up his umbrella, to the intense wonder of the court and its sovereign. At last the courtiers and warriors left, and while in full stare at him, the king said: "Have you seen me?" He replied that he had had that pleasure, and, looking at his watch, found that he had enjoyed that gratification for exactly half an hour, and hoped his majesty was quite well. The king then went into the palace, to which he also had the honor of being invited. When he arrived there, he found, to his great surprise, that the king was sitting, not with men, as he had

been just before, but in the midst of his wives—at least two or three hundred in number. Here, again, the same gazing at each other ensued, and at the end of about half an hour the king again inquired if he (Captain Speke) had seen him. In addition to this the king asked him where he had come from, and said he should like very much to see him again. He replied that he should be happy to be favored with the opportunity of visiting his majesty, and added that, as was always the custom with him on approaching men of rank, he had brought with him, and begged his majesty's acceptance of, some small presents. The king said: "Let me see them." The first of the presents shown him was a revolver pistol. This the king took up and played with in the most ridiculous manner, for he had no idea of its use. At the end of our interview he said: "It is now getting dark; would you like some liquor? What will you take?" and said that he would send something to-morrow. He appointed the following day for a second visit, but subsequently said: "Oh no, that day won't do, because I am going to show all these pretty things that you have given me to my mother the queen dowager and all my officers." The following day was accordingly fixed.

He visited the king not only upon that but upon almost every other day during his stay. The king took a great fancy to shooting, and several shooting parties were arranged, the king having practiced beforehand by shooting the cows in his yard. The shooting parties pleased the king amazingly; they were accompanied by bands of musicians—and very good bands, too, they were—by officers, and by many of his wives. The arrangement of the procession was a somewhat difficult affair, and it was arranged that the Englishman should go before the king. To this, however, he (Captain Speke) objected, on the ground that he never went before royalty. The king was in some difficulty, because, by placing him after him, he would be between his majesty and his wives. The point, however, was conceded, and he found that the best place in the procession, for the women were as amiable as amiable could be. Whenever any vulture or other bird flew up, the king shouted out,

"Now, then, shoot that," and he was kept firing as fast as he could, and each time that a bird was knocked over, the king, and his officers, and his ladies clapped their hands, and shouted and danced in the most extraordinary and ridiculous manner.

The speaker next referred to his visit to Murchison Creek—a beautiful piece of water on the north side of the Lake Nyanza, one of the most lovely spots which he had met with in all Africa, and which he had named after the man who had been the first to take him in hand in the matter of the expedition. At this spot he found as many as fifty boats, all well made and well manned. It was his wish to go northward, and make his way thence for the lake, following the whole course of the Nile. Everybody was, however, opposed to this plan; and the queen mother, who was greatly attached to him, and a very good sort of a creature in her way, sought to dissuade him on the ground of some great festivities that were to come off on the coronation of her son—for as yet he was but the prince elect. Some very mysterious things take place at the coronation of a king. As each sovereign has so many wives, there is a large number of children, and on the accession of a new king all his brothers and sisters are killed off with the exception of two, who are kindly reserved against any contingency that may happen. The king was willing to allow him to proceed northward, for he said: "The Englishmen live in the north, and it is from the north that Africa must be opened up." Starting on his journey, Captain Speke told the meeting how he was opposed by the natives of Usoga, how boats filled with armed men threatened to impede their progress, and how a complete victory was gained by the discharge of one or two rifles, the effect of which spread the utmost consternation among the native warriors. The lateness of the hour prevented the gallant captain from detailing any more of the interesting incidents of his journey, and he resumed his seat amid much cheering.

Captain Grant's most interesting statement made at the meeting of the Ethnological Society possesses as much geographical importance as his companion's.

From Chambers's Journal.

FIVE YEARS IN THE GREAT DEEP.

As if by invocation, the Ancient Mariner rose before me! He stood in the doorway of my office, and held me with his glittering eye. He lifted his skinny hand to his long gray beard, and then gravely tipped his oiled hat. "The Reader for Spry, Stromboli, and Smith?"

I had that honor, and handed him a chair. He sat in it after the manner of a flounder, concentrated his eye upon me like a star-fish, and produced a roll of manuscript with the fluttering claws of a lobster. Then he stirred and squirmed, like an elderly eel, looking distrustfully into the vestibule. I closed the door, and begged to be informed of his business.

"I have a great work for you," he said mysteriously, proffering his manuscript. As he leaned over to do this, I saw a shining something on the top of his head, but the thick white hair concealed it when he resumed his place. The manuscript smelled as if it had contained mackerel, and looked as if it had come from the bottom of the sea. I found, curiously enough, some fish-scales adhering to it, and its title very oddly confirmed these testimonies—*Five Years in the Great Deep*.

I glanced at the author with some surprise. He was the quaintest of mariners, and if I had met him leagues under the sea, I should have thought him in his proper element. His locks were like dry seaweed; his cheeks were so swollen that they might have contained gills, but this was probably tobacco. When he wiped his nose with a handkerchief like a scoop-net, some shells and pebbles fell from his pocket, and his ears flapped like a pair of ventrals. I remarked as he pursued the lost articles over the floor that he wore a microscope strapped in a leathern case, and a geological hammer belted to his side. He walked as if habituated to swimming, and when he shrugged his shoulders, I expected to see a dorsal fin burst out of the back of his jacket. He

might have been sixty years of age, but looked much older, and behaved like a well-born person, though, superficially judged, he might have lived in Billingsgate.

"A good title for a fiction," I said encouragingly.

"I never penned a line of fiction in my life," exclaimed my visitor sternly.

Referring to the copy again, I saw that it purported to be the work of "Rudentia Jones, Fellow of the Palæontologic Society, Entomologist to the Institute for Harmonizing the Universes, and Ruler of Subaqueous Creation, excepting the Finny Mammalia."

"Ah! I see," said I—"a capital title for a satire!"

"Life is too grave, and science too sacred," replied my visitor, "for the indulgence of idle banterings. The work is mine; I am its hero; and it is all true."

He wore so earnest a face, and looked so directly and intelligently at me, that I forbore to smile.

"I have traveled in strange countries," he said; "nature has been bountiful in her revelations to me; indeed, my experiences have been so individual that I sometimes discredit them myself. I do not complain that others ridicule them."

He spoke in the manner of one devoted to his species, and an easy dignity, which some trace to high birth and the consciousness of dominion, became him very naturally. The eldest of the admirals, or old Neptune himself, could not have seemed more kingly; but once or twice he started, at a noise from the publishing-house, as if longing to get back to his legitimate brine. I told him to leave the manuscript in my hands for a fortnight, that I might form an opinion as to its claims for publication.

"No!" he said quickly. "It is not a girl's romance, or a boy's poem, or the strolling of a man-errant: it is of such rare value that gold can not purchase it; it is so priceless that I can not own it my-

self; it is like the air, or the water, or the light, or the magnet—the property of all the peoples. It must not leave my sight: I must read it to you now!”

He literally held me with his eye. He stood erect, dilating, until he seemed to reach the height of a mainmast, as long, and lank, and brown as the subject of the veritable *rime*, and his ears contracted and flapped like the pectorals of a flying-fish. It was uncertain whether he was going to fly, or swim, or seize and shake me. I believed him to be either a lunatic or an apparition; but when the frenzy of the moment was over, he became a very harmless, kindly, and grave old gentleman, who begged my pardon for transgressing decorum in the enthusiasm for his “great work.” He still smelled abominably of fish, but I could not take it into my heart to be harsh with this most pertinacious of authors. I had been but a short time in the service of Spry, Stromboli, and Smith, and my nerves had not yet been exercised by sensitive and eccentric writers. I had led a vagabond career myself; and had frequent reason, in my incipient literary days, to be grieved with publishers’ “readers;” and when promoted to the same exalted place, I resolved to be charitable, careful, and obliging—to do as I would be done by—to crush no delicate Keats, to enrage no Johnson, by slight, prejudice, or deprecation. But to suffer the infliction of a crack-brained old naturalist, repeating an interminable manuscript in my own office, went beyond my best resolve! Still, there was little to do. It would be a paltry task to select a poem for illustration, and had not this same Ancient Mariner suggested an admirable one?

“I can grant your request in part, Mr. Jones,” I said at length; “you may read one hour; and if, at the end of that period, I do not think favorably of your article, you must promise to read no further.”

The old gentleman gave his parole at once, took a pair of great green spectacles from a sea-grass case, and blowing his nose again, rained pebbles and marine-shells over the whole office. When he took the manuscript from my hand, I saw the shining something distinctly on the top of his head, and when he sat back to read, he was a perfect copy of a dry old king-fish, looking through a pair of staring, glaring, green eyes. Without more ado,

and in a rippling kind of voice, as of the rushing of deep water, the old naturalist read the following introduction to a most wonderful manuscript:

“At a very early period of my life I manifested an inclination for the study of the sciences. In my eighteenth year I submitted a theory of inter-stellar telegraphing to the Gymnotian Academy. It was my purpose to have placed the papers simultaneously before the scientific bodies of each of the seven planets in our constellation, but having no capital, the design failed, though I was complimented thereupon by the ‘Institute for Harmonizing the Universes,’ and elected a contributing member of that society. For several years I petitioned annually for outfit and transportation to Scilly Islands* on the Ecliptic Circle, where I purposed to develop my scheme of transferring a portion of our globe to the system of Orion. In this I was opposed by the Palæontologic Society, on the ground that some valuable fossils were presumed to be there; and Parliament, opining that my protests were subversive of the law of gravity, rejected them. A number of projects, each of which, I firmly believe, would have benefited my kind, and facilitated correspondence between all created beings, terminated unfortunately, and my relatives at length placed it out of my power to continue these philanthropic exertions. For some years I was denied the ear of man, and in the interval my hair grew gray, and my body a trifle faint. But the lofty impulses of youth survived. My mind could not be imprisoned, and I held communication with the stars through the grating of my chamber in the still midnight. At last, the relief came. I had long prayed for it! My deliverer was Sirius, the brightest of the celestial intelligences. He shone upon my window bars with an intense, concentrated light, and they reddened and melted before day-break. I fled to Glasgow in the month of April, 184—, and obtained a captain’s clerkship on the whaler *Crimson Dragon*.

“We took in water at the Shetland Islands, and sailing north-westward, skirted the coast of Greenland, whence, cruising in a southerly direction, we lay off Labrador, and waited for our prey. Our crew was fifty men, all told. Our captain

* This group of Scilly Islands is in the South Pacific; not off Land’s End.—Ed.

had been a whaler thirty-eight years, and had killed five hundred and six animals, or eight more than the renowned Scoresby. We carried seven light boats for actual service, and twenty-seven thousand feet, or more than five miles, of rope. Three men kept watch, day and night, in the 'crow's-nest' at the maintop; but though we beat along the whole coast, through Davis' Strait, and among the mighty icebergs of Baffin's Bay, we saw no cetaceous creatures, save twice some floundering porpoises, and thrice a solitary grampus. With these beings I endeavored to open communication, but they made no intelligible responses. The stars also of this latitude failed to comprehend my signals, from which I concluded that they were less intelligent than those of more temperate skies. But with the animalcules of the sea I obtained most gratifying relations. A series of experiments with the *infusoria* satisfied me that they were not loath to an exchange of information, and finally they followed the ship by myriads, so that all the waves were full of fire, which the sailors remarked; and fearful of being observed, I ceased my experiments for a time.

"On the evening of the fifth Saturday of our cruise, I waited till the changing of the watch; then I stole noiselessly upon deck, and secreted myself behind a lifeboat which hung at the side of the vessel. The helmsman was nodding silently upon his tiller; two seamen sat motionless in the bow, and the look-out party in the crow's-nest talked mutteringly of our ill-luck as they scanned the horizon. The Northern Lights were pulsing like some great radiating heart, and the sea was alternately flame and shadow. The headlands of Labrador lay to the south—bare, boundless, precipitous—and to the east, a glittering iceberg floated slowly toward us, like a palace of gold and emerald. The ship rolled calmly upon the long swells, the ripples plashing in low lulling monotone, and her hull and spars were reflected darkly beneath me. I drew a long gray hair from my temple, and subjected it to a gentle friction between my palm and finger; then I pricked my wrist, and leaning forward, placed it against my heart: five blood-drops—symbols of the five types of organized creation—fell simmering into the depths, and the scintillant hair, floating after them, described a true spiral. In an instant the Aurora grew

bright to blindness; there was a rush of infinite stars, and a host of beautiful beings fluttered to the surface of the sea, within the shadow of the ship! A gull darted along the water, and in the far distance I heard the bellow of the huge Greenland whale. All animate nature had acknowledged my message: I had touched the nerve of the universes!

"'Blow me, if there warn't a whale, Ben!' said one of the men in the maintop.

"'My eyes! but it wor like it,' replied the other.

"Fearful of being remarked, I slipped below, a second time disappointed, but with such exultant feelings that I tried in vain to sleep. The intimacy of species and their common language, lost in the degeneracy of the first human beings, were about to be restored by me. Confusion had overcome the counsels of the countless things which had talked and dwelt together in the past, but science was about to win back from sin the great secret of communication. I should translate the scream of eagles and the cooing of doves; I should hear the gossip of my household kittens, and speak familiarly with the mighty hippopotami. The serpent should teach me his traditions, and the multitude of molluscs should develop the mysteries of their sluggish vitality; nay, the plurality of worlds should be demonstrated, and with the combined intelligences of all the systems, we should wrest the mysteries of life, matter, and eternity from their divine repository!

"I lay awake all night, reveling in these anticipations, and at dawn was quite weak of body. It was now the Sabbath, and at nine o'clock all hands were summoned to the poop-deck, for the customary worship. I lay upon a coil of rope when the mate commenced to read the service, and a deep drowsiness came over me. The lesson was a part of the first chapter of Genesis—the weird history of creation. He had reached the twenty-eighth verse, when I dropped asleep. It could have been only an instant's forgetfulness, for when I woke he had not finished the reading of the same verse, but in that instant a vision passed before me.

"A female of marvelous beauty rose from the water. I had seen the long green locks, the eyes of azure, and the glossy neck before—it was Tethys, the queen of the sea-nymphs. She was begot-

ten of humidity in the remote beginning, and seemed even now cloudy and incorporeal. Euripius, the divinity of whirlpools, lay in the waves at her feet, projecting a spectrum of spray in an arch above her head.

"Man," she said, or rather rippled, for it was like the even voice of waters, "your love of nature, the boundlessness of your kindness, the daring of your speculation, the profoundness of your introspection, have made you one of us. Awake, and hear our decree!"

"She melted into vapor, and disappeared. I opened my eyes. The crew were grouped about the deck, the mate was reading the lesson, the words which I heard were: 'Have dominion over the fish!'"

"A fall! a fall!" was shouted from the maintop. The men on watch had discovered the long-expected prey.

"Man the boats!" cried the captain; "all hands be spry! Where away, look-out?"

"Sou'-west!" answered the crow's-nest, "about two leagues. There must be hooceans of 'em! They 'eave like water-spouts, and, lor! how they lobtail."

"The seven boats were arranged in curved shape, so as to form a semicircle around the animals; and the captain's, of which I took the helm, formed the left tip of the crescent. We pulled steadily for a half hour over a smooth sea, and came at length so close to our victims that we could count them. Truly it was 'a fall!' A few cubs played recklessly around the surface; but there was an enormous bull, whose bulk was much greater than that of the ship's hull, which came once in full view, dived vertically, and beat the water with his terrible tail, making such billows that a storm seemed to be raging. The other animals swam in the froth and foam thus developed, now plunging to the far depths, now shooting their huge bodies into the air, and falling with a splash, as of the emptying of the ocean. The scene was so exciting that even my wonderful discoveries passed out of mind. Our oars dipped noiselessly, the crews were silent, the harpooners stood, each in the bow of his launch, with naked weapons extended, waiting to strike. The first opportunity occurred to the launch on our extreme right. At the distance of twenty yards, the executioner hurled his javelin full into the back of the great bull; a roar ensued, and a frightful leap. The other creatures

repeated the agonized cry, and they swam southward with the velocity of a ship under full sail.

"Now, lads, bend your oars!" shouted the captain through his trumpet. The entire length of rope unwound directly from the reel or 'bollard' of the first launch, and the line of a second boat was attached forthwith; a third and a fourth were annexed, but the whale exhibited no sign of exhaustion, and dragged his pursuers like the wind. A fifth and a sixth line spun out. The captain's cheeks grew pale, and he opened his clasp-knife with a curse upon his lips. There remained the line of our boat alone; unless the monster stopped within ten minutes, we should lose every foot of the ship's cordage, and this last rope would have to be severed. Tremulously a seaman attached it; it was whirled out as if by a locomotive. The oars moved like light, but no human activity could approach that of our victim. He nearly swamped the launch, and the friction of the bollard threatened to set it ablaze.

"What devil of the deep is this?" said the captain, bending forward with his blade. The sailors ceased with hot faces and stared aghast. I seemed to hear calling voices; I grew faint and blind. The bollard snapped with a dead dull sound; I was entangled in the stout twine, and tossed into the sea. Some oars were thrown overboard, that I might be buoyed up. Three of the launches were turned toward me, and the seamen called aloud that I should keep up courage. But the line pulled me downward; my heart ceased to beat; I beheld with indescribable terror the pale surface receding, and the dark shapes of the vessels above me were finally lost to view. I knew that at the first inhalation the brine would fill my mouth and lungs; I held my breath hard, and tried to pray. Down, down, down into the blue depths—a cycle of protracted years it seemed! My ears were stunned with strange noises; my lips parted, and at length the sea rushed into my throat; for an instant I seemed to strangle, but I did not perish.

"The fluid was mysteriously expelled from me. I breathed as freely of the water, as a moment before I had breathed of the air! A weight was lifted from my brain, which had before been crushing it, and my temples grew suddenly cool. A miracle had developed at the apex of my

cranium, and I exuded water through a cavity or 'blow-hole' in the top of my head, like the cetacea around me!"

The naturalist here paused and ran his hand through his hair. The shining something among his gray locks revealed itself as a plate of silver, circular in shape, covering what had evidently been an opening in the skull. He looked less like a man than ever, and when, consulting a glutinous old chronometer, like a jelly-fish, he found that his hour was passing, he begged so earnestly to be allowed to finish his "Introduction," that I gave him leave. A boy coming in with copy so frightened him, however, that I thought he was going to turn upon his stomach and swim away through the window.

"I became sensible directly of three organic changes: my heels clave together; my feet flattened, and my toes turned out, like a caudal fin; my integument grew thick and hard, and my blood thin and chill. But these conditions being novel to me, and my fears only equaled by my wonder as yet, I was paralyzed, and continued to sink. I had descended about one hundred fathoms, and was experiencing a strange oppression, as of the forcing together of my bones, when I heard a sonorous voice close below me say: 'If you go any deeper, you will sustain a pressure of twenty atmospheres, and may not get back at all.'

"I looked beneath, and, to my horror, a huge whale was coming upward with extended jaws. His half-human eyes were turned benignantly upon me, but he was evidently in pain, and from a point in his back, where a broken harpoon still remained, gouts of blood curdled upward, coloring the water. His vocal power lay in his spiracle, and he said again: 'I should have been asphyxiated in five minutes.'

"'Who is it that speaks?' I faltered. 'Leviathan! king of the sea! be merciful!'

"'I am called *New Zealand Tom* by the creatures of the upper element,' answered the whale, 'although falsely thought to be of the family of the *Spermaceti*; but though my exploits have recommended me to my species, I am not equal to the high title you have given me. *That* is possessed by you and our sovereign *Jonah* only!'

"The conviction rushed upon me that I had indeed 'dominion over the fish!'

"'I have suffered this wound for your majesty's sake,' said the whale again; 'for I had been deputed to wait in this latitude for your arrival, and convey you to our sovereign. But though I am now in the third century of my age, I can survive a dozen such prickings, and if I chose, could shiver the *Crimson Dragon* with a blow of my tail, as in 1804 I stove the *Essex*, and made driftwood of her spars.'

"In an instant I was seated within the mighty maw of this famous monster. His jaw-bones were forty feet in length; the roof of his mouth was fifteen feet high, and formed of a spacious arch of 'bal-leen' or whalebone. His crescent-shaped tail, thirty-five feet from tip to tip, swept the depths twice or thrice; and when we emerged into the air, the blood spouted from his pores, and he threw cataracts of water through his spiracle. I saw the *Crimson Dragon*, some miles away, but there were no traces of her boats. The crews of the launches were fathoms deep in the ocean!

"I passed the cape of Greenland, rounded the base of Mount Hecla, and was escorted to the abode of the King of the Cetacea by a multitude of his subjects. A submarine island, forty fathoms from the surface, had been occupied three thousand years by this venerable person. He came out to meet me upon the back of a mighty 'rorqual,' and a body-guard of four hundred picked narwhals swam before him. Fifty white whales surrounded their monarch; and a host of dolphins, grampuses, and porpoises brought up the rear. Banners of dried seal-skin bore his arms—three gourds, *argent*, upon a field *vert*, and with these were carried as trophies the wrecks of ships, including the identical shallop whence he was expelled on the voyage to Tarshish. But, marvelous beyond all, the 'great fish' (falsely so translated, since no cetaceous creature can be denominated a *fish*) into which he was received still lived, and accompanied him. It was now the eldest of the species, but very sprightly, and burdened with dignities. The Seer-king saluted gravely, and gave me a draught of spirits, distilled from the fronds of a rare sea-tangle. His long tenure in the deep had obliterated much of the similitude to man, but his memory of terrestrial matters was extraordinary. The weeds were wrapped about his head after the manner of a crown, and he carried a sceptre of walrus tusk. He

told me that his original three days' experience under the sea had so cooled his blood, that the suns of Nineveh parched him, and he had cried for cooling water. I informed him that Nineveh no longer existed, at which he was gratified beyond measure; for his only knowledge of events happening on the earth had been derived from the wrecks which had sunk into his domain. I found that he was badly informed upon matters of science, and he heard my theories of harmonizing the universes with impatience. In his days, he said, no such ideas were broached, and he was indifferent to the intellectual development of his subjects.

"My visit was brief, for though the palace of Jonah had a sepulchral grandeur about it—a mighty cavern beneath the waves—yet the glittering stalactites which studded the roof, and the cold columns of ice supporting its halls, nearly froze me, and at length I made ready to depart.

"An escort of 'thrashers,' or gram-puses, accompanied me. The Seer-king would have detached a cohort of white whales, but the animosity of my tribes might have provoked combat. I left the cetacea with some foreboding. They were allied in some degree to man; they were capable of some humane impressions; their blood was warm like mine; they breathed with lungs; they had double hearts; and nourished kindness for their offspring. But I was now about to be delivered over to the cold, cruel, gluttonous tribes of the fish. The family of sharks received me. They could not be counted for multitude. The terrible *requiem* of the storm—the cannibal white-shark—welcomed me with open jaws; the blue-shark flung up his caudal for joy; the fox-shark lashed the sea; the northern shark glared through his purblind orbs; the hammer-head dilated his yellow irides; the purple dog-fish made a low purring huzza; and the spotted eyes of the monk-fish glistened with satisfaction. The hound-shark, the basking-shark, and the portbeagle were not less loyal, and these, the most perfectly organized of my cartilaginous tribes, handed me over to the deep-swimming Norwegian 'sea-rat.' Thus I kept steadily southward, the water growing warmer hour by hour, now riding on the serrated snouts of saw-fishes, now moving in the midst of battalions of sword-fish, now acknow-

ledged by the great pike, now vaulting above the surface on the backs of flying-fish, now clinging to the spines of sturgeons, now passing through illimitable shoals of cod, now borne by the swift sea-salmon, now dazzled by the golden scales of the carp, now passing over miles of flat-fish, now hailed by monster conger-eels, now swimming down files of leering hippocampuses, now received by congregations of staid aldermanic lobsters. The torpedo telegraphed my coming to the tribes before, and at last I reached my abode, on the line of the equator, in mid-Atlantic.

"The magnitude and beauty of my court no mind can realize. A truncated cone of granite rock, whose base extended to the profoundest depths of the sea—even to the region of perpetual fire—formed with its upper plane a circular lagoon at the surface of the ocean. Geysers or volcanoes of fresh water gurgled up through the center of this palace, and vast submarine groves, intermixed with meadows, extended for leagues along its sides. My household consisted entirely of silver and golden carp, but my guards were of the loyal and gentle, yet courageous and powerful xiphias (sword-fish). These barred the unlicensed ingress of my subjects, and if the adventurous foot of man should profane my lagoon, I could close its inlet and cover it with floods. The dim aisles of the waters were full of wonderful lights: combinations of colors, unknown above, were here developed in gigantic *fuci*, around whose boles the scarlet tangle climbed, and parasites of purple and emerald preyed upon their rinds. Some of these forests pointed upward toward the sun; some grew downward, deriving light and heat from the incandescent gulfs. My state-apartments were built of coral, in wondrous architecture, and trumpet-weed clothed their battlements. Some cavernous recesses were lit with constellations of shining zoöphytes, and there were floors of pearl, studded with diamonds. I could stroll through marvelous archways, gathering jewels at every step, or wander in my royal meadows, among the wrecks and spoils of hurricanes, or rising through the mellow depths, sit among the palms of the lagoon, watching the white sails of ships, or studying the awfulness of the storm.

"For a time I secluded myself, theorizing upon the policy of my government.

My dominions were vast and venerable; they comprehended two thirds of the surface of the globe; no deluges had destroyed them, and they had been peopled ages before the coming of man. Life here inhabited forms, vegetable and animal, to which the greatest terrestrials were puny. But the darkness, which of old rested on the face of the deep, now shadowed its depths. There was no *mind* here. These gigantic beings were shapes without souls. How should I reason with creatures who could not feel, whose heads could not know till to-morrow that their members had been severed to-day—some of whom, in a single moment, passed their whole existences, and fulfilled all the functions of eating, drinking, and generating—who were not only incapable of thoughts, affections, and emotions, but who could not see, smell, hear, taste, or touch? But such subjects are among the afflictions of all wise rulers, and I resolved to conclude upon nothing till I had visited every part of my dominions.

"During three years of travel, I classified the fishes anew, all previous enumeration being paltry, and made the notes and queries which form the staple of my manuscript. I found fresh-water creatures to which the sheat-fish would be a morsel, and hydras to which the fabled sea-serpent would be a worm. I ascended the rivers with the salmon, and fathomed the motives of the climbing perch. I heard the narrative of a *siluris* tossed out of a volcano, and talked with a haddock which produced at a birth more young than there are men upon the globe. I have noted the harlequin-angler which lived three weeks in Amsterdam, hopping about on his fins like a toad; the sucking-fish which adhered to Mark Antony's galley and held it fast; the horned-fish (*fil en dos*) which the savages discard from their nets with terror and prayer; and the sprats which rise with vapors into the clouds, and are rained back into the sea. I have collected the traditions of many of these beings, and have translated some of their ballads. There is music under the ocean, but most of the fishes sing with their fins, beating the water to rude measures. Among the traditions of all the tribes is that of a time when the waters were peaceful, and the fishes happy, when none were rapacious, when death was unknown, when no storms lashed the ripples into billows, and when beings of

the upper air bathed at the surface, and the fishes rendered them homage. But some foul deed, of which the finny folk were guiltless, brought confusion into the waters; the ocean covered all the globe, corpses sank into the depths and were devoured, nets were let down from above, strange fires were kindled beneath, and whirlpools, waterspouts, storms, and volcanoes began.

"I devoted a fourth year to perfecting my system of organic communication, and made some advance toward developing life in inorganic matter. From this latter attainment it would be but a step to *perpetuate* life, and I should thus restore immortality to man. But the shark family having threatened to revolt, I left off my investigations for some months, and organized a military force, with which I massacred the malcontents till my subjects swam in blood. Returning victoriously at the head of my legions, a sad incident occurred. A ship was crossing our line of march, and I had an unaccountable curiosity to hear something of terrestrial affairs. Five saw-fish, at my bidding, staved in the ship's bottom, and she sank almost instantly. The corpses of the drowned drifted slowly down, and as I passed among them, turning up the faces, I recognized in one the features of my mother!

"After a season of remorse I continued my investigations, but a novel and unexpected discovery deranged my plans, and wrought a change in my destiny.

"The subtlest forms of matter, as commonly known, are the imponderables—light, heat, magnetism, and electricity. I had concluded that these were manifestations of some still subtler form, and that this was *life*, beyond which lay the ethereal elements (called *principles*) of mind and soul—soul being ultimate and eternal. To demonstrate this, I resolved to descend as far as possible into the depths of the sea, and examine the beings which dwelt in the remotest darkness. The conical shape of my island allowed me to descend within its shelving interior, and yet sustain no great atmospheric pressure. I selected a sturgeon, whose body was so powerfully plated that he could not be crushed, and his long pointed shape gave him great facility for penetrating dense waters. I attached a phosphorescent light to his caudal, that I might not lose him in the gloom, and he preceded me along the

sloping interior. We passed the foundations of my court, bade adieu to the deep-swimming hydras, left the profoundest polypi behind, and came at length to uninhabited regions, three thousand fathoms below the surface. My pioneer here suffered great inconvenience, and only by the most vigorous efforts was able to progress at all. The blackness was literally tangible, and our lantern, at most, only 'darkness visible.' By threat and persuasion I forced him forward, hardly able to make headway myself. He swept the almost solid element with his powerful tail, depressed his sharp snout, sucked a long breath, and we darted forward simultaneously. There was a cracking as of bones forced together, and my cranium seemed to split. We shot out of the density into lighter water, and the momentum carried us fifty fathoms beyond!

"We had passed out of the limit of solar attraction, and were being drawn toward the center of the earth!"

"Before, we had been descending; now, we were rising. The fluid grew rarer and warmer as we proceeded, the darkness more luminous, and at last we became visible to each other, swimming in a ruby and transparent liquid, unlike any aspect or part of our native domain. The fluid became so rare, finally, that the sturgeon was unable to go further, kept down by his superior gravity. Some lights glimmering above us, and some mysterious sounds alarming him, he turned and fled. I was left alone.

"I reached the surface of this peaceful sea. A scene lay before me more beautiful than any wonder of the deep. I knew that I was among immortals, and that this was the 'Happy Archipelago!'"

"The surface was calm. Some purple islets were sprinkled here and there, and creatures marvelously fair were basking in the roseate waters. They looked like angels half way out of heaven. Their faces were of a silvery hue; their hairs shone on the stream like tremulous beams of light; their eyes were of a tender azure, and their bosoms rose and fell as if they were all dreaming of blessedness. Some strains of ravishing harmony, that were floating among the islands, ceased when I appeared, and I thought I heard the snapping of a lute-string. All the spirits started at once. They were crescent-shaped, and stood upon their nether tips. A star upon their foreheads shone

like a pure diamond. They saw me, and vanished!

"All but one! She was the fairest of the spirits, and looked, thus frightened, like the pale new moon. The violet veins faded from her lids, and her blue eyes were full of wonder. I felt as if, for the first time, a sinless being had looked upon me, and my heart grew so black and heavy that I sank a little way. I feared to breathe, for she might vanish. I wished to lie forever with her face shining upon me. What were science and dominion, and the secret of man's immortality to one pure glance like hers? In the agony of my soul I spoke: 'Spirit! immortal! woman! Oh stay! speak to me!'"

"Who are you? Whence do you come? You are not of us, nor of our element?"

"The voice was like a disembodied sound, coming from nothing, floating in space eternally.

"I am a creature of a cursed race—ruler of a blighted domain—a realm filled with violence: it lies beneath you."

"The pale face grew tender; the star on the forehead grew dim, like a tearful eye. She pitied me.

"There are beings above us," she said—"winged beings, that talk with us sometimes; but nothing below. Are *they* sorrowful as you are? Are their brows all heavy with sadness like yours? Why are they unhappy?"

"I wept and moaned.

"They have not your pure eyes; they can not hear your voice. They have sinned."

"She glided toward me. I felt my gray hairs dropping one by one; my heavy heart grew light; my groans softened to sighs.

"A shape came suddenly between us.

"I knew the long green locks, and the glossy neck. It was Tethys who spoke. 'Man,' she said, 'you were made one of us, not one of these. Go back to your domain, for you are mortal. Resume dominion over the fish, or, striving to win more, lose all!'"

"I turned my face seaward bitterly. I looked back once; the blue eyes were gleaming—oh, so tenderly!—and I could not go. I muttered an execration at my bitter fate. Straightway the sky rocked, the sea rose, the pale star vanished. I had spoken a wicked word.

"I was consigned to Eurypius, the di-

vinity of whirlpools. In vain I struggled in his watery arms; the swift current bore me circling away, and finally whirled me with frightful velocity. My feet were shaken asunder, my integument softened, my brain reeled. I was passed from eddy to eddy; I became drunken with emotion; I suffered all the tortures of the lost. A waterspout lifted me from the clutch of the sea, and deposited me upon the dry land, close to the home of my infancy.

"I have passed the weary hours of my penance in arranging the memoirs which follow. Science has again wooed me with her allurements; the stars continue their correspondence. I have not despaired of the great secret of immortality, and though these hairs are few and white, I shall be rejuvenated in the tranquil depths of the water, and reassert for ages my rightful dominion over the fish."

I was in doubt whether to laugh or wonder when the ancient mariner concluded; but I was relieved from passing judgment upon his article by the uncere- monious entrance of a tall, lithe, gray-eyed person, who wore gold seals and carried a thick walking stick. The naturalist appeared to be bent on diving through the floor, and swimming away through the cellar; but he caught the stern, keen eye of the stranger, and cowered. The tall man lifted his cane, and struck the manuscript out of his highness's hands; he demolished the microscope at a blow, and flung the geological hammer out of the window.

"Come along," he said. "No! drop that trash—every article of it, or else you'll be experimenting again. Come along!"

They went away together, leaving my office littered with broken glass and sea-shells. With some astonishment I followed through the warehouse to the street; they had entered a carriage, and

were driving rapidly away. The next morning's paper explained the whole occurrence in the following paragraph:

"Much Learning hath made him Mad."—Yesterday noon, an elderly lunatic, named Robert Jones, committed suicide by leaping over the parapet of London Bridge. He was in the custody at the time of Dr. Stretveskit, the celebrated keeper of the Asylum for Monomaniacs. He had been at large some days, and was traced to several publishing-houses, whither he had gone to contrive the publication of some insane vagaries. He was finally overhauled at the office of Spry, Stromboli & Co., and placed in a carriage; but seizing a favorable moment when travel was impeded upon the bridge, he burst through the glass-door, and cleared the parapet at a bound. Jones was an adventurous and dangerous character. Some years ago he set fire to the Shrimshire Asylum, where his family had confined him, and went abroad upon a whale-ship; but meeting with an accident, he underwent the process of trepanning, and came home more crazy than before. At one time he attempted to drown his mother, in furtherance of some strange experiment; but it was thought at the date of his death that he was recovering his wits. Among his delusions was a strange one—that he had been made viceroy over all the fishes. His body has not been recovered."

I read the last sentence with a thrill. My late visitor might even now be presiding at some finny council; and as I should have occasion to cross the sea some day, an untimely shipwreck might place me in closer relations with him. I determined, therefore, to print the manuscript which remained in my hands. May it appease his Mightiness, the King of the Fishes!

From Chambers's Journal.

A RAFT ADVENTURE.

It is now some years since that, accompanied by my brother, and under the guidance of an experienced hunter, I started for three months' shooting in the Canadian wilds. Our plan was to travel by canoe to the lower end of Lake Huron, and then, plunging into the primeval forest, to make a circuit that would bring us out somewhere on the St. Lawrence. Never was a pleasanter excursion. Those aged woods, so gray and grim in winter, seemed to have grown young again beneath their affluence of leaves, while every sunlit glade was filled with flowers, and blossoming vines of every hue hung in garlands from the branches, as if the woods were decked for some high festival. But more pleasant still to the sportsman's heart was the abundant game—the timid deer, which fled at our approach; the great grisly bear, ready to bid us defiance; and the panther and wolf lurking within the coverts; not to speak of the partridges and bustards, and the brilliant small birds flashing like errant blossoms among the trees. Meanwhile, despite our pleasure, our time grew short, and it became necessary to bend our steps homeward.

We had not traveled long in this new direction when we came to the banks of a considerable river, flowing across our route. We had no boat to take us over it; and Jerome, the guide, searched diligently beneath the overhanging alder and hemlock boughs, in case some hunter or backwoods traveler might have hidden there his canoe. But none was to be discovered; and we were ruefully beginning to follow our guide's advice, and travel round by the river's sources—which would involve some ten or twelve days extra journey—when one of those huge rafts in which backwoods timber for exportation is conveyed down country, came in sight. It was floating slowly along on the almost imperceptible current, its single large sail giving just sufficient way to the floating

island to allow the enormous tiller to guide it aright; while the smoke from the half-score shanties scattered over its surface, rising against the deep green forest, the ever-changing groups of figures, and the lines of washed clothes fluttering in the breeze, added to its picturesque aspect. As the raft drew near we perceived that a canoe was towed astern; and hailing the lumberers, we requested its use to cross the river, which they readily accorded. But while the little bark was being paddled to land, a new idea struck us—we would ask them to take us as passengers. Rafting was a mode of travel entirely new to us, and the thought of that smooth summer sail was a great temptation to travelers weary with plodding through the woods. The needful negotiation was soon concluded; and in half an hour we found ourselves not only on board the raft, but the happy possessors of a shanty some six feet square. Never do I remember any thing more delightful than to sit within its shadow, and as our raft glided noiselessly along the widening river, to watch the ever-varying scenery through which we passed—the dark pine forests, alternating with bright-green oak, and birch, and sycamore woods; the swelling hills showing their picturesque outlines against the clear blue sky; and the occasional tributary streams, some dashing down their waters in silvery cascades, others bearing on their placid bosoms some small raft, with its tiny shanty and little family group, to be linked on to the floating island.

We found, also, endless interest in watching the doings in our migratory village. The tall, brawny lumberers indolently lounging about their easy duties of trimming the sail, taking their turn in steering and drawing the trolling lines, which rarely failed of fish; while their wives, grave, rugged women, clad in dark petticoats, and snow-white sun-bonnets, were perpetually busy, knitting, cooking,

washing, or chasing their rebellious children about the raft, or else in feeding the cocks and hens that stalked among the logs, and, with a wrathful turkey-cock, completed our list of passengers. And when night fell, and the frying of fish and eating of supper were past, and jest and laughter had given place to silence and sleep, it was beautiful to hear the voices of those quiet women swell over the starlit river in the long-drawn cadences of some old hymn.

For two days we pursued our tranquil voyage through the same sylvan scenery. But gradually our pace increased, as the current gained in strength; and after a time the river began to break into occasional rapids, over whose rugged ledges we thumped and bumped, and down whose surging slopes we slid, thanks to the lumberers' skill emerging from their dangers unharmed; for in those days there did not exist on even the most frequented spots any contrivance to lessen the hazards of such descents.

It was the fourth evening of our river-voyage; supper was past, and the vesper-hymn sung, and my brother and I had wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and fallen asleep on our bear-skin couches, when we were suddenly awakened by a rude shock, followed by the surge of broken water. Supposing we were descending a rapid, we lay still for a moment and listened. But the turmoil of water appeared louder than usual, and in another instant there arose a wild cry that made us start to our feet, followed, ere we could leave the hut, by many others yet more terrified, and echoed by the shrill screams of women. Some disaster had evidently occurred. But when we rushed out upon the raft, the cloudy darkness prevented us distinguishing what it was, while the confusion of voices and the hoarse cries of the lumberers added to our bewilderment. However, as we hastened across the logs to learn its meaning, we all but stepped into the rushing rapid, rendered visible by its pale wreaths of foam; and then the truth flashed upon us, that some violent blow had broken the huge raft into the number of small ones of which it had originally been composed, and that our own portion had separated from all the rest, leaving my brother and me alone, for Jerome slept on another part of the raft.

As soon as we discovered our position, we called to announce it to the lumberers,

but in the tumult of voices ours remained unheard. Again and again we repeated our cries, but with the same result; while gradually the voices grew fainter, proving that the divided portions of the raft were already scattering; and at length all sound ceased, as they passed entirely out of hearing.

We were men not easily daunted, but ours was no pleasant position—alone in the darkness among the rapids, which might at any moment break up the raft beneath our feet; while of what means were available to save ourselves, we knew nothing. There seemed nothing left us but patience; and divesting ourselves of our heavier clothing, in case of emergency, we sat awaiting daylight, and what it might disclose. Meanwhile, the waves still foamed around us, as if the rapid was interminable, and the raft grated and ground incessantly against the rocks. At length, just as day dawned, revealing, to our astonishment, our raft wedged among the rocks near shore, she gave a sudden jerk, and whirling round into the full force of the rapid, was soon swept down into the smooth water below.

We had now leisure to look around us. As we expected, none of the other rafts were visible; but great was our disappointment to discover that the river now flowed between steep rocky banks; and that if, as we meditated, we swam to shore, to pursue our journey on land, we should be unable to climb the wall-like barrier. The only resource left us, little as we understood its management, was to remain aboard the raft, and float along at the will of the current and rapids, until some change in the shore might favor our landing.

Meanwhile, out of a loose plank, we contrived a tiller, to get some command over the unwieldy craft, which still held its way down stream. But as the hours passed by, showing no break in the stern banks of rock between which we glided, our hopes of landing began to fade; and when night again fell on our loneliness, our helplessness, and our ignorance of what dangers might await us on that unknown river, we felt nigh despair. Almost to our surprise, the night was got through safely, and morning found our shapeless craft still floating down the solitary stream, with those dark precipices, crowned with pine forests, still frowning upon us from each side, and those fre-

quently recurring rapids still checkering our course. About noon we entered on the fiercest we had yet encountered. Our tiller was useless among the breakers, which roared and raged around the raft, and leaped after her in crested waves, as she was hurried on by the impetuous current.

I grew almost terrified as I noted how swiftly we sped past the rocks, which here and there stood up from the waves like silent warners; and yet more was I alarmed when, looking ahead, I beheld the long vista of leaping, surging cascades, down whose troublous course we should be driven, if the fabric beneath our feet still held together. But backwoods rafts are made for such encounters; and fearlessly the log-boat plunged from ledge to ledge. At length, a deep, reverberating roar rose above the surrounding tumult. My brother and I started at the unexpected sound; then we looked eagerly forward, and perceived but a short way ahead a cloud of silvery haze floating like a halo above the surface of the river. It was the confirmation of our newly-awakened fears, the unerring indication that a cataract was before us, and that we were rushing, at railway speed, on a terrible and speedy death, from which no earthly power could avail to rescue us.

Never shall I forget the pang of that fearful discovery; the bitter prospect of dying in health and strength, and yielding up the hopes and aspirations of our unclouded youth; the thought of the distant home we should never see again; and the beloved and loving ones so soon to be doubly bereaved; and worst of all, the knowledge that the dear brother must share our impending fate. With a warm impulse of fraternal love we clasped each other's hands—all remaining to us now was to die together.

Meanwhile the din of the fall swelled to a thunderous roar that reverberated through the surrounding woods; the tumultuous rapids surged into a fiercer fury, and urged the raft to a speed which made her tremble; while we, her hapless passengers, stood silently awaiting our inevitable doom, to be swept over that relentless fall, to be tossed in that horrible abyss, and finally cast forth, disfigured and bruised, among the seething eddies of the still rushing river.

It was a fearful interval. Nearer and nearer the raft drew to the fatal brink—nearer, and yet nearer, until we could almost look into the dark void beyond. Her last moment and ours alike seemed come, and in the deep anguish of such a parting we clung closer to each other.

Suddenly the raft approached another rock; it was nearer to us, as well as larger than those which had preceded it, and presented a narrow footing. Thought at such moments is swift as lightning, and action little less so; and almost ere I had seen this ark of hope, my brother bounded across the raft, drawing me with him, and with a desperate leap, only to be ventured in peril such as ours, sprang over the fathom-broad space of rushing water, on to the rock beyond. Another moment, and I too had leaped it, and standing in comparative safety on that small but immovable refuge, we watched the raft, whose fate we had so nearly shared, plunge over the foaming cataract, to be dashed into the deep chasm below, a mass of shattered logs.

Still we were girt round by many dangers. A single slip might detach us from the rock, a single wave still sweep us over the falls; while looking landward, nothing was visible save a few dark jutting rocks round which the river foamed. Their wet slippery points afforded little hope for escape, yet it was our only one, and therefore must be tried; and with rigidly braced nerves and concentrated energies, we commenced our hazardous task of leaping from rock to rock, closing our ears to the deafening roar, and our eyes to the hurrying current over which we passed, as we pursued our perilous way, until, by the mercy of Providence, the fourth rock brought us to the shallower water, through which we waded to land.

The now rugged bank gave easy access to the land above; and a few hours' travel southward brought us to Lake Weno, where, to our surprise, we found our companion-rafts in safety, and learned that we had passed, without observing, the narrower but safe outlet to the river furnished by the Weno Creek, and thus not only missed Jerome and the lumberers sent back to aid us, but encountered that most fearful incident of our lives, our narrow escape from the Weno Falls.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology," etc. Illustrated with woodcuts. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 628 Chestnut-street. 1863. For sale by Charles T. Evans, 448 Broadway, New-York. Pp. 518.

THE importance of this book, and the estimation in which it is held, is indicated by a review of it in most of the British quarterlies and magazines. It is a book of profound learning and investigation on the subjects of which it treats. It required all the deep research of many years, and careful and minute observation, to attempt to read accurately the ponderous volumes of nature's vast library of rocks and strata in order to determine the antiquity of man. There was no parish register, no town clerk, no city or state recorder, some six, eight, or ten thousand years ago, to make an accurate record of the time or period when man first appeared on the earth. Within a few years past the pages of the Stone Book have been more carefully scanned with a view to discover some entry of man's appearance on the globe at an earlier era than the fortieth century before Christ. The talents, character, and long and deep researches of Sir Charles Lyell better fit him than any other man to read the fossil handwriting often so difficult to decipher; written, too, in a language of which few men are masters and in which all are liable to read wrong. But even Sir Charles is not able to fix the precise date, because the leaves of the great under-ground volume are naturally blurred and defaced by long lapses of time. But putting together the various fragmentary extracts, they intimate that the lord of creation belongs to a much more ancient house or family than is generally supposed. Time itself has grown old since the foundations of the round earth were laid, but old Father Time moves in a quiet steady pace, taking all the periods and centuries which he needs to do his work. We commend the book itself to the attention and careful perusal of all who can appreciate its facts and reasonings.

THE AMBER GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THIS is a neat volume of 432 pages, embracing seven graphic and sparkling stories, printed on tinted paper. The stories are: 1. The Amber Gods. 2. In a Cellar. 3. Knitting Sale-Stocks. 4. Circumstances. 5. Desert Sands. 6. Midsummer and May. 7. The South Breaker.

Under these heads of stories the lady authoress moves a graceful pen and tells her pretty stories.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pineæ." New-York: Carleton publisher, 413 Broadway. 1863.

In this work the author has given another wonder-

ful picture of Southern life and society, vivid and masterly as one of Church's paintings—graphic and life-like.

DISINFECTANTS.—1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is perhaps the most effective of any thing that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matter of any description will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.—*Scientific American.*

PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST.—A Vermonter claims to have invented a self-propelling wheel, or perpetual motion. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* thus describes it:

"It is a simple wheel, runs on gudgeons, and is independent of any outside spring, weight, or power, as a propeller. On the same axle on which the metal wheel is fixed is a band wheel, on which a band runs over a small pulley that drives a small circular saw. Set it on a table and remove the brake, and it will start itself and run with great velocity, driving the saw. It is the simplest thing in the world, but I can not intelligibly describe it; but is at once understood by the beholder. It will not, nay, can not stop without a brake, as it is so fixed by means of balls and arms that the descending side of the wheel is perpetually further from the centre of motion than the opposite ascending."

CURATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE NETTLE.—The common nettle is said to have a curative influence in paralysis, acute rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and other diseases. The mode of preparation is to fill a kettle with nettles, green or dry, pour on water, and boil it gently for half an hour, draw off the liquor and bottle it; if desired, a few hops or licorice may be added to improve the taste. It is further stated that the drinking of this decoction is beneficial in cases of scurvy, asthma, gravel, and liver complaints.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."—M. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France says: "This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI. wear its flower in his buttonhole, and in vain were samples of the tuber distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them themselves. At last, Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan. He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablon, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation.

When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole away any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. No sooner were the new roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight the whole crop was stolen, and without a doubt eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

BLOOD AND DEATH.—We may here quote an amusing anecdote. Sir Howard Douglas had divined and frustrated a daring movement projected by General Foy, and had saved a Portuguese detachment from capture by timely information, and was alone in the village of Tornero:

"Sir Howard's mind felt lightened after sending off his orderly to the Count of Amaranthe, and he was strolling down the village, when he heard the clatter of hoofs, and presently was startled by the appearance of two English light dragoons. He could hardly believe his eyes at first, but there was no doubting the blushing scarlet, or the English faces of the stalwart troopers. They recognized him as plainly, and rode up at a canter, while he divided his admiration between their chargers and themselves. 'This is a strange encounter, sergeant-major,' he said to the foremost; 'where are you from?' 'From General Anson, at Tudela, sir,' was the reply, 'and I think you are Sir Howard Douglas?' 'Yes,' 'I have brought you dispatches from Lord Wellington, sir, which the general thought it right to send on.' 'A dangerous service,' said Sir Howard, more astonished as he looked at the address on the dispatch. 'Is it possible you have come across the country by Valladolid?' 'Yes, sir, but I heard the enemy had come up there and that the Spaniards had retreated. I thought it my duty to persevere in conveying the dispatches, so we made our way to Casta Contrigo, where we heard you were here, and came across.' 'You deserve great credit for your conduct. I have very important intelligence for Lord Wellington, and must send you on it.' The letter was soon ready, and the two dragoons were refreshed and at the door. 'Considering the importance of the dispatch,' said Sir Howard, as he gave it to the sergeant-major, 'I should like you to proceed by the bank of the Esca to Constantia, and then on to Salamanca.' The sergeant-major looked dubious. 'Will you be so good as to give me this order in writing, sir?' 'For what reason?' asked Sir Howard. 'Because I shouldn't take that way if left to myself, sir.' 'Well, tell me how you managed in coming here.' 'It was thought this would be a difficult service, sir, and I was picked out to do it, with leave to choose my companion. I chose this man, sir, and these horses, because I knew they could be trusted; and I settled in my own mind there'd be most danger in blundering on too fast, while certainty would be better than speed. I knew I should be safe with the people, and that the French wouldn't, so I determined to keep in sight of the French army.' 'That was bold play.' 'Yes, sir, but I knew their cavalry could only chase me in a pretty large party; for a small one would be cut up by the guerillas or peasantry, and the speed of a large party would only be the speed of their slowest horse, if they kept together, and chased to a distance; so I could gallop around them with these mares half a dozen times in an hour.' And he glanced with pride at the two chargers. 'Did they

look after you?' 'Oh! yes, sir! I went on and we soon fell in with them. They turned out a party of cavalry, as I expected, and we gave them a good gallop. They turned, and we turned. I always drew off two or three miles at night, and we went to some village or hamlet—generally to the priest—and told him what we were about. We got good treatment for ourselves and horses, and set off at daylight, sighted the French again, and let them give us a gallop. But they got to know our look after a few days, and then didn't give us much trouble.' 'I'm sure I can't do better than leave such an excellent tactician to his own judgment,' said Sir Howard. 'I'll carry the dispatch in my own way, sir, as safely as if you'd put it in any post-office in England—that I warrant.' 'I have full confidence in you. Now tell me your name.' 'Blood, sir.' 'And yours?' said Sir Howard to the private. 'Death,' replied the soldier. Sir Howard could not repress a smile at such a conjunction—'Blood and Death!'—*Review of Memoirs of Sir Howard Douglas.*

THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC LIGHT AT DUNGENSES.—Some further reports on the progress of this "magnificent" light, as a committee of the Trinity House have called it, have been printed by order of the House of Commons. In one dated eighth of April, 1863, the secretary says: "The light has now been exhibited at Dungeness for a period of nine months; and during that time has, with some brief exceptions, (generally attributable to want of care on the part of the attendants,) been maintained without break or failure, showing a light of exceeding power and intensity, which Mr. Faraday, who took as his standard the revolving light at Grimsen, with which, at equal distances, it was of equal power, estimated to be eight times that of a first-order fixed dioptric light." The light seems to be visible at from twenty to thirty miles' distance, but occasionally not so far, a circumstance which Professor Faraday ascribes on certain occasions to local haze. The Trinity House authorities, however, admit the superior advantages of the light in respect to penetrative power and starlike brilliancy, although other first-class lights they regard as practically sufficient.

GRADUAL DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH.—If you look at the banks of a river you will generally find that they are made of nearly the same kind of mud as the bottom or bed; at least this is the case near the mouth of the river, and where it runs through open country. In these cases, what are now the banks have been at one time the bottom; and though there seems no change, the channel of the river, or the hollow space along which the water runs, is constantly shifting—perhaps only a few inches in a year, but still enough to keep the course clear. The current of the water is always strong enough to eat away part of the banks or the bed to make room for itself. The surface of a country is everywhere connected with some one or other of the rivers running through the country, and the whole is constantly being pared away. It is true that the process is slow, but it is incessant; and the mud thus moved is heaped up at the mouths of rivers, tending to extend the land horizontally, giving a larger surface and reducing the elevations. This is a great lesson in geology. Over the whole world the hills and mountains are being gradually moved away bodily, and lowered by degrees, because of the rain which falls on them and runs off to form the rivers; and the stones and mud carried away help to fill up

the sea. This is the inevitable effect of rain, and it is not a small effect, for the whole of Holland is entirely formed by the mud thus brought down by the river Rhine; the greater part of Lower Egypt, the most ancient agricultural country in the world, was deposited in the same way by the Nile; an enormous country in India is the result of deposits left behind by the Ganges; and in America, the city of New-Orleans is built on mud which the Mississippi has brought down from the interior of the continent it drains. Every day throughout the year does this great river throw into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to make a conical hill half a mile round at the bottom and sixty feet high. Imagine what this would have been if the mud had really been collected and piled in heaps half a mile apart. In the course of a thousand years these hills would have occupied a space as large as the whole of Holland. And yet the Mississippi is but one of the great rivers of the earth; and all the others, whether great or small, are always doing similar work—some of them perhaps at a more rapid rate. The river-bed, therefore, represents the result of running streams in removing solid matter all over the earth, and a little consideration shows that a great deal of such work is done.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE AND THE GHOST.—One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was in bed, at her house in P—street. It was daylight and she was broad awake. The door opened but Lady C—, concluding it was her maid entering, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fire-place, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady C— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J. C—, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm. "Good heavens! Is that you, J—, and in that dress?" cried Lady C—, in the first surprise. The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child, the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady C— had presented to Mrs. J. C— on the eve of her departure. As she gazed, the outlines of the figures became indistinct, invisible, vanishing in the gray light, or blending with the familiar objects in the room. Lady C— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay back and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, everybody knows by the sudden change of scenery, by the snapping of the chain of thought, etc., etc., when he has been sleeping. Very shortly after, Sir J— returned home. On hearing the story, he immediately looked at the tongue that related such wonders, and likewise felt the lady's pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity, she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time, the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T— awaited with more than usual interest. At length they came. Dr. J. C— informed his father that their child, an only one, had died on such a day, (that of the appa-

rition,) and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next homeward ship. In due course it arrived, embalmed, but inclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant, that the intervening spaces had to be filled up with clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound, in many folds, around the child's body.

THE EMPRESS'S VISIT TO JERUSALEM.—A Paris letter contains the following: "For a long time past the empress has entertained the idea of going to Jerusalem. That excursion is now decided on, and will take place toward the end of the autumn. The empress will be accompanied by three of her ladies of honor, the Countesses de Rayneval, de Lourmel, and de la Poëze. Her majesty, it is said, will take with her a supply of objects for presents valued at 2,000,000 francs.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—A recent visitor writes as follows: "There are now boulevards around Pompeii from the top of which the visitor has a view of the whole city, and can form a tolerably correct idea of the interior of the houses uncovered. Excavations are going on on two eminences near the Temple of Isis, and the house called Abdonanza. Our inspection was chiefly confined to the former site, where, in a house in a narrow street recently opened, we saw several bodies, or rather forms of bodies, which now attract universal attention. The unfortunate inhabitants of this house fell, not on the bare ground, but on heaps of pumice stones and were covered to a great depth by torrents of ashes and scoria, under which they have lain for nearly two thousand years. One day, inside a house, amid fallen roofs and ashes, the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli, the chief of the works for excavation, soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. He accordingly made a small hole through its covering, and filled it up with liquid plaster of Paris, as if it were a mould. The result was that he obtained a complete plaster statue of a Roman lady of the first century of the Christian era. Close by were found the remains of a man, another woman, and a girl, with ninety-one pieces of silver money; four earrings and a finger-ring, all gold; two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag or purse. The whole of these bodies have been carefully moulded in plaster. The first body discovered was a woman lying on her right side, with her limbs contracted as if she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress and the hair are quite distinct. On the bone of the little finger were two silver rings, and with this body were the remains of the purse above mentioned with the money and keys. The girl was found in an adjoining room, and the plaster mould taken of the cavity clearly shows the tissue of her dress. By her side lay an elderly woman, who had an iron ring on her little finger. The last personage was a tall, well-made man, lying full length. The plaster distinctly shows his form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, and his beard and hair. I contemplated these human forms with an interest which defies expression. It is evident that all these unfortunates had made great efforts to escape destruction. The man appears to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue the terrified women, who thought they could be nowhere so safe as in their own home, and hoped that the fiery tempest would soon cease. From the

money and keys found with the body of the first woman, she was probably the mistress of the house and the mother of the girl. From the manner in which her hands were clenched she evidently died in great pain. The girl does not appear to have suffered much. From the appearance of the plaster mould it would seem that she fell from terror, as she was running with her skirts pulled over her head. It is impossible to imagine a more affecting scene than the one suggested by these silent figures; nor have I ever heard of a drama so heart-rending as the story of this family of the last days of Pompeii."

THE BELOVED WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but beloved; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, we mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for we have not one spark of faith in the love that never shows itself—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

THE LONE SEA-SHORE.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
Meet scene to talk of bygone years,
Still faintly traced through smiles and tears;
Meet scene to picture coming days,
All bright with hope's enchanting rays;
The heart's deep thoughts we there may tell,
The sea will keep our counsels well.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
Here, by tyrant custom bound,
Hearts and tongues hold one dull round;
Court from those who'd do us ill,
Smiles from those whose wish would kill;
Nature smoothed, refined away,
Art and rule the world doth sway.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
No flatterers round thee to destroy,
And none with sneers to mock our joy;
In nature's solitude we'll range,
And fearlessly the truth exchange;
The crowd, pure confidence doth bind,
'Tis free when poured to the wandering wind.
J. W. THIRLWALL.

SINGING is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a

stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.

WHY is a flourishing field of corn like a donkey? Because it has long ears.

A MILLINER'S MAXIM.—The following pretty maxim was found attached to a milliner's bill: "Milliner's bills are the tax which the male sex have to pay for the beauty of the female."

THE GOOD AND HAPPY WIFE.—The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.—The front of the palace extends upward of seven hundred English feet, is almost square, and is three stories high. We were shown a corner room looking on the river, which his present majesty uses as his own particular one, and where he transacts his daily work. When the imperial family are residing here, it is said that upward of six thousand people are quartered in the building. The room, or rather hall, in which the empress receives her guests, has its walls almost covered with gold; but St. George's Hall, in which there is a magnificent throne, is the chief apartment. It is one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty feet wide, and although not appearing to advantage, in consequence of the number of workmen engaged in the re-decorations, is one of the most splendid and noble apartments we had ever seen, and it is in this that the emperor receives the foreign ambassadors. Near this hall is a picture-gallery of the generals who served during the invasion of 1812 and the subsequent battles, and beyond it is the Field-Marshal's Gallery, in which "Our Duke" has a prominent place. In a part of the palace, away from these grand public rooms, we were shown into a small apartment which the late emperor used as his bedroom, and in which he died. The furniture was simple enough, with a small camp-bed without curtains, at the head of which, on the wall, was a picture of a favorite daughter, whilst on his writing and toilet tables every thing, down to his pocket-handkerchief, was left as he had used them just before his death.

SOUTH-AUSTRALIA IN 1863.—How does 1863 open? Our 130,000 population of a year ago have increased to 136,000. They occupy 2½ millions of acres of purchased land, of which 500,000 acres are under cultivation. We also have 45,000 square miles of Crown land leased for sheep and cattle runs, and in more or less profitable occupation. We have from 50,000 to 60,000 horses, about 270,000 great cattle, and considerably over 3,000,000 of sheep and lambs. We have 4000 acres of vineyard, with nearly 3,000,000 of vines in bearing, and as many more not sufficiently matured. The

harvest just gathered in will feed our population during the year on which we have entered, and leave 50,000 tons or more for exportation. We shall probably ship 14,000,000 lb. of wool, and 80,000 cwt. of copper. We may set down the combined import and export trade of 1863 at over £4,000,000 sterling, of which the exports of South-Australian produce will represent one half. The aggregate revenue of 1863 we may roughly estimate at £500,000, and the public debt at £850,000, including the loans last sanctioned. Our reports of breadstuffs in 1862 were only of the value of £623,000, but we believe we exported at least as much as we sent out in 1861 for £712,000. Our wheat has fallen in value from 7s. 3d. a bushel in 1860 to 4s. 8½d. in 1862. Unless we can have cheap production, this colony must soon go out of the market as a grain-growing country; but with a more plentiful supply of labor, good roads, and liberal legislation, combined with improved systems of farming, the agriculturists of South-Australia may yet be able to maintain the prestige of the colony as "the granary of the southern hemisphere."—*South-Australian Advertiser*.

A QUAIN VIEW OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.—A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw forever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face, (pointing to a semibreve,) between two lines of a bar, he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; and if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

STRANGE REVOLUTION IN MADAGASCAR.—The intelligence from Madagascar is an episode in modern history for which few parallels can be found. The fate of Radama the Second seems to have been that of Paul of Russia. The king appears to have gone mad, and the nobles dispatched him. His excesses and his intemperance neutralized his many good qualities, and caused his assassination. It is amusing to read of the ludicrous conduct of this ruler under the influence of the seers who professed to have communication with the world of spirits, but their antics were scarcely more absurd than those of which we hear and read at home among the practitioners of, and believers in spirit-rapping, and other delusions. But amid all these orgies in the royal palace, this semi-barbarous race have a rude notion of constitutional government. When the king's ministers and the people presented to him a formal remonstrance against the royal edict that persons wishing to fight with firearms or swords should not be prevented, and that any one killing another in the fray should not be punished, the king and his spies and inquisitors were immediately

put to death. Nothing in these proceedings is likely to disturb the permanent peace of the island. When Radama the First died a couple of years back, and his throne was usurped by a queen who expelled the missionaries and treated foreign traders with outrage, the English and French governments interfered by arms in a way the recollection of which will prevent, no doubt, a repetition of the same conduct on the present occasion.—*European Times*, July 11th.

THE VOLUNTEER DIPLOMATISTS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.—This is the *Moniteur's* version of what passed between Louis Napoleon and Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay:

"Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay visited Fontainebleau for the purpose of persuading the emperor to make an official movement at London for the recognition of the Southern States, as, in their opinion, this recognition would put an end to the struggle which overwhelms with blood the United States. The emperor expressed to them his desire to see peace established in those territories, but observed to them that the proposition of mediation addressed to London, in the month of October last, not having been agreed to by England, he did not think it his duty to make a new one before he was sure of its acceptance; that, nevertheless, the ambassador of France at London would receive instructions to sound the intentions of Lord Palmerston upon this point, and to give him to understand that, if the English cabinet believed that the recognition of the South would put an end to the war, the emperor would be disposed to follow it in this direction."

ANOTHER SAD TIGER STORY.—A correspondent of the *Times of India* writes as follows: "I regret to record another frightful tiger accident. It appears that Captain Curtis, Sixth Dragoons, Captain Bradford, Sillidar Cavalry, and another gentleman, were out on a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Sehore, where they fell in with a tiger, which had previously been wounded by some other sportsmen, and was in a state of furious madness. Captain Bradford raised his gun, but it unfortunately would not go off. At the same moment the brute caught sight of the party, and, giving a hideous roar, charged down upon them with the utmost ferocity, singling out Captain Bradford, who was in the act of scrambling up a tree; the tiger made a dash at him with a tremendous bound, and caught and dragged him to the ground. Poor Bradford having raised his hand to protect his head, the brute seized his arm, crunching it between his terrible jaws as if it had been so much rotten wood, breaking and splintering the bone, and lacerating the flesh in a terrible manner. Meantime his companions were not idle; but, as they were afraid of hitting their friend if they fired at any distance, they advanced boldly up to the brute and poured shot after shot into him, till at last he was rolled over by the eleventh bullet. Ferocious to the last, the brute never relinquished his hold, and fell dead in the act of aiming a blow with his enormous paw at the head of his victim. Poor Captain Bradford was carried into Sehore in a pitiable condition, mangled all over, and it was found necessary to amputate his arm at the shoulder-joint. By last accounts he was in a very precarious state. The tiger was of monstrous size, and is said to be the largest ever seen in these parts."

INDIA.—The best news from India is that communicated by the Secretary of State to Parliament. Twenty-five hundred miles of railway are in active operation; other great lines are in progress; the works and inclines by which the hills are crossed at Bhore Ghaut are described as worth going all the way to India to see. In the course of next year another similar crossing will be opened at Thull Ghaut. The money hitherto spent on Indian railways amounts to £46,000,000 out of £60,000,000, of which the expenditure has been sanctioned. That the railways when made are appreciated by the natives is proved by the fact that in the year ending June 30th, 1862, the number of third and fourth class passengers was 6,790,018; of second class, 299,820; of first class, 61,817.

QUININE.—The endeavors, which we have mentioned more than once, to establish plantations of the bark-tree in India, have been completely successful, the last doubt having been removed by experiment. The doubt was as to whether the trees would yield quinine in the same quantity as in their native South-America. The experiment has been tried on trees of two years' growth, and quinine obtained in quantity as abundant as in Peru. According to the report on the plantations published last March, there are now 146,548 cinchona plants in the Nilghiri Hills, of which 35,750 have been planted out. And it appears that other plantations are to be formed at Darjiling, on the slopes of the Himalaya.

A ROYAL FRENCH MARRIAGE.—On the eleventh ult., at the Roman Catholic Church of Kingston-on-Thames, the Duc de Chartres, second son of the late Duc d'Orleans, was married to Princess Françoise of Orleans, daughter of the Prince de Joinville. The young couple (says an English journal) are cousins, both of them grand-children of Louis Philippe, and, though Queen Victoria was not present, either at the marriage or the breakfast which followed, she was represented by her son and daughter-in-law, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by her relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. All the princes and princesses of the House of Orleans now in England were in attendance, and amongst them the Duke de Monpensier, who came all the way from Spain to attend the marriage. Many of the English nobility were invited, and no fewer than nine diplomatic representatives of foreign sovereigns at the Court of Great Britain deemed it right to be present—a circumstance that will not favorably impress the Emperor of the French. But the most marked figure in this gathering of the ex-Royal House of France was the Queen Marie Amelie—a brave old lady, verging toward eighty, who is described as standing up at the breakfast, and, wine glass in hand, asking the company to drink to the health of the Duke and Duchess of Chartres. The young couple, in the course of the afternoon, left Caremont for Scotland, there to spend the honeymoon.

A GONDOLA FOR THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.—The Empress Eugénie recently received as a present from Venice, a charming gondola, brought by Count Aresé, and intended for use on the lake at Fontainebleau. It is five meters (sixteen feet five inches) long, and is made of pear-tree wood, blacked to imitate ebony, and ornamented with steel studs. In the middle, over the seats, is a light wooden

structure hung with a black woolen tissue fringed with red. It is managed by a single gondolier, and one has come with it from Venice, who speaks scarcely a word of French. In rowing, he stands in the after part of the boat, uses only one oar, and sings all the while according to the old Venetian custom.

STRANGE DISSOLUTION OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—The North Pole has been sold by private transfer. The "International Financial Society" have purchased all the rights and territories of the Hudson's Bay Company for £1,500,000, being at the rate of £300 for every share worth £200, the price to be paid on the first July. The bargain is creditable to the well-known astuteness of Mr. Edward Ellice, so long the dictator of the selling association, but if its legality is not questionable it ought to be. Who ever heard of a kingdom sold by private arrangement? The Hudson's Bay Company hold sovereign rights over vast territories, and, one would imagine, could no more sell them than the queen could sell her prerogative. Imagine the East India Company selling India, or, to come nearer home, the Hudson's Bay Company selling their "rights" to the French *Crédit Mobilier*! The transfer ought, at least, to be discussed in Parliament.—*Spectator*, June 20th.

LONDON.—A scheme for imparting somewhat more of interest to the streets of the metropolis has been suggested by Mr. Ewartin the House of Commons: it is, to identify the houses by a tablet or some other mark which have been the residences of eminent men. For instance, Milton once dwelt in the house now No. 19 York-street, Westminster; Newton lived in the house now known as the Newton Hotel, on the south side of Leicester Square; Dryden died at No. 43 Gerrard-street; Prior lived in Duke-street, Westminster; Hogarth in part of the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in a house on the western side of the same square; Johnson died at No. 8 Bolt Court, Fleet-street; Goldsmith, at No. 2 Brick Court, Temple; Gibbon, at No. 7 Bentinck-street, Manchester Square. Other examples might be given, but these will suffice to show how many are the associations which might be revived in the minds of passers-by at the sight of a commemorative inscription.

GANGRENE AND OXYGEN.—A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon in chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was inclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.



Engraved from Photograph for the Editors by Geo. E. Harris N.Y.

The Archduke Maximilian
EMPEROR OF MEXICO, (ELECT)

